

# This Love Sick Melody

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## Hoping4him

Life With Derek

Complete



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## **This Love Sick Melody**

**Hoping4him**

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This story was first published on December 29th, 2007, and was last updated on June 21st, 2009.

FicLab ID: SBRuA8lQ/lu6t9yec/5zf00C5S

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## Summary

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**title** This Love Sick Melody  
**author** Hoping4him  
**source** <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/3977119/>  
**published** December 29th, 2007  
**updated** June 21st, 2009  
**words** 82,051  
**chapters** 26  
**status** Complete  
**rating** Fiction M  
**tags** Casey M., Complete, Derek V., Drama, Fanfiction, Life With Derek, Romance, TV Shows

### Description:

..DASEY.. Casey has been living with the Venturis for awhile now. She's gotten used to Derek's annoying behavior and all the family drama. However, now she needs to get used to the pressure of being a teenager.

## Ch1 Morning Blues

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### This Love Sick Melody

#### Chapter one □ Morning Blues.

Mornings weren't a very pleasant retune in the morning for the McDonald-Venturi family. Things were always going wrong and it was rarely a quiet time. With Derek being his usual conceited self and Casey screaming on the top of her lungs for several different things. This morning it just happened to be because Derek replaced her lotion with glue. She was standing in the kitchen, going through her purse when she pulled out the lotion. Derek grinned but continued to eat his cereal in silence, knowing very well what was about to happen. He had replaced it the night before, he had to thank Ralph. It was his sisters idea all in all.

"Hey Mom? What's going on with Lizzie's teacher?" Casey squeezed the cold liquid out into the palm of her hand and ran her hands together. Derek hid a small chuckle that escaped his lips as she leaned against the counter, placing her other hand on her hip, as she gazed over at her mother. "I heard they were on some kind of protest?"

Nora McDonald nodded and pulled her coat on. "The school's having some trouble. Looks like most of the teachers are protesting their benefits. Hopefully it won't turn ugly." She picked up her purse from the counter and gazed at Casey, and Derek. "I have to go. George took the kids to school. Derek drive safely and don't fight on your way to school. Love you." She gave Casey a quick peck on the cheek before heading out the back door.

Casey let out a deep sigh and went to stand up straighter but realized she was stuck. She glared at her right hand and tried to pull it off of the counter. She gasped when she removed her other hand, forcefully away from her shirt. "DE-RECK! What did you do?" She shouted slowly peeling off her hand from the counter.

Derek grinned standing up. He placed his bowl and spoon in the sink. "Replaced your lotion with glue." He grinned adjusting his leather jacket. 'Thought you should need some glueing down.' He chuckled at his own joke. "I'll be in the car. If you're not out there in a minute I'll assume you don't need a ride." Derek was enjoying this, and he waved back at her as he headed out to his car.

"Derek, don't you dare!" She shouted after him as she finally got her hand off the counter. Grabbing her purse she quickly darted out the door and in Derek's car before he left. She slipped into the passenger side and hit him on the shoulder. "You're a jerk!"

Derek shook his head laughing. With that Derek and Casey made their way towards Sir John Sparrow Thompson High school. Derek and Casey always bickered. It was non-stop. Derek was a typical Jock, who most girls obsessed over. Casey is that perfectionist girl in the front of the classroom, with her arm raised high. They were total polar opposites. The two had nothing in common, and one huge thing in common. Their parents were married. Nora and George met and fell in love, and gave their children no choice in the matter. Now they were forced to share a house, a family, and a school.

Casey sighed as they pulled into the school parking lot, she hopped out of the car faster than a rabbit being chased. She met up with Emily at her locker. "Hey, Em." She said slowing to a stop and rubbing her hand. "Derek glued my hand to the counter. I had to pull it off before he left." Casey rolled her eyes as she flung her locker open and practically threw her stuff into it.

Emily smiled at Casey's greeting. "I'm sure it wasn't that bad." Emily stated. Casey rolled her eyes at her best friend. In all reality Emily would never truly be on Casey's side when it came to Derek. Emily had a crush on Derek since forever and even though she currently had a boyfriend, Casey knew she would always be crushing on Derek.

"No, it was. I'm completely fed up. I think I'm just going to Paul." She said pout fully.

Emily sighed, crossing her arms and bringing her books to her chest. "Your guidance counselor does have other students, you know." Emily stated, brushing her curly black hair out of her brown tanned face.

Casey gazed at her friend in confusion and bewilderment. "Yeah... I know but I can talk to him about Derek. That is why he's here. To Guide me." Casey stated throwing her purse back over her shoulder and closing her locker. "What up? Your... snapping at everything I say."

Emily smiled and shrugged. "Nothing. Sheldon and I got into a fight last night. Sorry. I shouldn't take it out on you." Emily apologized, but only half meant it.

Casey nodded, accepting Emily's apology and forgetting about her friends attitude. "Aww, really? What happened?" Casey asked leaning against her locker and gazing over at her friend as she talked.

"Well, Its kind of embarrassing really." Emily bit her lip and looked down the hall, past Casey to see Derek at his locker, with some of his friends. She sighed and shook her head. "Sheldon and I were making out, nothing new really... but then he took it to the next level. He was going for third base... I just don't know if I'm ready for that or not." She whispered; loud enough for only Casey to hear.

Casey was a bit take aback. The most she had done was second base and that was with both Sam and Max. She hadn't really ever discussed sexual situations with Emily before, but she had always wanted to. After all, every girl needs someone to talk to. "Well... if your not ready then don't do it. Sheldon will understand, he's a good guy." Casey said truthfully.

Emily shrugged. "Yeah, I guess. I just don't know, you know. I want to.... But then I'm afraid."

Casey smiled reassuringly at her friend. "I say just let your heart lead you." She stood up, thinking up a idea. "Try him first. You know, umm..." She wasn't quite sure how she could say 'jerk your boyfriend off' friendly. "You... do him. Then when your ready, let him take the next step?" She asked the question more to herself. She thought it kind of sounded stupid now that it was out of her mouth.

Emily smiled and couldn't help but laugh at Casey. "Thanks Case. I'll do that." She nudged her friend and walked beside her down the hallway.

Sex. It was all a new thing For Casey. She was a Junior in Highschool. She shouldn't be surprised her friend is having near sexual intercourse with her boyfriend. Most people where.

Hell, She knew Max had had sex before her. She just never let their relationship get that far. Max hadn't been the one for her, hell — he was already dating someone new. Some preppy cheerleader. She sighed gazing down at the floor as she walked. She needed a new boyfriend. She defiantly needed a new boyfriend. It was just depressing her even more, the more she thought about it.

Emily's voice brought Casey back to reality. "Hey Derek, Sam, Ralph." She smiled addressing the boys surrounding Derek's locker.

Casey glared at Derek who was texting someone on his cell phone. She smiled at the other two, "Hey Sam. Ralph." Casey got along with the other two boys. Sam she had dated for awhile and Ralph annoyed her slightly. He was always saying stupid remarks about girls or just anything in general. Casey had however, grown used to it over the last year.

Sam smiled at Emily and Casey. "You guys going to the party tomorrow night?"

Derek snapped out of his trance and hit Sam. "Dude!?" He sighed and flipped his phone closed, pushing it into his pocket. "Like we really need klutz there." He grinned at Casey and leaned back up against the lockers.

Sam rolled his eyes and gazed back at Casey with his usual smile. Casey smiled at him, she always liked how Sam was more mature then Derek. Sam glanced over at Emily and back at Casey. "You guys should come. Its gonna be fun."

The bell rang and Casey gazed over her shoulder at her first period class. "Yeah, I think I will come." She stated smirking at Derek, as if to say 'what now!?' Derek simply rolled his eyes and brushed past her. Casey took a step back from the brush and watched as Derek disappeared into his classroom. She couldn't help but smile as she got those butterflies in her stomach. She always got the same butterflies when she had one up on Derek and knew it.

Today wasn't going to be a bad day after all. After all she could about the party, maybe she would meet someone there. Maybe she would show up Derek. Yeah, that sounded better then anything.



## Ch2 A Simple Slip of the tongue

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### This Love Sick Melody

#### Chapter two □ A Simply slip of the tongue.

The rest of the day Casey spent thinking about what Emily had said, as well as the party she was no going to tomorrow night. Emily was close to having sex with Sheldon Schlepper. What next? Did that make Her some kind of prude? She had went out with Max! Max was popular, and he used to date one of those damn cheerleaders. Wouldn't it make more sense that Casey was more experienced? Hell, Casey dated more people then Emily. And Schlepper? He was one; if not the biggest nerd in their school. Defiantly one of those weird guys.

She couldn't help feel slightly jealous of her best friend. She bit her lip as the last bell rang and rolled her eyes. Quickly throwing her books into her locker she walked down a ways to Derek's. He was already done and apparently waiting for him because when she drew nearer he kicked off and fell in pace beside her. "Your not really going to go to that party are you?" He asked tossing his keys around his index finger.

Casey grinned, proud that this was going to annoy him. "Yeah, Why? Have a date that you don't want me to mess up?" She asked coyly.

Derek rolled his eyes inwardly, ignoring her question. "This party isn't going to rated Pg thirteen Case. it's a college party. There are going to be people drinking, and partying like there is no tomorrow. You wont like it." He stated pushing the school's doors open.

Casey grinned. She was very aware that the party might indeed be a bit wilder then most. All parties that they went to now days seemed to be that way. "Derek I'm not a damn baby. I can take care of myself." She said this with conviction and confidence. She stopped when they came to the car and grinned as she watched Derek open the driver's side. Oh yeah. He looked extremely annoyed.

"Whatever. But when you get uncomfortable and want to go running home, it wont be me driving." He stated starting up the car. Casey simply rolled her eyes and hooked her seat belt. The truth of the whole thing was that she was just going to annoy Derek. She enjoyed watching him get annoyed, she took great pleasure in it. *Sometimes... too much pleasure.*

The car ride was short and straight to the point. When Derek finally pulled into the drive way both the teenagers separated and went their own way. Derek to the kitchen and Casey up into her bedroom. Derek watched as she disappeared into the dinning room and shook his head. He didn't know why she suddenly wanted to go to a party but he couldn't lie and say it didn't annoy him. He did in fact have a date that night. A date with a very hot girl who went to a neighboring school. Derek had been texting her for over a week, since their last date. Somehow, he didn't know but he just knew, that Casey would ruin his night. She always managed too.

Derek sighed licking the rest of the ice cream off of his spoon and chucking into the sink. Replacing the ice cream in the freezer before jumping into his recliner. He threw his leather jacket on the couch and relaxed before the television. Derek grinned turning on a hockey game, which just happened to be his favorite team.

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When Nora called out that it was Dinner Derek and Casey had both been up in their bedrooms. Derek walked out almost at the same time as Casey. He ignored her and walked towards the stairs, she however got there a second before him. They had a small shoving match before Derek won and got to head down first. He grinned in victory as he set down across from her.

Dinner was nothing unusual. Except everyone in awhile Casey could have sworn she felt Derek's foot against hers. He was probably trying to kick her, so when she felt it the third time she kicked back. Derek shouted a scream and glared across at Casey.

Nora sighed and shook her head. "Can you two just get along for one hour?"

Casey chuckled amused by the thought. "Yeah okay. I didn't do anything. Derek must have kicked the table." She stated with a small smile across at him. He only shot her a death glare before kicked her under the table. She shouted feeling the sharp pain but managed to bite down on her lip before screaming loudly. Gazing over at Derek, she saw his victory smirk play out on his lips.

*Figures... I never can win.* Casey thought as she stabbed her meat with her fork.

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The next morning came all too quickly, and the day seemed to linger on and on. Derek couldn't help but noticed the day seemed to be twice as longer. When they finally got out and home Derek jumped in and grabbed the first shower. Sure, Casey was angry about the fact but he enjoyed seeing her get angry with him. After a nice long shower he stepped out and wrapped the towel loosely around his waist.

Cracking his neck he walked over to the sink and looked at his reflection. His hair was soaking wet, his skin was flawless and still wet. That's when he heard the knock at the door. Growling under his breath he flung the door open to see Casey standing there arms crossed and annoyed. "What!?" He asked frustrated with her. She seemed to have forgotten what she was gonna say. Her eyes flashed down to his chest and then back up at him.

"Umm..." She avoided looking at him. "Hurry up! Emily is going to be here in a few hours and I need a shower!" She shouted finally glaring back at his face, and only his face.

He grinned rolling his eyes. "Go spray yourself with perfume or something; I'm using the bathroom. Come back later!" He said slamming the door in her face.

She growled under her breath hitting the door hard. "Derek! You as....." She stopped before she said it and sighed deeply. Leaning against the door she closed her eyes and tilted her head back. *God... when did he get a six pack?* She thought but then made a disgusted face. "Eww." She muttered to herself before heading back into her room.

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So, there she stood. Casey stood beside Emily at a wild insane party, both with beer in their hands. Casey sighed deeply, and leaned against the wall. "This is so lame." She stated before taking a small sip from the cup. It was only her second cup of beer but she wasn't even thinking about it. No. Sheldon had just got done dancing with Emily while Casey was completely bored.

Emily smiled rolling her eyes. "Find someone to dance with." She suggested as Sheldon come up beside him.

Sheldon nodded, "I saw Sam checking out when you two walked in. At least... I hope he wasn't checking out Emily." He said trailing off. Emily couldn't help but laugh and kiss him on his cheek. The two did in fact make a cute couple.

Casey shook her head and finished up her drink before heading off to find Sam. Sure, Sam was her ex boyfriend but she was bored and dancing with him would be harmless. She saw him talking to Ralph who was with some girl that looked like she was a ditzy blonde. "Sam!"

Sam gazed over at her and smiled. "Hey Casey." He said turning his attention on her. "Enjoying the party?"

"Not yet. How about we go dance?" She asked flashing him a sly smile. Those two beer's defiantly had a effect on her, she was a lot more loose and care free. Not the uptight Casey she usually was.

"For sure." He stated handed Ralph his drink and leading Casey to the dance floor. The two of them danced for awhile. Casey had natural grace on the dance floor even when she was grinding against the other boy. The two of them were enjoying letting loose on the dance floor, they even tired themselves out.

Casey giggled as the song ended. "Come on, lets go get something to drink." She stated taking his hand in hers and leading him over to where the beer was located. The both grabbed beers and drank. She giggled running her hand through her soft brown hair. "Okay, Now I'm having fun." She said smiling over at Sam.

Sam nodded finishing up his gulp and smiling at her. "Yeah, I usually hate dancing but you made it look good." He stated to her. Okay, so anyone could easily tell the two were flirting with one another. Casey's posture was leaning towards him, she had a flirty little smile on and Sam was clearly enjoying it.

"Hmm... This is good." She said gazing at the front of the beer can. Casey had only drank liquor once before, but only half of a can and that was it. She already had a buzz off of her now two and going onto three cans. She was enjoying herself so she felt no need to stop.

Sam finished up his can in almost no time and licked his lips. "Yeah. Hey, where's Derek?" He asked looking around.

Casey shrugged the question off. The truth was she had been asking herself the same question before she started to dance with Sam. Sometimes she felt like being with Sam was the second best to being with Derek. He was after all the guy's best friend. Casey took another sip and ran her hand down the front of Sam's bottom up shirt. "Do me a favor? Walk me home?" She asked and seductively bit her lower lip. This noticeably turned Sam on.

Sam nodded and smiled. Casey just pictured a sly coy smirk instead. The two of them walked out of the house and down the side walk. Thankfully the party hadn't been far away from Casey's house. They arrived there in no time. Only the porch light was on, Casey knew her mother and George were probably sound asleep. Casey grinned back at Sam. Gripping the front of his shirt she inched towards him, their lips seemed to meet half way and smashed together. Casey grinned as she pulled him back with her as she entered the house.

Sam looked around the dark living room, no one was around but this didn't stop him from asking the next question. "Casey, maybe I should go home?" He asked despite the fact that she was pulling him towards the stairs.

"No. You can stay the night here. You can say you were here for Derek." She whispered against his lips, before kissing him once again. She wasn't completely out of it. She knew very well what she was doing. Casey wanted this, she wanted to get hot and heavy with him. She knew for a fact her mother nor George would come check on innocent Casey. Not to mention she knew he wanted it twice as much.

"Hmm." He managed to get out as their kiss deepened. Sam pushed through the barrier of her lips and allowed his tongue to explore the inner secrets of her mouth. Their lips never left one another's as they walked up the stairs and into Casey's room. Casey pushed Sam's coat off as they entered her room, as Sam kicked the door shut quietly.

"Mhmm... You taste so good." Sam whispered as his hands traveled up and down her sides. Casey just smiled beneath his lips as the back of her legs touched her bed. She lowered herself pulling Sam down with her. At the moment she was completely lost. She wanted nothing more than Sam's touch and lips on her skin.

Sam pulled away as he heard a door open and close. "Casey... Casey." She gazed up at him in confusion. 'I think Derek's home.' he stated and was soon proved right as they heard Derek enter his room and turn music on. Sam gazed down at Casey who was giggling. Yes, giggling. "Case, your so..."

Casey didn't waste anymore time, she kissed him once again. The only person who called her Case was Derek. This was her only thought at the moment. Sam always called her Casey. It defiantly was a turn on for her. Oddly enough. Casey let out a small moan as Sam ran his hands up her sides, removing her shirt and throwing it to the floor. Sam went to work on her neck, kissing and sucking everywhere he could.

Casey ran her fingers down his back and realized she defiantly wanted his shirt off. Now. She unbuttoned it and ran her hands over his chest. Sam didn't have a tight six pack, but he did have a small four pack which was defiantly nice. Before she knew it Sam had removed her jeans so she was laying before him only in a black lacy bra and a pair of boy shorts. Sam gazed down at her with the street lights making her glow. She looked amazing and he wished she could lay there staring at her all night, but that's not what she had in mind.

Casey pulled him back in for another kiss. Sam undid his pants and moved her hands up her stomach. She felt so good under his touch. He moved his lips to her chest, kissing her perfect skin. That's when it happened. That's when Casey moaned the name that would soon turn her world upside down. That's when Casey arched her back under his touch and moaned, "Oh... Derek....Mhm.." She bit her lip running her fingers through Sam's hair.

Sam however wasn't displaying any affection towards the half naked girl underneath him. "What?" He asked lifting himself off of her and glaring at her.

Casey groaned in frustration at the sudden halt to their session. "What? Why did you stop?" She whined running her hand down his chest and grinning up at him. The only light in the room came from the street lights from outside but she could his facial features. She set up, resting on her elbows. "What?"

Sam looked confused, angry, shocked, and about a thousand different emotions as well. "You just... I.... You called me Derek!" He said loudly and in disbelief.

Casey chuckled and shook her head as if he was insane. "No! What are you talking about?" She asked now completely confused.

Sam slid to the edge of the bed, redoing his pants. "You moaned Derek's name." Sam stated still out of it. He knew what she had said and he defiantly knew it put his lust to a halt. He stood up and buttoned up his shirt as he looked down at her. "I'm just...."

Casey shook her head jumping up to stop him from leaving. "Sam your insane. Not to mention gross." She stated now getting annoyed.

"I'm insane!? You just moaned Derek's name while I was sexing you up!" He shouted throwing his arms out in frustration. "Who's insane here?" He said picking his jacket up and throwing it back on.

Casey stood there completely confused. She didn't say Derek's name. It made no sense what so ever. She paused as Sam disappeared out of her door. "Oh my god..." Her jaw dropped when it hit her. She had moaned his name. It didn't occur to her. Her thoughts had just wondered off to Derek. When Sam had called her Case; the nickname Derek used almost regularly, she had been turned on more then anything else. When she ran her hands down Sam's chest her thoughts had flickered to that afternoon where she had gotten a glimpse of Derek's perfect chiseled chest.

She stood there jaw dropped and mind spinning out of control. "Oh god..." She felt sick to her stomach. She felt disgusted but then again it all made sense. Everything lead to it. The touchy feely during fights, the consist need to get under his skin, the jealousy she felt when she saw him with Kendra or other girls. It all lead to it.

## Ch3 The Soul Purpose

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### This Love Sick Melody

**Arthur's Note: Okay, I'm guessing you guys enjoyed the last part of the second chapter? I know I had fun writing it. I'm glade you guys are liking it, I'm loving writing it. So, there was Sasey going on but the overall story is Dasey and I promise you guy will get some action between the two.**

#### Chapter three □ The Soul Purpose.

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Derek yawned scratching the back of his head. He had just gotten home from the party and was popped. His date had turned out to be great, in fact it had turned out pure hot. He was surprised that the girl was such a wild one. Sure, they had dated twice before but she was amazing tonight. Oh yes. They had snuck up stairs and made out or a good part of the party. Hell, Casey didn't even ruin the evening.

He stood in his room stretching. He had just gotten home, only five minutes past his curfew. Probably a record really. His door was open now that he had slipped into a pair of pajama pants and a T-shirt. Sighing he fell backwards onto the bed and relaxed. His relaxation only lasted for about a second before he heard Casey's door open and close rather quickly. Jumping up he grinned walking over to the doorway. However what he saw wasn't Casey, it was Sam. Sam buttoning up his shirt looking rather pissed off.

"Dude?" He asked catching Sam's attention. *What the hell? Why was Sam in Casey's room at eleven something at night? And why does he look like he just got down having angry sex or something?* Thoughts fled Derek's mind as he looked Sam over. "Why are you here?" He asked taking note at Sam's messy hair and red almost swollen lips.

Sam rolled his eyes and let out a deep 'humph' sound. He rubbed the back of his head, only messing his hair up even more then it had already been. "I... I don't want to talk about it." He mumbled pushing past Derek and down the stairs.

"Dude?!" Derek whispered screamed walking over to the stair case. "What the hell?" He asked himself as Sam walked out the front door. Derek looked over at Casey's door confused. Casey and Sam? The only thing that was going through his head was that they better not be together. He didn't think so by the way Sam was acting. It looked like Sam had gotten all worked up only to be kicked out of someone's bedroom.

Derek shook his head and walked back into his head. He didn't care, he would find out tomorrow afternoon. Right now all he wanted to do was all fast asleep.

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Casey bit her lip gazing at her reflection. That Saturday morning she almost refused to get out of her bed. In fact she didn't even get up until almost twelve in the afternoon. She just felt disgusted and confused for the most part. It all made no sense what so ever but all the sense in

the world. She practically cried herself to sleep. What would happen now? Sam was Derek's best friend. Wouldn't he go straight to him and tell him what happened. She groaned slamming her fist down against her desk in frustration.

She took a deep breath and stood up. She would have to face people sooner or later. Casey cleared her voice and left her bedroom. She headed downstairs to see Lizzie and Marti watching Television. Marti looked around first and smiled. "Hello Casey!!" She shouted before turning back to her show.

Casey smiled slightly, a fake smile. She looked around and saw Derek eating at the kitchen counter. Nora was doing something at the dining room table and George and Edwin were to be seen. Gulping she walked past her mother and into the kitchen. Seeing Derek eating Cereal she realized how hungry she was. Avoiding his eyes she started to pour herself some cereal.

Derek however was watching her like a hawk. He had a million questions, one more important one. He had tried to call Sam twice that morning but he wouldn't pick up. Derek usually slept in later but today got up after him? It all was weird. "Case?"

She tensed up as she heard his nickname escape Derek's lips. She bit her tongue as she turned to face him. "Yeah?" She asked taking a seat at one of the stools across from him.

He cocked an eyebrow at her, and shook his head. "I called Sam this morning." Panic rushed over Casey but she tried to keep her cool. Derek must not have notice because he continued. "He won't pick up. You see I wanted to ask him why he was here last night." Derek said with his usual smirk.

Casey's eyes shot up at him and she glanced into the other rooms to see that no one was even paying attention to the two eldest teenagers. She looked back at him worry rushing over herself. "Shut up Derek." She hissed glancing back at her mother before refocusing on him.

Derek shook his head. "Please don't tell me you two are back together. I don't think so because he looked pretty pissed. What did you get his hopes up high and then kick him to the curve?" Derek asked, gazing at her amused by how nervous she looked.

Casey rolled her eyes and groaned. "Derek shut up. Nothing happened." She muttered. Okay, that's a total lie. Everything happened. She had decided that she wanted to have sex finally, only to find out that she was moaning Derek's name. That was far from nothing. She rested her face in her hands and hated herself for another moment.

Derek rolled his eyes and stood up. "God, I really can't stand your Sam drama." He mumbled walking into the living room and claiming his recliner like always.

Casey whined looking over her shoulder at Derek sitting in his recliner. She couldn't possibly actually want anything to do with Derek. Sure, he was cute at times but seriously! The guy drank from the bottle, he burped, he was rude, and naïve; as well as tons of other negative things. Why in the world could she moan his name when with Sam. Maybe it was only a one time thing. Yeah, maybe she was drunker then she thought. Her head did hurt. Yeah, she was just extremely drunk.

She shook her head not believing herself for a moment. Standing up she left her uneaten Cereal and headed towards the door. She needed to think. She had a lot of it to do. So, she headed down the streets to get away and take a walk.

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As his phone started to Vibrate Derek snapped out of it. He had been intently watching a hockey game for about an hour. He stood up and walked over away from the television and Marti playing with her tea set. "Dude, What's up?" He asked having already read that it was Sam. He stepped outside and onto the front porch, not wanting to talk in front of everyone else.

"Derek.. I'm just.... Watching television. You tried me this morning?" Sam's voice came from the other line.

Derek rolled his eyes and chuckled. "yeah like a million times." he muttered a bit annoyed.

Sam sighed deeply. "Sorry, I was sleeping. I was tired."

"Yeah, please tell me why your tired? Could it be perhaps that you were with Casey until eleven at night? In her bedroom. Alone." Derek said as if it was the clearest thing in the world. "What the hell was that all about?"

There was a pause before Sam answered. "It was nothing."

"What's up with this nothing crap. Casey already tried that one on me. Didn't believe her, don't believe you."

"Why do you care?"

Derek chuckled, "Maybe because I don't want to deal with you two moaning about stupid relationship crap again."

Sam couldn't stand Derek's choice of words. "Look. We're not together again. It was... a one time thing."

This caused Derek to stop. "What?" He asked sounding disgusted. 'Did you sleep with her?' He screamed under his breath into his cell phone. After a long pause Derek lost it. "DUDE! Please tell you didn't! That's just... DUDE!" He shouted causing a neighbor who was walking her dog to turn and look. Derek however couldn't care less. He was too busy being grossed out, or at least that's what he sounded like. "Why would you do that? She's my.... She's my step sister!"

Sam finally spoke up to calm Derek down. "I didn't. WE DIDN'T!" he shouted finally causing Derek to stop his rambling. "Look. We didn't end up doing anything. I left before anything happened."

Derek secretly thank god. It was bad enough his best friend had dated Casey, if he was also sleeping with her Derek might loose it. "So, what are you trying to say? That you intended on fucking her?" Derek asked brutally. He was still rather angry with it all.

Sam chuckled. "Well.... Why do you care, Eh?"

Derek stopped short. "She's... its Casey!"

"Whatever. I got to go."

"Wait! Why did you leave all angry?" Derek just had to ask it before Sam hung up.



There was a long pause before Sam spoke up, "I don't want to talk about it. I have to go." And with that, he hung up.

Derek shut his phone off and pushed it back into his pocket. What the hell was going on. Sure. Sex was sex but come on! Why did Sam need to go there, *again*. Derek hated it the first time and he didn't need it again. What annoyed him the most was the fact that Sam practically admitted that he had fully intended on screwing Casey.

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For the rest of the weakened Casey practically stayed locked in her room. It wasn't until Sunday night that she finally ate with the rest of the family. She had pulled the sick card and of course Nora believed her. So she came down and took a seat across from Derek who was to busy shoving his face to notice her.

"Casey! I'm guessing your feeling better?" Nora said as she took her seat.

Casey gazed over at her mother and nodded, avoiding Derek's direction at all cost. She felt so embarrassed every second around him. She still had no clue if Sam had told Derek or not. He had plenty of time to. She just figured the worst.

Derek gazed over at her and rolled his eyes. "Yay! We all scream for Casey!" He said sarcastically before taking a drink of his soda.

Marti shot Derek a glare. "Its not Casey. We all scream for ice cream Smerek. Get it right!" She stated demandingly.

Derek threw his arms up, singling that he was giving up. "Sorry Smarty." he said flashing her a smile.

Casey gazed up and watched this act. Derek was always so sweet towards Marti. It was adorable, every time. "Yeah Derek. Duh." She said laughing for the first time all weakened. Marti was always adorable and had a way of making people laugh. Curse her.

"What are you laughing at Bimbo." Derek said mockingly, throwing a French fry across the table at Casey before shoving a few in his mouth.

"Gross, Derek!" She gasped flicking the French fry, which had landed on her chest and in her hair slightly. She shivered in disgust as Derek just set there laughing.

Casey gazed over at him to see him Smirk. That smirk. She rolled her eyes sitting back in her chair. She was no longer hungry anymore. The hole Sam event just came flowing back to her. Even with all her thinking she still had no reasonable excuse for herself. However, she did know one thing. When Monday came, she would find Sam and deny it all. Make it seem like he was going insane and loosing his mind. *Yeah, that had to work*. Casey thought. *Right?....*

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Derek grinned as his cell hone buzzed and he received a text message from his current flame. Reading it over he replied quickly before looking back up at Ralph who was talking

about his grandmother's new house. The guy seriously needed a life. "Ralph. You seen Sammy boy yet?" Derek asked flashing a grin at a passing girl.

Ralph paused, "yeah. Casey and him were on the front steps talking." He grinned. "Looked pretty hot and heavy two. You know Sam went home with her after the party right?"

Derek closed his locker rather loudly. "Thanks for reminding me." Derek muttered walking off towards the front of the school.

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Casey sighed giving Sam a pleading look. "Come on Sam. This hole thing is stupid and rather gross If you ask me. Maybe you jut had to much to drink."

Sam rolled his eyes and rested his elbows on his knees. They were sitting on the front step of the school. Most of everyone was already inside but Casey had stopped him and pulled him off to the side. Sam rubbed his face. "Casey, I don't want to talk about this."

"I do! I don't want you thinking those things about me. It's just... wrong." Casey said placing her hand on his knee and gazing up into his eyes. "Please. I never meant for any of this to happen. I was..." She smiled shyly up at him. "Enjoying it."

Sam gazed at her. He wasn't sure what to believe. Maybe he had heard wrong. Maybe he did drink a bit too much and started hearing things. It just.. Sounded so real and solid. Maybe he heard it in his head or something. Which didn't make much sense, but none of this made sense.

Casey adjusted herself so she was kneeling before him and gazing straight at him. "Please... Sam, this is stupid. I feel.. I don't know. Was I not... what you expected or something?" She asked him a bit ashamed that she being this low, making him feel bad about the whole thing. But what else was she going to do? Tell him the truth? Tell him that she was thinking about Derek when she was about to have Sex. No. Defiantly not.

Sam shook his head. "No. Casey. You were.... Were, great. I don't know. Maybe I did hear wrong. But it wasn't you. You were amazing." He said smiling at her, hoping that would assure her. 'I was in total lust. Like any guy would be with someone as....' He gazed down at her body. "As beautiful as you."

Casey smiled, a fake smile. She didn't want to be called Beautiful. Why couldn't Sam be more.... Dangerous. "Thanks... I really was enjoying it. I wanted to... well. You know." She said looking down. This was true. She fully intended on loosing her virginity to him. So what. She didn't love him but he had been her first real boyfriend, and a amazing guy.

Sam smiled and scratched his forehead. He let out a soft chuckle before replying. "Well.. Maybe.." He was cut off with his name being called.

"Sam! Oh, Sam!" Derek called out as he walked down the steps and over to where the two of them set.

Casey darted her eyes away from Derek and to Sam. *God if your real you will let Sam forget about this and never mention it to Derek. Please... Please please!* Casey set their silently pleading with god. She gave Sam a warningly look but not a pleading one. She wanted to act innocent but still let Sam know it wasn't cool to tell Derek.

Sam cursed Derek for ruining the moment, Again. "Derek...." He said frustrated. He stood up as Casey did. "What is it?" he asked looking at Derek.

Derek gazed at Casey and then back at Sam. "Just wanted to know where you were. There's a hot blonde inside who asked where you were." Derek lied through his teeth. Wait? He didn't want Sam and Casey to get back together, and from what it looked like they were having a warm and fuzzy moment. Which wasn't cool at all.

Casey shifted her weight from her left foot to her right. This was just awkward. She was afraid of looking at Derek but wanted Sam to get the impression he didn't effect her. "Um... Maybe I should... Go." She said laughing softly.

Derek nodded and grinned. "Maybe. Me and my buddy here have some catching up to do." Derek said placing his arm over Sam's shoulder.

Casey rolled her eyes and tried to act as normal as she could. "You do that." She walked past them and towards the front doors.

Derek called after her. "Don't trip. We don't want their to be another Klutzilla attack!" he grinned watching her reaction.

She growled under her breath. "Derek! Just shut up you idiot!" She then stormed off into the school to leave the boys to talk.

Derek chuckled crossing his arm. "Ahh.. The sign that I won." He said satisfied.

"What sign?" Sam asked looking at Derek with annoyance. Ever since that night he some what regretted Derek and got annoyed at the mention of his name. Even though it wasn't even the guys fault. Its not like Derek knew about it, let alone wanted to.

"Her shouting my name. it's the soul reason I annoy her. Once she screams it I know I got under her skin." Derek stated to his friend. This was so the wrong thing to say.

"Screw off." Sam said rolling his eyes and walking away from Derek.

Derek looked confused. "What? What did I say?" Derek was left confused and dumbfounded. What the hell was going on?

## Ch4 He'll be on my mind

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### This Love Sick Melody

**Arthur's Note: Okay, so there are gonna be some more Derek and Casey moments in this one. I'm not sure how Derek would react to all of it so i'm going by what i think. Hope you all like it.**

#### Chapter Four □ He'll be on my mind.

The School day flew by faster then Casey would have thought. She wasn't complaining. No, she was thankful for it. At the end of the day she got a visit from Sam, at her locker. She was just finishing up getting her stuff when she heard his voice from behind her.

"Hey..." She turned around to see Sam standing there.

"Hey." She said smiling at him. The hall was pretty empty so they had some privacy; at least more then they would have during school hours. She placed her last book in her locker and closed the door. Leaning against the locker she gazed up at Sam, curious to why he was there.

"Umm.... Before Derek interrupted us this morning.." *Again.* 'I was going to ask you if you might want to go out with....' His voice trailed off as he rolled his eyes. "Derek? What?" He asked as Derek appeared by Casey's side smirking.

Derek shrugged placing his arm around Casey's shoulder. "I came to pick up my Step sister. You know, to take her home with me?" Derek said as if it was clear, which it kind of was. Sam was just getting annoyed at how Derek always seemed to destroy the moment. Derek was getting annoyed simply because he had no clue what the hell was going on, it was clear that Sam was angry with him for something.

Casey shrugged her shoulders, causing Derek's hand to drop away from her. She was almost positive Sam was about to ask her out on a date. Again. She didn't like Sam anymore, she knew that. However, maybe it was a good idea to date Sam. After all, it was one way to release her stress. "How about you call me tonight? We can talk then?" Casey asked smiling at Sam and trying her best to ignore Derek's body which was carelessly brushing against her own.

Derek glanced at Sam and then back at Casey. "Yeah... he'll think about it. Come on Case." Derek said taking Casey's shoulders in his hand and pulling her beside him, towards the car.

Casey glanced over her shoulder at a annoyed Sam. She pushed Derek away from her and walked by herself down the hallway. Derek made a mocking face and then just chuckled. "Blah blah blah." He grinned satisfied with himself.

Casey sighed throwing her bag down on her bed. “Erg!” She screamed running her fingers through her hair. ‘I need a shower.’ She stated to herself, before grabbing some clothes and heading towards the bathroom. She placed her clothes down on the sink and started to undress. It wasn’t until she was in the shower, water running that she realized there was no more shampoo. “What the...” She sighed throwing the empty down and practically jumping out of the shower.

He grabbed a large towel and pulled it around her tight before storming out of the bathroom and into Derek’s bedroom. Luckily he was sitting on his bed reading some ports magazine. He glanced up quickly and then realized Casey was standing in his doorway half naked with nothing but a towel around her. He stared over at her confused. “Uhh...” His eyes flickered down to her figure and those amazing legs before returning to her face and staying there. “What? Sam’s not here so you can go put your clothes back on.” He said impressed that he had that could of comeback. It hid his shock and... pleasure. *Gross, step sister is hot. Need to remind self that she’s a physco path who has a stick up her ass.*

Casey rolled her eyes picking up a Cd that was placed on his bedside table and chucking it at his head. He moved just in time. “You used my shampoo!!” She shouted throwing yet another CD at him.

“case!” He ducked after two other CD’s where thrown at him. He stood up quickly which really hadn’t been the greatest idea. “Stop touching things!” He shouted grabbing her hand from reaching for another one of his CD’s.

“You touched my shampoo. I can smell it! You smell like coconut!” She growled in frustration, as her one hand struggled with Derek’s grip as the other one held onto her towel.

Derek struggled with her for about five seconds before she finally have up and stood still. “The other ran out and now my hair smells good. Deal with it. Use the back up.”

“Not the point! Your always using it! Now I need to use stuff I don’t like; if there even is any!” She shouted furious. She wasn’t furious that Derek used her shampoo, he usually always did but she was furious with him. With herself.

“Fine! I wont use it anymore! Now can you get out of my room!” He shouted back at her as he let go of her hand, realizing he was still holding her. He backed up and glared at her; still very aware of the lack of clothes. He was tempted to take her fully in, to let his eyes wonder again but he kept cool. Its not like he hadn’t seen it before, and it was Casey for god’s sake.

She glared at him, her breathing harsh and fast. “Shut up.” She said storming back out of his room and towards the bathroom. He stood there confused. Okay, Casey was a neat freak, a swell as a control freak but really? Freaking out over shampoo? She usually didn’t get that worked up over something so small and stupid. Not to mention to come charging in his bedroom half naked and dripping wet. *God she had amazing legs.* Derek shook his head closing his door.

He sighed falling on his bed and getting comfortable once again.

Casey took a drink of her ice water as George and Nora pulled their coats on. “Hmm..” She set her glass down on the counter and walked out to them. “Where you going?”

Nora smiled, “We have a dinner date with colleagues of George’s. its about the conference this weakened. Which.. We will be going to. We will be gone for the whole weakened.” She said picking up her purse.

Casey crossed her arms and gazed at them. “You sure that’s wise? Leaving Derek alone with the house again?” She asked hoping to avoid being home for three days with Derek.

“No... That’s why we got the neighbors to watch out for Parties.” George said thinking he had done a smart thing.

Nora smiled. “We’ll be back before twelve. The kids are staying with friends. Behave. You can call Emily over if you wish.” Nora said before leaving the house.

“Yeah.. Emily.” Casey mumbled. Emily would probably be with Sheldon, like always. She hadn’t even spoken to her at all today. She sighed deeply when she spotted Derek coming down the stairs.

Derek didn’t notice her until he was standing in front of his chair. “What? Where is Dad and Nora?” he asked before taking a sit and reaching for the remote. Casey however was too quick for him, she jumped and grabbed the remote. Derek struggled with his grip and pulled her over and into his lap, as she still struggled with him. “Let go.”

Casey struggled pulling the remote closer to her in attempt of avoiding loosing it. “No, you!” She screamed trying to elbow him in the stomach. As he struggled with her, faces inches maybe centimeters apart. Casey stopped, gazing at him. This was defiantly too close. Derek finally won and got the remote free of her grip but realized she was now sitting on his lap.

Casey snapped out of her trance and jumped out of the recliner and as far away from Derek as possible. She rolled her eyes and gave in. “Whatever. I need to call Sam anyway.”

Derek gaped at her, okay so maybe he should have let her have the remote. “Wait. Where is Nora and my dad?” He asked watching as she picked up the phone and started to dialed.

“Gone, they wont be back until twelve or something.” She stated walking into the kitchen away from Derek’s ear range.

“Hello.” Sam’s voice rang through the line and into Casey’s ears.

“Hey, Its Casey.”

“Oh, hey. What’s up?”

Casey leaned against the counter and gazed into the room at Derek. His hair was messy and hanging in his face. He looked.....*Hot*. Casey bit her lip and smirked to herself. She got a bit dazed but realized Sam was still on the phone. “Oh, right. Um I was just wondering what you were doing.”

“Now? I’m just chilling in my room. My Parents are at that dinner with your parents and the Rivers... and some other people.”

“So, your home alone?”

“Well... yeah. Why? You want to come over?”

Casey smirked gazing at Derek as he glanced over at her. “Yeah. Yeah, I do.”

“Then come on over.”

“I’ll be there in a few. Later.” Casey hung up the phone and bit her lip studying Derek who was pretending to watch Television. She walked out into the living room and grabbed her coat. “I’ll be back later. I’m going to go head over to Sam’s. Don’t catch the house on fire.” She smirked at him before leaving the house.

Derek jumped out of his chair and peered out of the window watching as Casey disappeared down the street. Oh, now what. Derek knew where this was going to lead. Casey would go over to Sam’s house and they would have sex. Casey was suppose to be the good girl, not sleep with Sam! He didn’t worry about it that much when they dated because Casey was so uptight. However, over the last few years she had gotten a lot more... wild. Some of this could be blamed on Derek himself but that was far from the point. The point was that Derek was furious with Sam.

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This part gets a bit **Mature**.

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Casey moaned softly as Sam’s lips crashed with hers once again. They had been at it for about a half and hour. Kissing, only kissing. Neither of them had their shirts on and Sam’s jeans were only hanging on loosely. Casey was in pure lust. Not towards Sam. No, Everything Sam did she was picturing someone else. Derek, to be exact. As Sam kissed her softly and gently she imagined Derek kissing her forcefully and roughly. Sam’s touch which was soft she imagined Derek’s fingers scrapping along her skin and sending shivers down her spine. She didn’t want Sam to go slow and gentle with her, she wanted him to take complete control. — Like Derek would.

The fact of it all was Casey gave up on trying to deny it to herself. Derek always caused her to get all heated and angry, but she had never known what else. Now she knew. He caused her to get all hot and bothered.

“Oh...” She bit her tongue as Sam’s fingers worked there way into Casey’s tight women hood. Moving in and out slowly, as Casey’s body arched for his touch. “Mhmm...” She gazed up at Sam with lust in her eyes. Sam just smiled watching her reaction as he continued his movements. Her eyes closed again as she moaned a bit loud. “Oh, Sam... Oh..”

Sam’s lips went to her neck as he continued to move his fingers in and out of her. Casey’s hands were gripping a hold of Sam’s sheets. She was in a world of pleasure. She imagined Derek kissing her neck, running his tongue over her skin. She bit down on her lip as she cum; in hopes of not moaning the wrong name. “Ah...” She lay there breathing heavy, trying to catch her breath.

“God your gorgeous.” Sam’s warm breath brushed over her neck as he whispered in her ear.

Casey smiled softly rolling over so she was now straddling him. “Let me do you. Mhmm.” She kissed him as her hand ran down to his pants. She let out a soft giggle as she lowered herself as she pulled his jeans fully off and onto the floor. Casey had never done this but she wasn’t stupid. She read like a hawk and heard girls gossiping about it, not to mention she’s watched movies. She took Sam’s hard on in her hand and ran her tongue around the tip.

After a few moments of sucking, licking, and teasing Casey gazed up at Sam to see he was beyond enjoying this. His hands one hand was running through her hair as he laid there. Casey went back to the blow job, it didn’t take long for him to come. In fact it was when she deep throated him that he finally came.

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Mature part ended.

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Licking her lips as she set up and slid onto the side of his bed. Sam set up and grabbed a box of tissues to clean himself up. “You going?” He asked after he finished up. He kissed her shoulder as she slipped on her shoes.

“yeah. I want to make sure I’m home before my mom.” She stated finding her shirt and pulling it on. ‘I’ll see you tomorrow, okay?’ She didn’t exactly ask it, just stated it. She stood up and pulled on her coat. “Bye.” She pecked his cheek before heading out.

She smiled as she left his house and started back towards her house. She giggled to herself remembering what she had just done. Okay, so what. It was with her ex boyfriend who she no longer had feelings for. But she had just went all the way to third base and had given him a blow job. She was glowing.

Casey was done denying it. Derek’s naïve, arrogant, self obsessed step brother of hers. She was in lust towards him. She was pretty sure that was all it was. After all, she loved his take control attitude and couldn’t love his dominance. Sure, it was wrong in some sense. He was her step brother! But its not like they were related. No they defiantly wont. Derek always reminded people of this, and so did she.

When she finally come to her house she was more happy then ever. Walking in she noticed Derek wasn’t there. He must be up stairs. She placed her coat away and headed up to her bedroom. She switched on her computer and turned on her play list. Rihanna filled her room. She moved her hips as she slipped her shoes off.

Derek appeared in her doorway just seconds later, glaring at her in his usual stance. “Did you fuck him?”

She spun around to see him and rolled her eyes. “Language.” She stated laying on her stomach, on the bed. She didn’t mind him swearing, in fact it was hot but she was going to act normal around him. “And that’s none of your business. Nor would I tell you.”



“It doesn’t matter.” He said standing up straighter and taking a seat in her chair. He rolled it over closer to her bed and in front of her. “He will just tell me tomorrow.”

“Really?” Casey asked smiling up at him. “Because I’m pretty sure you guys weren’t very friendly today. Maybe he’s mad at you or something.”

Derek bit his tongue, *god why did she always have to be right*. “I just think its gross that’s all. And I don’t want to go through eighty more bad break ups. I hate hearing you to cry about each other.” He made a disgusted face and rolled his eyes. That part was true.

Casey just grinned up at him. “Like I said. None of your business.”

Derek was annoyed, this was clear. “What ever. Just warning you. I’m going to laugh when you two break up.”

“We’re not together.” Casey stated calmly as she laid out a book in front of her.

Derek raised his eyebrow. Okay, so what? There friends with benefits. This wasn’t like Casey. He shook his head and stood up walking out of her room. Casey smiled watching him leave. She giggled twirling her hair around her finger. Casey was enjoying herself; finally. She should have cut loose awhile ago.

## CH5 Point Proven

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### This Love Sick Melody

**Arthur's Note: Ha ha. This Chapter has tons more Dasey in it. It pretty much gets to the point at the end. Hope you guys enjoy.**

#### Chapter Five □ Point Proven.

Casey smiled closing her locker door gently. Emily just shook her head amazed at Casey's good mood. "Why do you look so happy? Did you meet someone or something?"

Casey shook her head and leaned up against the locker. "Sam and I... we... umm... Widened our friendship last night."

Emily cocked an eyebrow confused. "What? What do you mean?"

Casey grinned gazing over at Derek who was talking to Ralph. "I mean; I gave Sam a blow job. One minute." She said walking past a shocked Emily. She spotted Sam walking towards his locker, which was next to Derek's. Casey got to him just before reaching his locker. "Hey."

Sam smiled down at her and his eyes flashed down to her lips for a few seconds before replying. "Hey you."

Casey grabbed his shirt and pulled him down into a kiss, not just any old peck. A real kiss.

Ralph chuckled, hitting Derek's shoulder. "Whoa. Sam's back with Casey?" Derek turned and looked in the direction only to have his blood boil at the sight of Sam's hands running down Casey's back and resting in her back pockets. They were practically making out in the middle of the hall. "Hot." Ralph stated chuckling.

Casey pulled out of the kiss and grinned up at him. "Morning." She said before walking past him towards her first period class. Sam laughed letting his eyes follow her until she disappeared into the classroom. Sam shook his head and walked to his locker.

Derek slammed his locker shut and glared at his once ex best friend. "Did you guys have sex?" He ignored Ralph's loud chuckle and congrats.

Sam rolled his eyes and ignored Derek's question. "What's up Ralph?" He asked opening his locker.

Derek slammed it shut pushing Sam slightly. "Did you or did you not sleep with her?!"

Sam couldn't handle it any more. "Why the hell do you care?! She's not your real sister. You don't even like her! What's your deal?" Sam shook his head and glared at Derek. "Just leave it alone. No matter if you like it, or not. I'm going to do what I'm doing. Just leave it alone." He stated walking off.

The week went by slowly. Very slowly. Derek stayed far away from his so called friend Sam, and Sam did the same. Casey's little 'dates' with Sam continued. They weren't having sex, no but they might as well be. Casey was enjoying pissing Derek off. She was defiantly enjoying it.

It was Friday night and Nora and George were packing. Their little trip was going to be for longer than they had thought. It would for at least five days. Leaving Casey and Derek home... alone... for five days. Derek could care less, he had a date that night. Derek looked over as George and Nora pulled on their coats.

Casey was standing there with her arms crossed. Nora sighed. "Okay, all of the numbers are by the phone. No parties. The neighbors have agreed to keep an eye on the house, so we will be notified if you have a party. We'll call to check in all the time. And..."

Derek groaned and threw his head back. "Blah, blah, blah.. Just leave already!" He shouted not getting up from where he sat.

Nora laughed and shook her head. "Fine. Love you honey. Bye Derek!" She shouted at him as the two left the house.

Casey smiled waving them off. She wasn't sure she was going to enjoy being there alone with Derek. It just meant he could get under her skin even more, without any rules. No, she defiantly didn't like that. She walked back inside and over to the couch. "Anything good on?" She asked watching the hockey game that was on.

"Yeah, watching it." Derek stated with his usual smirk. "Shouldn't you be off screwing your new boy toy?" He asked turning up the volume slightly, not looking at her what so ever.

Casey sighed rolling her eyes. "Derek, shut up. We are not having sex." She stated somewhat truthfully. Actually they had oral sex but not actual sex.

Derek rolled his eyes. Sure, he pretended not to care but in all reality he was hoping she was telling the truth. He really did hate the idea of Sam touching her... in any way. His phone vibrated and he pulled it out. Text message from his date. *We still on for eight?* He smirked replying and standing up.

"Where are you going?" She asked watching him grab his famous leather jacket, which he looked down right sexy in.

"Date. Later Case." He said before leaving the house.

She sighed leaning back on the couch. Way to ruin her night. She couldn't help but get furious over imagining someone else touching Derek. Running their hands through that gorgeous hair. Running their fingers against his skin, and someone else kissing him. She got sick with jealousy.

Sighing she got up and headed towards her bedroom. She figured she could do some dancing in, after all Sam was grounded for missing his curfew. She would be having no fun that night.

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**Two hours later.**

Derek slammed the back door closed. His little date ended up being a complete freaking tease. They spent about an hour making out, only to have her ask him to take her home. What the hell? He had gotten all worked up and then she just stopped? He grabbed a water bottle from the fridge and headed up stairs. *Stupid... fucking teases...* He mumbled something under his breath before taking a long gulp.

He claimed the steps and could hear music coming from Casey's room. He stopped and peered through the small gap in her door. She was dancing to music. Not, dancing like she would normally. No she was moving her hips, running her hands down her perfect body. It didn't help that she didn't leave much for the imagination. She had blue boy shorts on and a very small tank top on.

Derek's eyes scanned her smooth skin. Her long legs, that perfect ass. He shook his head pushing his door open. He was so not thinking those things just then. God, why did his date have to be such a tease. This was her fault. She had gotten him all horny and left him to go back to his hot step sister who was dancing seductively in her bedroom basically naked.

He groaned falling back on his bed and staring at the ceiling. His door open and Casey walked in. He gazed over at her and noticed she hadn't bothered covering up. Why did she need to be so damn comfortable in just about — nothing. He groaned and shut his eyes. "What?" He asked keeping his eyes closed and facing the ceiling.

Casey smiled seeing as how he didn't look so happy about how his date ended. "What? Date gone bad?" She laughed softly and shook her head. "My mom just called. She said George is going to call you later to make sure your home." Casey said pulling her hair up into a messy bun.

Derek looked over at her. His eyes flickering over her face, down to her chest, to her flat stomach, and down those perfect legs. *Grr... stupid date!* He rolled his eyes. "Get?"

Casey rolled her eyes and turned to leave. Derek's eyes watching her ass the whole time. He groaned and hit his bed hard. "Stupid, stupid date." He sat up and threw his jacket off. *Cold shower. Now.*

About a hour later Derek had showered and had gotten out. Standing there with a loose towel hanging just below his waist. He sighed rubbing his forehead. Grabbing another towel he opened the door just as Casey was passing by. She stopped in her tracks and got distracted. Derek gazed at her and followed her eyes down to his chest. *Oh, dude. She's checking me out... no way. At least I'm not the only one.* Derek grinned cocking an eyebrow at Casey as he looked back up at her. "Take a picture. It might last longer." He grinned.

Casey gave him a death glare. "No thanks. Rather not have it last too long." Who was she kidding, she was already imaging running her fingers down his chest.

Derek rolled his eyes and walked over to her, inches from her. "Really? Because I'm pretty sure you were just checking me out."

Casey crossed her arms and mimicked his grin as she gazed up at him. "Maybe you should get your eyes checked. Might have bad vision." She stated, biting her tongue.

Derek looked into her eyes, trying to tell if she was actually trying to deny that. "Your getting good at Lying Case." He said gazing down at her. "But I can still tell your biting you

tongue. Might want to work on that next time you lie.” He said patting her shoulder before walking into his room to finish changing.

Casey stood there for a moment tapping her foot on the floor, deciding how she would deal with this one. She made up her mind and followed Derek into his bedroom. He still hadn’t changed, he was only throwing things onto his bed. “Okay, so let me get this right. You think I was checking you out? One; gross. Two; do you honestly want to make me feel guilty for something I didn’t even do? Three; like you honestly wouldn’t even look if a girl walked by you half naked?” She asked crossing her arms and waiting for a answer.

Derek rolled his eyes and looked at her. “What part of all that didn’t you understand Case?” He motioned towards himself. “This right here, is not gross. I’m not trying to make you feel anything, and you so were doing it. And of course I would look... what’s your point?” He asked having no clue where she was going with this.

Casey grinned. Oh, bang. Then without thinking she pulled off her shirt and threw it down. Derek’s eyes went wide in confusion as he gazed downwards. “What are you doing?” He asked returning his focus on her face before glancing back down at her red lace bra.

“Proving a point.” She stated walking over to him. “You just checked *me* out. So, next time you think you saw me check you out; put a sock in it.” She said putting that in his face.

Derek looking at her face, she honestly was losing it. “No... I did not.” He stated pulling that lie out of a bag. Seriously, he didn’t even believe that one.

Casey raised an eyebrow. “So... what would happen if I... hmm I don’t know. Continued removing articles of clothing?” She asked slowly brushing her left bra strap down over her shoulder slightly.

Derek couldn’t help it. His eyes followed her fingers as they brushed her bra strap down. “Eww.. Case just get out.”

“No, not before you admit you were checking me out.”

“No way.”

“Do it Derek or I will continue. Not that you would mind however.” She added the last part with a smirk.

Derek shook his head turning his back to her. “Case! Out! Now!” He said pulling a shirt over his head.

“Aww fine.. Guess this is just going to have to come off.” She stated not exactly planning on removing her bra. She was just trying to prove her point; which seemed to be working because Derek shot around faster then a bunny on crack.

“Fine! I was checking you out! Now stop stripping and get out!” He shouted grabbing her arm and pulling her towards his bedroom door.

Casey smiled proud of herself. “Thank you, now bye, bye.” She said closing the door behind her.

Derek let out a breath he had been holding. Seriously. That was a close one. He would have been fine though. *Yep. Really. I had no reason to worry. Its not like it would have turned*

*me on... Nope....* Derek rolled his eyes knowing he was so denying it to himself. He finished getting dressed and headed to bed. unfortunately his dreams didn't exactly allow him to forget about Casey.

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Casey woke up the next morning feeling as if she was in control. She had won the little battle last night against Derek. Oh yeah. She felt all bad ass now. Even though she knew she wasn't. Sure. This year she had changed a lot, she would be the first to admit this. Sure, she was still getting excellent grades but she wasn't such a worry wart anymore. Not to mention her ideas on fun had changed hugely.

Pulling on a tight black T-shirt on and a short mini skirt she headed downstairs. She was in the mood for some nice cold milk. She entered the kitchen however, to find Derek and Sam. Together, talking. This was something to worry about. She gulped and walked over to the fridge.

Derek smirked. After last night he knew he had to get one up on Casey. He knew he had to play nice to Sam and figure out what the hell was going on. Sam would give in sooner or later. Derek and him have been friends forever. "Morning Case."

"Morning." She muttered pouring herself a glass of milk. She took a small sip before gazing over at Sam who was helping himself to some cereal. "Why are you Sam?"

"Derek and I are gonna go play some hockey with some friends." Sam stated smiling at her.

At that moment she wanted to knock that smile off of his stupid little face. Why would he talk to Derek. Things were going just fine when they weren't talking. Now she was scared Sam would let it slip. Derek must not know about it. It would destroy her. "Cool." She stated calmly. At least as Calmly as she could. She walked out into the living room and took a seat on the couch.

Sam watched her and looked back at Derek to catch him turning back to him as well. "One second." Sam said jogging into the living room. He walked around to the couch and leaned down before Casey. 'Hey.' He said leaning in for a kiss, which she obliged too. "Maybe you can come to a party with me tonight." He asked smiling at her. "Its just a block down. That Mason kid is throwing it. You in?"

Casey nodded and kissed him again. "Sure."

Sam licked his lips as he returned to the kitchen. "Ready?" He asked grabbing his sports bag.

Derek nodded and they headed out.

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Derek and Sam laughed as they set down at the counter of the store. "Man, Ralph really shouldn't play with a broken stick." Sam stated ordering himself a drink after Derek.

Derek nodded. “No kidding. It almost hit me in the head. Twice!” He said shaking his head. There hockey game had gone as planned. And things seemed to be normal between the two again. They even had stopped by Ralph’s house and had had a few beers. Derek was almost positive Sam would spill the beans about the whole Casey thing now.

“No kidding. I enjoyed the second time. Almost broke your nose.” He said taking a drink of his soda that the waitress had brought to them.

“Yeah. Wait.. Your still mad at me?” Derek asked causality with a laugh. Derek really didn’t feel bad about this. He needed to know what the hell was going on and if he had to get Sam drunk to find out : then so be it.

“I should be.”

“Why? I don’t even know what I did.” Derek said taking a drink of his own soda.

Sam rolled his eyes and set his soda down. “Yeah.. Well. Casey would kill me if I told. No she would torture me and then leave me there to die.”

“Casey?” Derek raised a eyebrow. “I don’t get it. Why were you mad at me for something that happened with you and her?”

“Well... I guess its stupid to be mad at you. I should be mad at her. She was the one who moaned your name.” Sam rolled his eyes before taking another drink.

Derek had been raising his soda to his lips but had stopped short. “What?!” He asked confused and shocked.

“Opps..” Sam said realizing what he had done. ‘Oh.. Shit. Well. Oh well.’ He shrugged giving in. “We were totally making out, and then she moaned **your** name. I freaked out and stormed off.” Sam stated taking another long gulp.

Derek sat there stunned. *Casey... moaned my name.... When with Sam? While they were making out?* Derek took a few minutes to figure it all out in his head. Sam didn’t seem to notice he was too busy finishing his soda to care. “So wait... What?” He asked cocking an eyebrow still a bit confused to why Casey would moan his name.

Sam shrugged. “What? Oh... Casey? Yeah, I don’t know. She just kind of let it slip apparently. At least I hope she hasn’t been secretly thinking about you while I’ve been with her.”

Derek was now getting information over board. “When you’ve been with her? What have you two done?!” He asked.

Sam paused. “Well... Everything but actually sex really.” He smiled like a damn idiot before added, “She gives amazing Blow jobs.”

Derek felt that serge of anger towards his friend. “Okay. Okay. Enough.” He said glaring at him.

“Don’t get jealous. Its not like I’m the one she actually wants.” Sam mumbled before walking over to one of the booths that Ralph and a few guys were sitting at.

Derek wasn't sure what to feel. It was a bit too overwhelming. Maybe it wasn't the best idea to get the answers. Sure. Now he knew what was going on but now. Well, now things are going to get strange. He always found his eyes roaming Casey's body, what was going to happen now that he knew she had... a thing? For him?

"Crap..." He muttered running his hands through his hair.

Things are about to get messy.



## Ch 6 Moan my name

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### This Love Sick Melody

**Arthur's Note: Okay, so there is a extremely graphic love scene in here. I tried my best, used some words and stuff from different stories. Hopefully it turned out good. And No, its not between Casey and Sam. ;)**

#### Chapter Six □ Moan my name.

Casey hummed along with the music as she typed a reply to Emily's instant Message. Fall out boy was playing as she tried to think about her English essay that would be due next week. At least she had the week off due to a teacher's conference or something. Lucky her. She bit her lip pulling out a book of inspirational quotes. "Where are you..." She asked herself as she searched the index. Her attention however was drawn away from the task at hand and on the front door which she had heard open and close.

Snatching up a half empty glass of water she headed down stairs. She would use a refill as an excuse. However, Sam wasn't even with Derek when he returned. She looked at Derek and then over her shoulder. "Where is Sam?" She asked walking into the kitchen where Derek stood.

"Hmm?" Derek asked looking up at Casey. He had been lost in thoughts. "What?" He asked standing up and looking like he had a reason to be standing in the kitchen.

"Sam? Where is he?" Casey asked refilling her glass before taking a small sip.

"Right... I don't know." Derek said walking into the living room to leave behind a annoyed Casey.

Casey of course followed Derek. "Well, did he go home? We have a.. date later." She stated, thinking that calling it a date was as close to the truth.

Derek rolled his eyes and fell into his recliner. "I don't know. I left early." He mumbled grabbing the remote and flipping the television on and ignoring Casey's glares. He didn't want to look at her, he didn't even want to hear her right then and there. He didn't even know why he was home, if he really truly wanted to ignore her he would have went somewhere else, but there he was.

Casey crossed her arms and stood in front of the television. "Why did you leave early? Did something happen?"

Derek's head fell back as he groaned at the ceiling. "Just call him and leave me alone. **He** is after all, the one you **want**." He could have slapped himself then and there.

Casey narrowed her eyes at Derek. Why couldn't he just say what she wanted him to say. "Why aren't you answering my questions. Its really not a hard one to do." She stated giving up and walking up stairs. *Fine, I will just call him then.* She entered her room with telephone in hand. She fell on her bed and dialed Sam's number.

“Hello?” Come the voice Casey recognized as Sam’s mothers.

“Oh, Hey, Is Sam there?”

“yeah, he just came home. Must have been one crazy hockey game. He went up stairs and fell fast asleep.”

“Oh. Okay. Could you please tell him Casey called?” She asked sitting up.

“Well of course Casey. I’ll tell him as soon as he wakes up. Have a nice night dear.” And with that, she hung up.

Casey sighed shutting the telephone off and throwing it over near her pillows. Now what? She set up and leaned against her pillows as she brought out her latest novel. If she was stuck here all night she might as well get some reading done. It was only four in the afternoon, maybe Sam would still be on for the party. Who knows.

Meanwhile Derek was down biting his nails down stairs. He was trying to figure out what was going to happen now. He wanted to rub Casey’s face in it. Oh, that would be hilarious. Just to see her face when he mentioned it. However, he was worried about what she would do. Hell, she practically stripped down in his room just because he mentioned that he caught her checking him out. He spent about two hours down in the living room, trying to watch a game but his mind kept wondering off.

Okay, I’m not going to be able to hold this in any longer... Derek thought gazing over his shoulder at the empty stairs. He was Derek. He needed to have the upper hand and with what he no knew... oh he would have the upper hand forever. He could control his hormones. Hell, he’s been able to do it before. Casey was his annoyed, geeky, obsessive step sister. Yeah, that wasn’t attractive at all. Nope. *Not at all... Oh but those long legs, her perfect ass, the teasing cleavage and soft skin.* Derek groaned out loud and rubbed his face. “Nope. Not hot. Not hot at all. Eww, Gross.” He stated to himself and stood up.

Darting up stairs he walked into his room and laid down on his bed. Locking his hands behind his neck he relaxed. Then he heard his name being called. “Derek? Der...?” About a minute later Casey appeared in the doorway. ‘Oh. Didn’t hear you come up.’ She crossed her arms gazing down at him. “Mind going to the store and picking up some things?”

Derek chuckled rolling his eyes. “Let me think about that.... Hmm.. No.”

“Derek, I need shampoo and we are out of milk.”

Derek banged his head back against his pillow. “Casey. No.” He stated sternly.

“Erg! Derek! Fine, I’ll do it tomorrow.” She muttered walking out.

Derek jumped off of his bed and met up with her in the hallway. “You enjoy saying my name don’t you, Case?” He grinned crossing his arm and leaning up against the wall.

Casey turned around and looked at him as if he was crazy. “What?”

Derek grinned, he really couldn’t help it. “Oh.... Oh.. Yeah. Oh Derek!” He moaned mocking what he knew to be true. He stopped and gazed over at her. ‘Saying my name. Screaming it.’ His grin widened. “**Moaning** it.”

Casey swallowed hard. "What?" She asked laughing slightly. *Fuck, Fuck, Fuck! Sam's going to die.*

Derek grinned walking over to where she stood. "Sam uh..." Derek inched in closer to her, inches away from her ear as he whispered. "Told me about you little... slip." Derek whispered.

Casey closed her eyes cursing mentally. God, now what. "Gross." She placed her hand on his chest and leaned away from him. "It wasn't like that. You had just came home, I said Derek — wanting him to stop because of you."

Derek chuckled, "And you just happened to moan it, after I came in and got comfortable? Give it a break. You want me. You wanna date me. You wanna kiss me. You wanna hold me." He sang mockingly.

Casey rolled her eyes. Of course Derek had to make a joke out of this. She shifted her shoulders slightly and sighed. Now what? Just try to keep denying it? To Derek? Yeah, right. Like he would ever believe that. Okay, turn this around on him. Yeah, it worked before, it will work again. She pushed him back and then again but towards the wall. "Derek. Lets get one thing straight. Don't dish out something you can't take."

"What do you mean?" He said gazing down at her hand still laying flat against his chest.

"I mean..." She leaned up whispered so close to his ear, her lips brushed his skin. "Don't tease me, when I can do the same thing." She whispered her hand which once had been on his chest slowly moved downwards.

*Okay... Shouldn't have opened my mouth.* Derek thought gulping. *Play cool.. Brush it off. Geeky annoying up tight Casey here.* He licked his lips grabbing Casey's shoulders and backing her away from him. "Sorry but unlike you. I don't find my up tight step **sister** attractive." He stated crossing his arms.

Casey smirked gazing up at him. She pushed him back up against the wall, causing him to drop his arms down to his sides. "Shut up Derek." Casey said softly. Her hand was no longer resting on his chest, but gripping a hold of his belt. "Listen up. This is how its going to play out -." She was cut short by Derek chuckling.

"Since when did you start making the rules? I don't listen to anyone." He stated inching down towards her.

Casey gazed up at him, keeping her stance. "I've noticed." She stated not bothering to step back. She could feel his breath tickle her skin. They stood there for a few moments. Just staring at each other intensely. Casey didn't even notice Derek's eyes flicker down to her lips.

Derek wasn't going to back down, nope not at all. But the closeness to her was killing her. He could feel her fingers against his skin just near his belt buckle. It was teasing him, and he couldn't control if much longer. Before he knew what he was doing his hands were cupping her face and he was slamming her against the opposite wall. He took her lips in hard, and kissed her roughly. Casey's body was being crashed from being in between the wall and Derek's body. He didn't hold anything back either. No the kiss was rough, forcefully, and passionate. His tongue slipped into her mouth, exploring the corners. Casey's fingers were running down his neck, and through his hair.

Derek's hand ran down her sides. He picked her up, wrapping her legs around his waist and pinning her body to the wall once again. Casey followed his Derek's lead as he cupped her backside and lifted up, she wrapped her legs around his hips. His kiss was just as explosive as Casey dreamt it would be. His lips against hers were sending her mind spinning. Derek's one hand was against the wall for support as his right hand gripped her waist. It seemed like all their built up anger and frustration against each other were exploding at that moment. Apparently Derek couldn't control his hormones after all.

Casey broke their kiss only to have Derek's lips move down to her neck. "Bedroom." She breathed and moaned at the same time. Derek lifted her up, returning her feet to the ground, but returned his lips to hers. He walked them backwards towards his bedroom, she then pushed him down on his bed. Casey had been thinking about this for awhile now, she couldn't believe it was actually happening. Seriously happening.

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This part gets a bit **Mature**.

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Derek wasted no time in slipping his hands to her shirt and pulling it over her head. Casey smirked returning her lips to his. His fingers felt so good against her skin. She loved how he wasted no time, straight to the point. He didn't take it gentle, She loved that. Casey's own fingers were undoing Derek's belt buckle and jeans. Then she ran her hands up Derek's shirt, running her fingers over his chest. Touching him was better then she had imagined.

Derek switched them over so he was the one in control. He trailed his hot, rough kisses down to her neck. He bit and sucked. Sure to mark her flawless skin. His hand slipped around to her back and snapped her bra un hooked. Casey gasped, chuckling softly, running her hands through his hair. No, pulling on his hair.

Casey moaned as Derek's hands massaged her breast. He lowered his kissed down her neck and to her chest. He flicked his tongue over her nipple as his other hand pinched her other. Casey arched towards his touch, how exotic it was. It was as if he was teasing her. He brought his lips to her raised skin and sucked; as his other hand ran down to her skirt. He unzipped it and slid the material down revealing a tiny satin bottom. Casey helped him out by lifting herself off the bed so he could slid them down completely.

His lips returned to her lips, kissing her deeply and lustfully. Biting her lower lip gently, before running his tongue over her lower lip. She tasted so good. Like strawberry with a hint of lime. He smirked as she pulled him to her, closer. Derek shifted pushing his jeans off and then kicking them off to the floor. Casey ran her fingers down his arm and pulled him closer yet again, this time she could feel his arousal press against her. She wanted him, and there was no denying he wanted her. At least his body sure did.

Casey's fingers ran through his hair once again, exploring his mouth with her tongue. Her eyes flickered open for a split second to see him gazing down at her, smirking beneath her lips. Derek's fingers caressed her chest, teasing the underside of her breast.

Derek could care less about what he was doing and to whom. He could barely retain a rational thought, and every time she moved against him like that, it made it harder and harder

to stay in control. He was so hard it ached, and she was irresistible, not that he wanted to resist. No not anymore. He slipped his fingers down to her panties and wrapped the thin silky material around his finger, before giving them a tug. She gasped against his lips in pleasure. He didn't wait a moment before pulling the material carefully down her long legs.

He lowered himself down to her stomach. Dipping his tongue into her naval, running his fingers down over the lean muscle of her legs. Her skin was so soft to touch, causing his body to ache with lust. He trailed kisses over her skin, licking his way along her thigh. He nipped the smooth skin at the top of her thigh, and felt her tightened her grip on his hair as she moaned softly. "Ohh.. Derek." She bit her lip arching against his touch for what seemed like the thousandth time.

Derek's hand found unexplored territory between her legs. She was hot and slick, just as turned on as he was at that very moment. He moved himself up and kissed her again, this time his hand flying into his bedside table. His hand dug around before he finally found a condom. He ripped it open and slid it on. He ran his hands around her small figure and hoisted her up to meet him. She instantly arched her back to seek him. He slowed her down, getting the position right. Kissing her neck as he eased himself into her just a little bit, letting her get used to his size. She gasped, with the slight pain.

His mouth finds hers once again. After a moment she pushed herself up against him, insisting almost, and this only caused the desire inside of Derek to roar. He wanted to stay in control, but he found himself trusting forward. Derek had to bit down hard on his own lip to hold back the scorch of pure sensation that had attacked him as the snug fist of her body closed around his shaft. He stilled, still deep inside her. He tried to catch his breath to speak clearly. "You okay... You want me to stop?" He had no clue why he asked her that, it might kill him right there on the spot if he had to stop.

Casey shook her head, running her fingers along his back, urging him on. "No. Please... Continue." She whispered kissing him more roughly then before. He kissed her as he slowly moved in and out of her. He was determined to last for her, but she soon started returning his thrust. Her moans were like infectious, as if she was crying out her pleasure and urging him on. His finger nails dug into her skin as he angled her so he was trusting even deeper into her.

Casey let out a deep thrilling cry as he hammered into her. It sent them both over the brink, she came on the spot and the searing explosion throbbing through his entire body and pouring out. Breathing heavily he planted one last kiss on her neck before letting her go. It was then he realized how tight she had been holding onto him. He rolled over on his back. His slick skin being cooled by the breeze of the open window.

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End of the Mature part.

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Casey shivered slightly as her breathing steadied. That had been amazing. Derek's touch, his kiss, everything he did was like a drug. Sure, she was a bit sore but even that was fantastically pleasurable. Okay, so she just had sex. She just lost her virginity. She just lost her Virginity to DEREK!

Derek was thinking basically the same thing. It had been amazing. Maybe, just maybe the best sex he's ever had. It was angry, yet just gentle enough. Okay, so he had just had sex. Great mind blowing sex..... Sex. He just had Sex with CASEY!

They both set up at the same time, mentally slapping themselves. Casey pulled Derek's blanket away from him and held it to her chest as she stood up. Derek was pulling his jeans on quickly. He turned around to see Casey looking worried, shocked, and still slightly pleased. She was sweaty and her hair was messy. Casey shook her head gulping. "I... Oh god.!" She wrapped around the blanket and practically ran out of Derek's room.

Derek stood there staring at his bed. He ran his hand up and through his hair. "Oh Fuck."

## Ch7 This Little Game

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### This Love Sick Melody

**Arthur's Note:** Okay, sorry I haven't updated in awhile. Internet has been down, but its back. Meaning I will update just as regularly as I used to. Hope you enjoy this chapter. I had a lot of conflicts on how they would react, I think I got it perfect though — it turned out good. Enjoy and comment.

#### Chapter Seven □ This Little Game.

"Breath, breath. Just breath Casey." Casey tried to tell herself as she set on the edge of her bed, Derek's blanket still wrapped around her naked body. *Okay, so yeah. Derek's hot, and maybe. Just maybe! I have a small tiny crush. But he's my step brother!* Casey groaned falling back. *I just slept with my step brother. The one who enjoys tormenting me and annoying the shit out of me.*

Casey had no clue how long she lay there. It hurt before when she practically ran out of Derek's room. She was still sore, and she was afraid to move. She needed to get dressed though. Standing up she gathered around some clothes and threw them on quickly. She crawled back up on her bed and held Derek's blanket to her. It smelt like his cologne. She rolled her eyes and rolled over so her back was facing the door and his blanket.

She wanted Derek, yeah she defiantly wanted him, but had she just made a huge mistake? Their parents were married, it would be forbidden. Since when did Casey start acting on impulse instead of listening to her mind. *Oh yeah... Since Derek came along.* She sighed closing her eyes and relaxing. It didn't take long before she was fast asleep...

Derek however, was pacing back and forth in his bedroom. "That did not just happen... No. No, not at all...." He groaned running his hands through his hair and just about screaming. 'Okay... Think.' He set down into his chair and gazed at the bed. "Casey is your sister." ***STEP*** sister. "She's up tight. Annoying. Obsessive. Crazy at times. Psychopathic even. And she has a big nose." He said with justice. He sighed falling back against the back of the chair. "Who am I kidding? She's perfect!"

Derek closed his eyes letting his head fall back to face the ceiling. He was a seventeen year old teenager and his mind was controlled by something else. What happened to staying in control? Oh... right... Casey. He didn't exactly regret it. No, it was amazing, just hearing her moan because of something he did, it drove him insane and he already wanted to hear his name escape her perfect lips. Now how would things be between them? God only knows.

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Casey had woken up around eight in the morning, showered and ate breakfast quickly. She was planning on heading over to Emily's when the phone rang. "Hello?" She answered drying off the bowl she had used that morning.

“Oh honey! It’s mom. The conference got done early. Thank god, you know how boring it is to listen to lawyers talk about... anything?” Nora laughed softly.

“Really! So does that mean you coming home? Now!?” Casey asked a bit worried and depressed at the same time.

“umm.. Yeah. We’re at the airport. We should be back by tonight, of course we need to stop and pick up the kids before we come home but yeah.”

“Cool...” Casey said hearing a door open and close upstairs.

Nora laughed. “I hope things are all okay there? George got a bit worried about Derek and called the Neighbors like eighty times.”

Casey smiled knowing that her mother probably did it twice as much. “We’re fine.” Casey said setting down the now clean bowl and spoon, unaware that Derek was now standing behind her in the kitchen door way. “I miss you.” She stated truthfully.

“Aww, I miss you dear. Tell Derek we send our love, okay? I need to go. They just called our flight. Bye honey.” And with that she hung up, as did Casey.

She sighed and turned around. “Oh... Derek...” She said seeing the messy haired Derek, he hadn’t even bothered getting dressed.

“Who was that?” He asked walking over to the fridge.

“Mom..... My mom.” She corrected herself a second after saying it. She swallowed and shifted her weight off of one foot to another. This was... odd. “Uh.. Their going to be home tonight. The conference ended early.” She stated setting the phone back on its jack. She then leaned against the counter, crossing her arms.

“Okay.” he stated withdrawing the orange juice and pouring himself a glass. Taking a long gulp and turning around, with glass still in hand. “Anything else?” He asked seeing as how Casey was still standing there gazing at him.

“Well... Maybe we should... you know, Talk?” She stated resting her hands on the counter she was leaning against. “About... —”

“No.” He stated before she could even finish her chapter.

“But Derek. Don’t you think we should at least discuss it.”

“No.” He said walking past her but she only followed him. He stopped in the dining room and looked back at her. “Look. Why do we need to talk? We messed up. It was stupid, a **mistake**. Get over it.”

Casey felt like her world had just came crashing down. She should have expected that. Okay, so yeah, it was stupid but she couldn’t help but wish he hadn’t said that. She didn’t want to think about it as a mistake. “But Derek...” She paused and crossed her arms. Now she was just mad. “You’re the one who kissed me first. Not the other way around.”

Derek rolled his eyes and set his glass down on the dinning room table. “Whatever. You were the one touching me... And you kissed back. I’m not the one with a stupid crush, you are. So drop it. It meant nothing.” he stated coldly.



“Nothing?” She couldn’t help it. It hurt. It hurt a lot. ‘Are you trying to say that there is nothing what so ever here.’ She said motioning towards him and then to herself. “Derek that’s a lie! And you know it.”

Derek’s jaw tightened as he looked away from her. He could tell she was holding back tears. Her bright blue eyes were all watery. He hated when girls cried. He really did hate it when Casey cried. “Just... drop it. Will you?” He asked finally gazing back at her.

“No! Derek last night wasn’t just casual sex. Defiantly not for me.” She said poking her own chest, singling herself. “Last night was just... years of bottled up feelings. You can’t honestly tell me it meant nothing what so ever. Now, I’m not saying that it’s a good idea that it happen again, nor that it would be able to. But I am saying that.... Well, I want it too. I know its wrong. I know with George and my mom, and everyone.”

“Case stop.” He said seeing a tear roll down her cheek. “Last night was wrong. We hate each other.”

Casey shook her head gazing down at the floor. “No. No we don’t. yeah, you get under my skin and it drives me insane but your always doing small little things. Like trying to protect me from creeps, trying to make me happy, and last night.... You actually stopped to ask me if I was okay before you continued. There is no way you would have did that if you didn’t care.” She stated wrapping her cheek.

Derek sighed scratching his forehead. “What are you trying to say, Case? That you want to date me or something? You’re my step sister! Our parents are married.” Derek said with a roll of his eyes, He placed his hands on his hips and gazed at her. “Your talking crazy.”

She sighed. “No. I’m not saying any of that. I’m just... I don’t know what I’m saying.” She gave up.

Derek sighed. “Fine. Whenever you figure out what your trying to say. You know where I live.” He stated picking up his glass again and sitting in his recliner.

Casey sighed deeply walking into the living room as well, but taking a seat on the couch. “Your not going to say anything... are you?” She asked.

Derek chuckled after taking another drink. “Oh yeah. Gonna brag about it to Sam, maybe Nora, or Lizzie. It will be great dinner talk. How Derek screwed Casey.” He said sarcastically. He looked over to see Casey smiling at him. “What? This isn’t funny?”

Casey shook her head and laughed softly. Man she wanted to go over their and kiss him, capture his lips in hers. She gazed at him and bit her lip. His lips slowly formed a grin. “Can you just admit something for me?” She asked already knowing he would, if he tried to say no — she would make him admit it.

“What?” He asked curious.

“Admit that you have feelings for me. At least lust.”

He shook his head and licked his upper lip as he placed his glass down on the small end table. “No way.”

“Derek? Seriously. Just do me that one small favor.”

He chuckled and shook his head. "Case, that's just warped."

She rolled her eyes. "You wouldn't have said that last night." He shifted in his recliner and shook his head. 'Fine...' "She smirked standing up and standing in front of him." Then I'll just....' She slowly leaned down to him, inching closer and closer as he just set there smirking. "Have too...." She whispered against his lips and was about to kiss him when the doorbell rang. Both of their heads jerked towards the door.

Derek groaned softly, barely audible. Casey sighed walking over and opening the door. Her eyes widened in surprise slightly. "why are you here.. I... Derek...." She was cut short by Sam's lips on hers. She stood there and let him kiss her.

"Sorry about last night." He whispered closing the door behind him. He looked over to see Derek standing next to his recliner. "Derek." He stated.

Casey gazed at Sam and then over at Derek. *Now what?* "Umm.. Sam we need to...."

"What's up buddy?" Derek asked smiling as he walked over and knocked knuckles with his friend. He ignored Casey's confused gaze. 'We need to get Ralph back for that damn hockey stick. I'm thinking.' He draped his arm over Sam's shoulders and walked them into the living room. "I'm thinking we should put a fish in his locker. That thing will stink like god knows what."

Sam chuckled and nodded. "Yeah sure." Derek smirked taking his seat again. Leaving Sam and Casey standing. Sam looked over at Casey and smiled. He walked over and whispered. "Look, I want to make it up to you. Dinner or something? I just feel so bad about not showing up."

Casey shrugged as if it was no big thing. "Its okay. I'll think up something. But for now... Parents are coming back home. I need to clean up."

Sam nodded cupping her chin and bringing her in for a small kiss. "I'll call later."

"Okay. Bye." She said walking him out and closing the door. "What was that all about!?" She shouted at Derek.

Derek stood up and checked out the window, to see Sam walking towards his house. "You can't let Sam know that I told you I knew. You can't let Sam know at all. If we... well.... No one can know. You know, if we still want to...."

Casey grinned, cocking her eyebrow at him. "Are you implying that I should act to be interested in Sam so we can fool around without suspicion?" Oh, this was priceless.

Derek crossed his arms and shrugged, causality. "I'm not saying that I want you.... To be my.... Girlfriend. But...." He chuckled scratching his nose, not believing he was actually saying this to Casey. "last night was hot."

Casey grinned, trying her hardest not to squeal. She walked over to him and gazed up at him. "It is a pretty good way to release our anger."

"Yeah." He chuckled gazing down at her. Those hypnotizing eyes, almost taking him into the depths of her soul.

"Your shameless, aren't you?"

“Yeah.... Pretty much.” He said placing his hands on his hips and smirking at her. “But that’s what turns you on, right?”

“Shut up.” She said pushing him back and he instantly fell back onto the couch. “Hmm.. I’m going to go clean up.” She stated walking off into the kitchen.

Derek chuckled not bothering to get up. He sighed deeply, relaxing. She amazed him. One moment he was totally turning her away and the next moment he was egging her on. He enjoyed the little game they always seemed to be playing; but he had just recently realized it. He wasn’t worrying about the fact that she didn’t even give him a answer, he knew she would. After all, she wanted him. Okay, so maybe he was using this to his advantage and somewhat using her, but who cares? She would be getting pleasure from it, and so would he. Grinning he closed his eyes and let his mind wonder.

## Ch8 Something's Different

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### This Love Sick Melody

**Arthur's Note: Okay, so after this chapter their gonna be more.... Dasey action going on. So I hope you all enjoy this chapter and look forward to the next one.**

#### Chapter Eight □ Something's Different.

Casey couldn't help but smile that night after she finished up taking a nice long hot shower. She had just finished up cleaning the house a once over. Everything was practically shinning. She wished that her mother and George weren't coming home early. She wished she had some more time to figure out just what was going on with Derek and her. Sure, she really did thing she liked him *a lot* more then she should, but what about him? She lost her virginity to someone she used to hate, there were so many things running through her mind after she realized what she had done. She slept with her step brother. Okay, so she did want Derek physically and maybe even mentally; but she did after all ran out of the room.

Who wouldn't? Who wouldn't freak out after they just slept with their step brother. Not to mention there were so many things flying around up in her mind. She didn't know how Derek would react. She didn't know if she had made a mistake. She always thought things out before she acted on them. And last night, last night she wasn't herself at all. Well, she hadn't really been the old Casey in a while.

Things have changed in the last few years, she's grown up. Sure, she was still a worry wart and studied like a mad women before all test and events. But a lot of things have changed, and so far she was some what enjoying this new devilish side of her. But would it all come to a stop now that her mom was returning? She was worried it would be weird and uncomfortable around Derek, and knowing him he would drop a few sarcastic remarks here and there.

She smiled at her reflection before heading out of the bathroom and towards the living room. She had already changed and was now in a pair of sweat pants and a white light pink T shirt. The T shirt she had made sure was just tight enough but not overly tight. Derek was peaking out the window when she walked into the living room. "They home?" She asked walking over to the window herself.

He gazed over at her and watched as she walked closer to him. His eyes couldn't help but wonder down to the tiny bit of cleavage she taunted him with. Thoughts came rushing back from last night, running his hands over her skin, her soft cries of pleasure, and her body arching against his touch. *Damn her.* He sighed standing up straighter and crossing his arms. "Not yet..."

Casey raised an eyebrow gazing up at him. "What where you looking at then?" She asked walking over to sit down on the couch.

Derek's eyes followed her as she walked. Her hips swaying back and forth. "Um, I was checking to see if they were home yet." Derek gazed at her. He wanted to go over their and

kiss her, just enjoy the freedom of being able to do it before the rents got home. Yeah, but she liked him. He didn't want her to think he liked her, because he didn't. Sure, he didn't completely hate her anymore but she still annoyed him to hell.

"Well, they need to pick up Lizzie, Edwin, and Marti first." Casey stated picking up the remote and seeing what was on the other channels.

Derek nodded, biting his lower lip. *Fuck it.* He thought walking over and leaning down, bringing his lips to hers. He rested one of his hands on the back of the couch as his other hand caressed the small of her back. At least she didn't push him away, in fact id didn't even take a second before her arms were running up and around his neck, her fingers playing with his hair. *Oh yeah... this is defiantly going to be a fun thing.* He thought about Casey crushing on him.

Casey couldn't believe Derek. She didn't care. She knew her Mom and George would be home soon but all she could think about was Derek's intoxicating kiss. They were intoxicating. When he touched her mind went blank and he was no longer her step brother. He was no longer the guy who has annoyed her to death ever since she moved in. Nope. He became something totally different.

Casey's fingers clenched his shirt and pulled him back with her as she laid down on the couch. Her legs entangled with his, as he moved his kisses to her neckline. She already had one visible hicky from him, but she didn't care. She wanted him too. His hot rough kisses felt beyond amazing. She ran her hands up the back of his shirt, her finger nails running across his skin and arousing him even more.

He shouldn't have kissed her. No, he was going to get carried away and it was clear Casey had no intentions on stopping him. He needed to control the situation. Just a quick make out session and nothing more. Yep. He kept trying to think this but every time she ran her fingers along his skin a jolt of electricity shot through him.

He slowed it down a bit. He moved his lips back to her lips and ran hi hand up her thigh. Casey however was making it extremely hard to stay in control. Her body was practically screaming for him. They couldn't let this proceed any further. Not there, not then. One: parents were coming home soon, any moment now. Two: they were on the family's couch. And last but not least Three: no protection.

His fingers run up her shirt and got about half way before a bright light flashed before their eyes. Casey's attention was drawn to the window and realized that a car had jut pulled into the drive way. "Derek! There home!..." She whined, and shouted at the same time.

Derek somewhat rolled over her and slumped into his chair. He grabbed a pillow off the couch and set it in his lap. Casey on the other hand had raced over to the backdoor. She ran her fingers through her hair quickly and flung the door open to see George trying to carry several different backs. "Where's Derek?" He asked struggling to get through the doorway.

Casey didn't answer because she heard Derek's voice coming from the other room. "In here!" Casey walked out and helped Marti with a oversized sleeping bag. Nora, Lizzie and Edwin were the last to enter. Casey smiled as Marti ran into the living room jumping into Derek's chair causing him to groan slightly. "Smarti... What's cracking?" He said ruffling her hair.

“Nothing Smerek!” She giggled slipped back onto the floor and in by Lizzie and Edwin who looked tired and worn out.

Nora sighed. “God, time flies. I need sleep. Place looks perfect Case. Good job.” Nora patted Casey’s shoulder before heading towards her bedroom to help George bring their bags down.

Edwin walked into the living room and sat down. “So what did you guys do with the house all to yourself?” he asked in the same tone he always uses. As if he was a lawyer or something. Casey bits her lip and glares at Derek, but he seemed to be completely comfortable.

“Relaxed without annoyed brothers around. Well... Casey was here so it was still annoying.” He stated turning up the Television volume.

Casey rolled her eyes. She couldn’t understand how Derek seemed to be so relaxed with everything. She on the other hand felt completely horrified and awkward. She cleared her throat. “Well, welcome back. I need to get a head start on a assignment. Night Liz.” She smiled at the younger siblings before heading up to her bedroom. She shut the door behind her and let out a deep breath, that seemed way over due.

She fell down into her chair and adjusted herself before her computer. She didn’t realize how much time had went by. Sure, she was working on her project but rather slowly. In fact she had only gotten a paragraph down. Thoughts of stupid relaxed Derek kept flooding her mind like a poison. She set back and gazed at her clock. 12:04? Where did the time go?

She yawned before flicking her light off. She slipped into a pair of short shorts and a light tank top. Slipping under her covers she relaxed and closed her eyes. She wasn’t sure how long she had been laying there. Five, fifteen, thirty, or maybe even an hour. She was just laying there watching the tree reflection on her wall. It was a soft low knock and then her door softly creaked open.

Squinting her eyes she could make out a figure she knew to be Derek. Who else would be disrupting a peaceful time? “What do you want?” She groaned rolling over so her back was facing him.

Derek smirked but knew it wasn’t visible. Casey’s room was rather dark. “For you to shut up.” He whispered.

Casey rolled her eyes before she felt the weight on her bed. Derek’s hand sliding down her hip, and turning her on her back. “Der...” She was cut short with his lips on hers. One of his rough controlling kisses. There was no asking of permission before he slipped his tongue between her lips and there was no taking it gentle. His fingers slipping under the hem of her shorts only to caress her soft skin.

He pulled out despite her protest. “You need to relax.”

“What?” She asked sitting up and resting her weight on her elbows. “Derek, why are you in here? My mom is home and your dad.” She shouted in a whisper.

“So what? If you keep acting like you have something to hide then their going to know you do. Stop getting all tense, and weird around them and me.”

"Kind of hard too do." She stated angry with the fact that he was so cool about all of this. "And don't come in here at night." The words escaped her lips but it was if they didn't register in her mind. They weren't serious, and they didn't sound it. She loved feeling his body laying besides hers, and his fingers that were still gently drawing circles on her skin.

"No its really not. And I can tell me your voice that you like me being in here." Casey could tell by his cocky voice that Derek must be smirking. "And plus... they can't hear a damn thing."

"Derek, I can't just act all peachy like you. Its weird. You're my step brother."

"Hmm.." Derek murmured against Casey's ear. His lips brushing her skin and causing a shiver to shot down her spin. "Yeah.... But what's fun is fun."

Biting her lip she laid down on her back again, but refused to bring her hands to him. His warm breath was tickling her skin, teasing her. "but....." She didn't know what the hell she was trying to say. How was it that their roles got switched around so often? Wasn't it just this afternoon that Derek was the one avoiding the issue? Now he was the one coming on to her? *Duh... sex is sex. No matter who its with. Derek is a manwhore.... A very sexy one. A very... tempting one.. No! Not under the same roof as her mother and sister!* She had only had sex once but she knew with the way he touched her she would be able to keep quiet. Everything with him just felt so damn good.....

"Think you can do that?" He asked running his fingers up her side and under her shirt, his fingers dancing against her skin in feather like motions.

Casey opened her eyes and gazed up at him. She could make out the outline of his face, at least good enough to know he was looking at her as well. She nodded and whispered her answer. "Yeah.... I'll try." Without thinking she brought her hand up and ran her fingers through his hair. She's always secretly wanted to be able to do that whenever she wanted to. She leaned up only to be met half way. Their lips worked together once again, exploring each others mouth and savoring the taste.

Derek's hand found their way up under her shirt, teasingly caressing the underside of her bare breast. She loved his touch, more then she had ever imagined loving someone's touch. It was beyond amazing. It took everything she had within her to pull out of the kiss and stop. "you...." She took a moment to regain her breathing which was rather hard to do considering his light stroking. "We shouldn't. Mom and George are home."

Derek groaned into her neck. "I know..." He whispered kissing below her ear softly. He slipped away from her and stood up. "I'll see you tomorrow morning Case." Derek smirked before turning and leaving her room. This whole thing was going to be absolutely great.

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Casey fixed her hair before walking into the kitchen and by her mother and Edwin. "Morning." She practically hummed as she gathered a bowl and the cereal.

Nora smiled and gazed at her daughter. "I'm so sorry we didn't get to talk last night. I was just so tired and we still needed to unpack..." She sighed deeply and laughed. "Sorry. I hope having to be alone with Derek wasn't that horrible."

Casey shrugged her shoulders. *Be cool, Be cool... nothings changed.* “It wasn’t that bad.... I somewhat avoided him. He had a date, and set in front of the Television the entire time. Not that bad.” She poured some cereal into the bowl and then some milk. “I actually spent most of my time working on a upcoming project. I think its going to come out pretty good.” She said taking a seat beside Edwin and across from her mother.

Nora smiled shaking her head. “Your amazing. You had the house all to yourself and you spent your time studying and doing a project.” She laughed standing up.

Casey shrugged taking a bite from her cereal and smirking to herself. She felt somewhat dangerous and bad. It was a great feeling. “Well, I used my time usefully, Unlike Derek.” She stated shoving her mouth full of cereal before her smirk came noticeable.

“Oh boy..” Nora shook her head and walked out to George who was sitting on the couch.

Edwin eyed Casey in a weird way, “Your....”

Casey glanced at him, almost forgetting that he was there at all. “What? I’m what?” She asked curiously.

“I don’t know..... There’s something different....” He said with a eyebrow raised.

Casey shrugged and smirked slightly. “Nice to know.” She shifted in her chair and went back on her breakfast.

“Yo!” Derek’s voice boomed as he landed on the bottom step. “Where is my food!” He shouted glancing into the kitchen and then at Nora and His father.

George glanced at him before turning the page of his newspaper. “Your in a good mood.” He mumbled yawning before returning to his reading.

Derek made a mocking face and walked into the Dinning room, ruffling Marti’s hair up on his way. She screamed as she fell backwards trying to get away from him. “Smerek! Pay back is a bully!” She shouted as he made his way into the kitchen.

He cocked his eyebrow at Edwin who was strangely staring at Casey. “Dude, what’s wrong with you?” Derek asked grabbing Edwin’s bowl away from him as Edwin stared at Casey. “And thanks for the food.” he said shoving a spoon full in his mouth.

Edwin turned his attention back to his table space and then over at Derek. He dismissed it, knowing he would have no change in winning against Derek. “Something’s up with Casey.” He muttered reaching towards the counter and grabbing a banana.

Derek smirked and raised an eyebrow at Casey. “Really? What would that be?”

Casey rolled her eyes before Edwin replied, “I don’t know. She’s just.... I don’t know.”

Derek smirked shrugging his shoulders. “Maybe she got laid.” He mumbled before taking another bite. He caught Casey shoot him a death glare out of the corner of his eye, which made him chuckle.

Casey sighed shaking her head. “Grow up. There’s nothing different, besides the fact that your staring at me. Now stop!” She shouted at Edwin throwing his banana peel at his head.

Edwin shrugged, throwing his arms up in the air. “I’m just saying... God.”



“Saying what?” Lizzie asked coming in the back door. “Hey Casey.” She said throwing her soccer ball down into the corner and taking a seat beside Derek and across from Casey.

“Hey! I’m here, how about a hello Derek? Or a.... God your freaking gorgeous this morning?” He asked never slowing down his eating.

Lizzie made a disgusted face as Edwin sniggered. “Uhh... Hey.” She said Shaking her head. “Any how... You going to come to my soccer game this Thursday?” She asked resting her elbows on the edge of the counter.

“Umm, maybe. Depends on what happens. School starts back up Wednesday, hopefully I wont get slammed with any new projects or anything.”

Lizzie smiled and slipped off the stool. “Okay, I’m going to go over to Julie’s. Bye.” She said heading back out the back door.

Casey watched as her sister left and turned back to see Edwin staring at her again. “Edwin! Seriously, its freaky now.” She muttered just before the phone rang. ‘Stop it.’ She repeated grabbing the phone before Derek and answering it. “Hello...?”

“Hello, Is Derek like.. Home?” A preppy voice came from the other side of the phone.

Casey glanced up at Derek and sighed. “Nope, we’re not interested in a new car. Sorry. Thank you for calling, bye.” She smiled and hung up the phone. Okay, so maybe that wasn’t a very cool thing to do but the sound of the girl’s voice made her want to gag.

“A new car?” Edwin asked shaking his head. He stood up and walked out of the kitchen.

Derek chuckled finishing up the bowl of cereal. “Edwin has a new obsession Case, better watch out. He’s going to make a little folder for studying you.” He chuckled. Casey rolled her eyes. “Serious.” Derek winked at her before walking into the living room as well.

She bit the inside of her cheek and shook her head. God she hated and loved those butterflies he gave her. She sighed dropping the spoon onto the counter and resting her chin in her palm. Staring at Derek as he talked to his father. He glanced back at her before grabbed his coat. She sat up straighter, *was he leaving? Where was he going?*

Derek adjusted his jacket before waving bye to his dad. “I’ll be home later.” He said before heading out the front door. Casey bit her lip not knowing that Derek was heading over to Sam’s house. She shifted in her seat and sighed deeply. Maybe she would go call Emily, she had ignored her call twice now.

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“No! Its not that.... Its....” Casey sighed deeply not exactly know how she should tell Emily. She had to tell her, it was her best friend. Derek wouldn’t like the idea of Emily knowing but she couldn’t keep a secret like that from her best friend.

“Casey just spit it out already. You said you had something to tell me, so tell me.” Emily laughed on the other side of the phone.

Casey bit her lip gazing at her reflection. “Well.... I....” She sighed. How could she honestly tell her best friend that she slept with her step brother? Her best friends crush since

ever? "I don't know if I should keep going out with Sam, or whatever we are doing." She said, not ready to spill the big secret just yet.

Emily chuckled, "What? That's your big thing you had to tell me?"

"Well, its just... I was basically just using him for an experience. I wanted to get more physical with someone I can trust, but I'm not thinking that way anymore." She said hugging her pillow and leaning back against her headboard.

"Just stop seeing him then. No biggy. I don't see the whole thing anyway. Its just sex, it should be special. And if you don't like Sam like that, then..."

Casey cut in, "But what if its purely physical lust? Like tons of exploding passion and every time I'm around him I just loose all thoughts?"

"Casey? Loose thoughts?" Emily burst out laughing.

"Hey!" Casey chuckled along with her friend and shook her head. "Whatever, lets change this subject. Have you and Sheldon, yet?"

Emily sighed, "No. He's being weird about it... I don't know what to do. I want to... but I think he's nervous or scared. Isn't that weird? Shouldn't I be the one nervous?"

Casey laughed, "Maybe... maybe you should do it with someone who has more experienced?"

Casey could hear Emily gasp, she laughed softly before Emily replied, "What! Are you insane? What are you trying to say? That I should go and sleep with some random guy who is a manwhore so I can get experienced?? There was a pause," That's insane!"

"Well, can you blame me? Sheldon is not gonna have a clue what to do, He's not going to be very skilled and it wont be as good to you."

"Casey are serious?" Their was another pause. "Did you sleep with Sam?!"

"No... I just... No!"

"Well, it sounds like you have experience. Its sounding like you already had sex."

Casey bit her lip and shook her head, "No... I'm just... Saying what I'm thinking." Okay, now she felt extremely guilty for now spilling the beans.

"Well, I'm not going to do that. That's insane. I should go. I'll talk to you later nutty."

Casey laughed, "I'm not nutty.... Right now. I'll talk to you later. Bye." And with that she hung up. This whole thing was going to be a lot different then she had imagined, but she was positive Derek was worth it.

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"Dude, are you sure?" Sam asked scratching his forehead as Ralph and Derek tossed the ball around in his backyard.

"Yeah.... Why? Is there something I should know? Derek asked looking at his friend curiously.

Sam shook his head, shrugging as he crossed his arms. “Nothing. Its just... I don’t really remember anything. We shouldn’t have drank anything.” Sam said replying to Derek’s curious look.

“Umm... Okay.” Derek laughed tossing the ball to Ralph.

Ralph looked back and forth, confused. “What’s going on?” He asked tossing the ball to Derek again. “what did you tell Derek?”

Derek threw his hands up but managed to catch the ball first, “Dude! I don’t know. Sam’s having a mantel break down. You didn’t tell me anything when you were drank. Nothing weird.” Derek said tossing the ball back to Ralph.

Sam rolled his eyes, “Fine,. Sorry. I was just thinking I did, for some reason.” He sighed. “Is Casey mad at me for standing her up?” He asked.

Derek sighed throwing the ball to the ground and walking over to his car, and pulling himself up on the car hood. “I don’t know. Its not like me and Case sit down and chat about her love life.”

Ralph stood there basically observing the two friends talk about Casey. Sam shook his head, “you live with her. You sleep in the next room.”

Ralph smirked and chuckled, Derek and Sam both shot him a look and he threw his hands up. “Sorry.”

Sam glanced at Derek to see that he wasn’t the only one who had shot Ralph a glare. “Dude, why are you so protective of someone you don’t even like having around?”

“She’s my step sister. You shouldn’t even be dating her...”

He was cut off by Ralph, “Actually, they aren’t dating. There just fooling around.” Derek glared at him, and if looks could kill — Ralph would be in serious pain. “Sorry... Again.”

“Your not related. The code doesn’t count. We discussed this already.”

Derek rolled his eyes. “Okay, why do we even need to talk about this? You’re the one who keeps bugging me about it. I came over to play some football.”

Sam sighed deeply and grabbed the ball from Ralph. “Fine, lets do it.”

Derek smirked annoyed with his so called best friend. Hopefully Casey wouldn’t mess up, Derek didn’t think he would be able to stand being around Sam if Sam kept bugging him like this.

## Ch9 The Decision

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### This Love Sick Melody

#### Chapter Nine □ The Decision.

The last few days had been pretty damn good for Derek as well as Casey. Casey was glowing and her mother had even commented on the subject, Casey just shrugged and told her that she was in a good mood. Why wouldn't the girl be in a good mood? She had her super hot step brother sneaking in her room at night for short little make out sessions. He had wanted to go further, and god knows Casey would have let him but he couldn't let her get too loud. Even though he got his kicks out of hearing her moan and gasp from his touch.

It was the last night before they had to return back to school and Derek had found Casey in his bedroom once again at eleven at night. He had just gotten out of the shower and Casey was laying on his bed, in nothing but a Oversized White T-shirt.

He grinned throwing his wet towel into the corner. "it's a bit early to be in here don't you think? I'm pretty sure my dad *just* went to bed." He said ruffling his still wet hair. Walking over to the edge of his bed he lowered himself so he was hovering above her. Inches from her face.

Casey smirked bringing her knee up between his legs and inching higher and higher. "Yeah, but I wanted you." She brought her hands up to his neck and kissed him roughly. Casey found that she no longer wanted Derek's touch but needed it. The last two nights had been the best two nights living in this house. It had been amazing. She realized now that she only hated Derek because he was the only one she couldn't figure out. He was the only one she couldn't control or predict.

Derek ran his hands up her shirt, exploring her skin. Casey gasped under his touch, his cold fingers exploring her warm skin. "Mhmm.. Derek." She bit her lip as his fingers pinched her nipple gently, causing a shooting explosion to shoot through her.

She shifted her weight and was able to switch positions with him. Now she was straddling him, pinning him to the bed. His hands under her shirt on the small of her back, his nails just scrapping her skin. She trailed kisses down his neck, settling on his collar bone. Sucking and tickling his skin with her tongue. It felt incredible.

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#### **Warning: Mature Part begins.**

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She stretched out beside him in one swift move. He kissed her once again with wide open, consuming kisses that drug her more and more each time. Out of pure desire she reached down finding him, and testing the hardness of him through his sweat pants. He moved at the unexpected touch, his body wrenching from the touch. She moved his hand away quickly but

he reached out and replaced her hand. “No, I like it. You can touch me anywhere, especially there.” He whispered against her lips.

She smirked beneath his lips, satisfied that she had found something else that he enjoyed. She reached down again, measuring him in her hand, amazed at the full rock-hard length of him. When they slept together she hadn’t exactly got the full feel of how long he actually was. She was slightly surprised and even more aroused from this little fact. Or large one for that matter.

Becoming more bold she slipped her hand inside of his sweat pants and found the silky hardness of his cock even nicer to touch without the boundaries of the material of his pants. She loved touching him, and found the thought escaping her lips, “I love touching you..” She whispered in between kisses.

Derek, who had been running his fingers through her hair as he kissed her, groaning at her confession. “Yeah?” He chuckled kissing her deeply, sucking at her bottom lip before biting it gently. His eyes rolled into the back of his head as her fingers traced his length in a very teasingly manner. He couldn’t stand it anymore, he needed her. He needed to be inside that perfect tightness he had been longing for, for the last few nights. He needed her now.

He shifted removing his sweat pants and slipping a condom on. She just smirked watching as he rolled back onto his side, and running his hand down to remove her panties, never removing his eyes from hers. He tossed them out of sight and positioned himself over her. He found her entrance and trusted forward, feeling her arch against him.

She bit down on her own lip to keep herself from gasping from pure sensation. After he was deep inside her he curled his hand under the curve of her backside, angling her in just the way that would allow him to trust even deeper inside her, making sure his length came into contact with every part of her. This single move caused Casey to arch in pleasure and moan out loud.

He stopped, “Shh, be quiet.... Bite me.” He commended out of impulse. She couldn’t let herself scream, despite how completely lost Casey was, Derek still was very aware that they needed to keep their voices or moans down.

Casey did as instructed, she brought her mouth to Derek’s flawless neck and bit down as he trusted into her once again. It hurt, but oddly enough it somewhat turned Derek on even more. He picked up the pace again, Casey’s legs wrapping around his hips as she met his lustrous thrust.

Casey’s head fell back against his pillow and moaned softly through her release, the contractions milking his own response, and he buried his face into the hollow of her neck. Breathing hard as he kissed her neck. It had been one of the most mind blowing orgasms he had ever experienced.

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**Mature Part Ended.**

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Derek rolled onto his back, trying to get his breathing back to normal. He felt Casey's body still next to him, and her roll over facing him. She gazed up at him, taking her head and laying it on his chest. He lifted his head up looking down at her, curiously. He wasn't much of a cuddler after sex, in fact he usually just wanted the girl to get lost. He oddly didn't mind Casey's presence, in fact it was a rather nice feeling.

He brought his arm around her and found himself running his fingers through her hair. "You should get to bed." He whispered rested his chin against her head, he could smell her coconut shampoo.

"Yeah..." Casey whispered, sighing. She slipped off her bed and gazed around Derek's floor. Where's my underwear? She gave up and gazed at Derek who now had his hands behind his neck. "I'll see you tomorrow." And with that she walked out and into her room.

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Casey screamed pounding on the bathroom door. "Derek! Get out! I still need to brush my teeth!" She shouted kicking the bottom of the door. She had woken up late due to the overwhelming night of activity. Though, she wasn't complaining about that part.

Derek flung the bathroom door open and pushed past Casey, "Hurry up! I'm not waiting for you." He called as he rushed downstairs.

"Jerk!" She yelled out after him before darting into the bathroom. She hurried up and brushed her teeth. She glanced at her reflection one last time before heading out. She snatched up her backpack and purse and flew out the back door. 'Derek....' She hit the hood of his car as he speeded up as she went to open up the door. She slipped in too see him laughing. "You're a jerk."

"That gets you all hot and bothered." He smirked as he pulled out of their driveway and towards school.

"Can you just.... Stop?" Casey asked fixing her hair one last time. "I need to hand in that stupid project today, and I still need to proof edit it." She said puckering up her lips and kissing the air.

Derek rolled his eyes, "Yeah... I don't care. Why are you telling me this?" He said turning up the volume of the radio and ignoring her glare.

"Fine, Whatever." She crossed her arms and set back in the drivers side seat. It didn't take long for them to get to school. Casey got out and left Derek to his slow self. She wasn't sure she enjoyed this whole acting normal thing. So what? Was it that hard for him to be a little nice to her?

She rolled her eyes as she pushed her way through the crowded hallway only to be stopped by Sam. "Hey!" His hands came up to rest on her shoulders, "I have a surprise for you tonight. To make up for the other night."

Casey smiled and sighed deeply, "hey. Sam I already said its okay."

"I want too. I have a hole romantic dinner planned out." He let his hands drop, and then brought his hand up to cup her chin. "I want it to be a special night."

Casey smiled, "Sam your sweet." She glanced over his shoulder to catch Derek looking at them from his locker. "When should I be ready?" She asked turning her attention back to Sam.

"Eight. I'll pick you up then."

Casey smiled leaning up to brush her lips against his. It lasted for a few seconds, innocent yet showy at the same time. When she pulled away Sam was grinning. "See you then cutie." She brushed past him and headed towards her locker where Emily stood looking curiously at her.

"I thought you were having second thoughts about Sam?" Emily said looking over to Sam who was now standing beside Ralph and talking as Derek headed over towards his first class.

"I was... now I'm not." Casey said opening up her locker.

Emily raised an eyebrow at her and shook her head, "Casey your so weird sometimes."

Casey shrugged, "Oh well." She smiled at Emily before turning around and leaving.

Emily's jaw was practically to the ground. *What going on with that girl?* Emily sighed and shook her head.

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Sam smiled as he pulled up to The Venturi-MacDonald's home. Tonight was going to be perfect. Sam had planned everything out and Casey had to love it, she just had too. He had also hoped that they would be able to finally have sex that night. Casey was ready, she had wanted to for awhile now and Sam knew tonight would be a special night. For the both of them.

He put the car in park and darted out and towards the front door. He rang the doorbell and Derek just had to be the one who answered. "oh, man Casey ready?"

Derek and him hadn't talked at all that day, even during hockey practice. Derek rolled his eyes and pushed the rest of the door open, "CASE!" He screamed up the stairs and took a seat in his chair. "She'll be down in a bit."

Sam nodded, "So... What's up Derek?"

"Nothing." Derek said glancing over at Lizzie and Edwin who were sitting at the Dining room table playing a game.

Sam was about to say something else when Casey walked down the stairs. She had a short black skirt on with a cute red top. She looked stunning to say the least. Derek glanced over and then had to do a double take. Sam smiled, "Wow. Casey you look... Amazing."

Casey smiled glancing at Derek for a split second. "Thank you. You ready?" She asked grabbing her coat. She was clearly trying to make Derek jealous, but he wouldn't let her get to him. He kept his eyes on the television screen and ignored Sam's hand that rested on the small of her back.

"Yeah, Later Derek." Sam said walking Casey to the door and through the thresh hold. Casey smiled lightly as she walked beside him down to the door, he speeded up and held open

her car door for her. "Here you go."

"Thank you." She slipped into the car and hooked her seatbelt as Sam jogged around to the drivers side. Sam quickly drive away towards town. She adjusted in her seat and sighed softly, "So, where are we going to spend this special night?" She asked flashing him a small smile.

Sam glanced over at her before returning his eyes on the road. "Well, I reserved us a table at Romano's. Its that new Italian restaurant in town. I thought you would like it."

Casey smiled and nodded, impressed. She really was impressed. Romano's had just opened up about a month ago but it already was the talk of the town. The atmosphere was rumored to be very romantic and calm. Any girl would love being taken to a romantic dinner, but was she doing it for the wrong reasons?

After a few minutes of causal talking Sam pulled into the parking lot and they both got out. Casey had pictured it perfectly. The place was lit by basically candle light, white table cloths with red candles. The walls were a light peach color and went beautifully with the lighting. There was only two other couples there and they would have the right amount of privacy. Sam had went all out tonight and she bit her lip when they took their seat at their table.

The Whole night seemed to get better and better. They laughed and talked throughout dinner, the food was delicious, and Sam said the right things. His hand brushing hers as he took her hand in his, his smile, his comments, and his complements. After Dinner Sam drove them back to his house, where his parents were no where in sight.

He lead them up to his bedroom where it seemed spotless. "Mhm.." Sam ran his knuckles down her arm. "Have I mentioned how perfect you look tonight?"

Casey smiled setting her coat down on the back of his arm chair. "Once, or twice." She laughed softly and watched as he leaned in, brushing his lips against hers.

Sam's intentions were clearer then ever now. He was expecting to sleep with her that night, for her to loose his virginity to him. Now what? She only acted so physical with Sam that day to get Derek jealous. Now she had to choose what to do. She couldn't really sleep with Sam just to make a point, but wasn't she just fooling around with him before for fun and experience?

There only question was, what was going to happen that night?

Was she, or wasn't she?

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**Author note: Okay, So I'm gonna ask you guys what you would expect, want, hope, or think would happen? Will she? Will she not? Come on, let here what you guys want to happen or think will happen! Hoped you guys enjoyed this chapter, next one coming soon!**



## Ch10 Betting on Temptation

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### This Love Sick Melody

**Arthur's note: Haha, I love you guys. Wonderful comments. I took them all into consideration, and it helped me decide how I wanted Casey and Sam to react to one another. I ended up doing what I had planned on doing; but with a different ending. There will be no rape or taking advantage of. Sam just doesn't seem like that kind of guy and I want to keep them as much into character as possible. So, hopefully you guys enjoy this new twist. Enjoy!**

### Chapter Ten □ Betting on Temptation.

Casey sighed entering the front door of her house. Lizzie and Marti set on the couch watching Television and everyone else was out of sight. She flashed a smile in their directions and placed her coat on the hanger. Sighing deeply she headed up stairs towards the bedrooms. Derek's door was shut, like always it seemed. She took a deep breath and walked in, not bothering to knock.

Derek's eyes darted towards the door, shaking his head he returned to the computer screen. "Get out." He mumbled clicking away at something.

"No." She said closing the door behind her and crossing her arms over her chest. "We need to talk."

"Nope, I don't need to do anything. Now..." He gazed up at her, "Leave."

Casey walked over to him, slapping his hand away from the computer mouse. "Listen.. Can't you just listen to me?" She asked as he relaxed in his chair and faced her body.

"Look, Casey I'm not in the mood. Shouldn't you be with your boyfriend?"

Casey sighed deeply, walking over to Derek's bed and sitting down on the edge.

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### Flash back

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*Casey smiled setting her coat down on the back of his arm chair. "Once, or twice." She laughed softly and watched as he leaned in, brushing his lips against hers.*

*Sam's hand wrapped around Casey's body, running his fingers in circles against the small of her back. He broke the kiss, resting his forehead against hers, "Casey... I know we've been through a lot but I want you to know that I really care about you. I mean, your amazing."*

*Casey smiled and laughed softly. "I know, Sam. Your one of the sweetest guy's I've ever met." She slipped out of his grasp and walked over to his bed.*

Sam smiled down at her, he leaned down pressing his lips against hers. His hand wrapped around to the small of her back and lifted her up more onto the center of his bed. She obliged and laid her back down flat onto his bed as he kissed her.

Sam's hands roamed her body slowly making their way up her shirt. His lips moved to her neck and she rolled her eyes. "Uh... Sam... Can we just talk?" She asked as his hand finally found her right breast.

"Talk?" He whispered against her neck. "About?"

"Us.. Sam stop." She pushed him away from her and looked at him. "Look I know what you tried to do, and everything was perfect tonight. It really was..."

Sam cut in, "Good, I wanted tonight to be special for you." He stated returning his lips to hers and running his hand up her thigh. "Now can you stop talking?" He asked taking the thin material of her panties between his fingers and edging them down slightly.

Casey bit her lip arching her back against his touch. **Derek...** Casey was torn. She didn't know what to do. Sam was an amazing guy, and he was practical. For one he wasn't her step brother, and second; he was logical choose. He was amazing, and treated Casey perfectly, but she felt nothing towards him.

Sam's hands relocated to her chest, messaging them beneath her shirt and through her bra. He ran his hands back down and removed her shirt with permission from Casey. She still was unsure, deep inside of her thoughts that kept screaming out for her to just leave.

She was still debating rather or not to stay and be with Sam, someone she knew she could rely on and someone she might be able to have a future with or to leave. To leave because Derek was the one who made her laugh, cry, smile, and scream all at the same time. When she was with Derek, she felt like she was standing on the edge of a cliff, and it was a thrill ride. Derek was the one who made her happy.

Sam slipped his own shirt off before planting small kisses on her neck. **Shit my neck!** She pushed him away and panicked inwardly. "Sam, wait..."

Sam gazed at her and shook his head, "What? Did I do something wrong?"

Casey's hand went to her neck, pretending to play with her necklace that hung loosely. "I'm just... scared. I'm not sure I'm ready." She lied bluntly and believable.

"Well, we don't have too... But I'm just a little confused. Last week you were basically jumping me."

Casey smiled and blushed slightly. "I know.... And I'm sorry. I feel like a fool." She avoided his eyes and gazed down at the bed.

"Its okay. I can wait." Sam kissed her cheek lightly, his hand resting on her thigh.

She smiled at him, "Sam you're a great guy." She nodded feeling slightly guilty about all of this. But she couldn't help it that Derek made her happy and Sam didn't. Sam would make some girl happy one day but it wasn't going to be her.

## Flash back Ended

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Casey gazed at Derek's clearly annoyed, and angry face. "Derek, I didn't sleep with Sam. I almost did but I wouldn't let it get that far. So stop acting all pouty and jealous."

Derek now could let out that breath he had been holding ever since Sam and Casey left for their date. He rolled his eyes, "Not jealous Case. I could care less what you do. Go and sleep with any no body you would like to."

Casey chuckled, "No thank you. And you so were." Casey smirked over at him. "You were afraid that I was going to stop fooling around with you." She leaned back knowing this was true.

Derek rolled his eyes once again, laughing at the comment. "Please, I could last longer than you. You would be the one sneaking in here for a midnight fuck."

Casey raised an eyebrow at him amused. "Are you serious? You wouldn't last a month, Let alone a week."

Derek shook his head turning his attention back to his computer monitor. He switched his play list around and turned his speakers up slightly so the music would be audible. "Would too." He stated before leaning back in his chair. "Your not that hot Case. Not to mention I have girls lining up for me."

Casey was so not going to let him get away with this one. Standing up she walked over to him and leaned down, placing her hands on the arms of his chair. "You wanna make a bet?" She whispered dangerously close to his lips.

Derek's eyes glanced down to her lips momentarily but soon returned to her deep crystal eyes. "Explain."

She smirked sitting in his laps, his hands sliding around her waist on their own. "Well," She positioned herself in his lap and grinded against him, knowing it would cause the desired reaction. Derek swallowed and licked his lips watching her intently. "I bet that you will be the first one to give in to the temptation."

He inhaled Sharply as she pushed down against him once again. His hands were exploring her unrevealed skin beneath her top. "Exactly what does giving in mean?"

She brought her lips to his ear and whispered, "If you kiss me, If you cross the line in anyway." She licked her lower lip as his hand caressed the underside of her breast. "Touching... is permitted but nothing to scandalous."

Derek was enjoying this bet more and more but he still wasn't going to lay sex at anytime on the line. This prize had to be one hell of a good one. "And what do I get if I win?"

A soft chuckle escaped Casey's pink lips. "Anything you want. I'll be at your command in every way. No more fighting for control. I'll be yours to do with whatever you wish." Her hands ran down her back and found their desired destination, she found the growing bulge in Derek's pants. She gave him a playful squeeze causing him to arch in arousal. "Anything." She whispered once again.

Derek enjoyed the thought, Casey at his every commend, yeah — he loved the sound of that. Being able to commend her to do something, anything and anywhere. Oh yeah, this was going to be fun. “Okay, what do you get if you win?” He asked running his hand up her thigh and over her center.

“You.” Casey whispered, trying to think clearly with Derek’s fingers teasing her. ‘I want to be able to go out on a date with you. A real date. You being nice and respectable, mmmm..’ Her thoughts trailed off as Derek kissed her neck. “So is it a bet?”

Derek nodded in agreement. “Starting tomorrow.”

Casey smirked pulling away from Derek and standing up. “wrong. Starting now.” She walked towards the door, she glanced back at him with one hand on his doorknob. “Oh, and you can’t seek pleasure elsewhere. Rule.” She opened his door and walked out.

“Hey! Casey!” He shot up out of his chair and ran to his bedroom door. ‘You can’t do that and just leave..!’ He growled under his breath in annoyance. Why hadn’t he seen that one coming? She got him all horny and hard and then she takes off? He should’ve have been smarter and realized what she was playing at. “Damn it.” He closed his door shut. Now he was going to need a nice long cold shower. Thanks to Casey that is.

He wasn’t going to loose this bet. He could deal with the temptation — well at least he hoped.

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Casey smirked the next morning, as she got ready for the long day ahead of her. Despite the fact that she never got around to talking about what she wanted to with Derek, she now had him right where she wanted him. Casey could easily control herself around Derek, it wouldn’t be that hard... Yes, it would be hard, but not extremely unbearable hard. Right?.... Yeah. Totally.

Not to mention Casey wasn’t going to just act like ms innocent around him. She had it all planned out, it would be fun to watch Derek squirm trying to control himself.

Licking her lips she entered the kitchen. Her mother and George were scrambling around to get everything they would need. Lizzie, Edwin, and Derek were sitting at the counter eating. Casey smiled at her sister and Edwin as she grabbed a banana and took a seat beside Derek.

Derek glanced over at her but did a double take, eyeing what she had on. She wore a low cut red top, that left little to the imagination. Her jeans were tight and her ass looked amazing in them. Derek shook his head shoving his mouth with another scoop of frosted flakes.

Casey smiled over at Ed who was still suspicious of her and Lizzie who was busy eating. “Good morning you two.”

Edwin nodded eating and glancing over at her for a second before shaking her head. “Morning.”

She just laughed peeling her banana and biting off the end slowly. Derek shifted in his seat trying his best to ignore Casey’s presence. He had figured if he avoided her for the most part, he would win the bet. Logical, right? Well, as logical as it all gets.

Casey finished up her breakfast and threw it away. “Ready to leave?” She asked grabbing her bag and glancing at Derek.

“Maybe...” He said eating more of his cereal until it was finished. “Now, I am.” He smirked standing up and grabbing his coat and hockey bag. He opened the door and the two of them walked out towards Derek’s car. They both slipped in, Derek throwing his bag over his head and into the backseat.

Derek glanced over at Casey as she drove every once in awhile. What would have he done if she had slept with Sam? Blow up probably. Seriously, he would be furious. He was Derek Venturi. No one cheated on him..... But they weren’t going out. They weren’t even dating. So why did that thought cross him every time he started to think about it? He didn’t think he would be jealous, just angry. He would be done with Sam and Casey: things would never be the same. He annoyed her because he enjoyed watching her get frustrated but all that would stop. He would have wanted nothing to do with her.

So does this mean he has some kind of feelings for her, or just is protective of what he thinks should be his property? He would figure it out sooner or later.

For now however, he needed to stay focus on winning.

## Ch11 I Win

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### This Love Sick Melody

**Arthur's note: Okay, you guys I'm sorry this took forever to write. One: I changed it three times. And Two: I've been sick and in bed for the last week. So, I hope you all like it and enjoy!**

#### Chapter Eleven □ I Win.

Casey giggled at Emily and shook her head. "Yeah... Sure." She sighed resting her elbows on the cafeteria table before her. Her eyes scanned the crowded room for one guy. They had only been their for a moment. The morning had been going pretty well. No huge drama and thankfully Sam seemed to be okay with her decision to stop last night. He was being his sweet old self.

Casey spotted Derek and Sam enter the cafeteria finally. She flashed them a smile, Sam smiled back and Derek just grinned shaking his head. Holding back a laugh when Derek threw Sam a glare before heading over to the vending machines.

Sam slid into the seat beside Casey, pecking her cheek softly. "Hey."

Casey smiled at him before taking a sip of her ice tea. Seeing Derek grab his water Casey turned her body towards Sam and giggled, "You look cute today."

Emily cocked an eyebrow looking over her shoulder in the direction Casey had been looking and seeing Derek walking over. She shook her head confused as Derek took a seat beside her. "Hey, Em." He said without even looking at her. She glanced at Casey and Sam and then back at Derek.

Sam was to busy with Casey who was running her hand through his hair. "Yeah? Your always cute." he said smiling at her.

She smiled turning her body back to the table, she looked at Derek. "Derek."

"That's my name. Do you have a bucket I can puke in? All these cuteness is grossing me out." He said taking another sip from his water bottle.

Casey smiled at him and glanced at Sam who was just sitting their watching the two of them talk, as if he was expecting a fight to come. But a fight never came. In fact Casey just smiled and munched on a carrot. Derek sat there drinking his water.

Emily glanced at Sam still slightly curious of what was going on. She opened her mouth to say something but Derek spoke up first, cutting her off. "Well, I'm going to go. Later." With that he stood up and left the room, glancing back at the table once.

Casey smiled sideways at Sam continuing to munch on her carrots. Emily shook it off and started up a conversation about English class. The rest of the period was somewhat boring. In fact, the rest of the day was extremely boring.

At the end of the day she headed back to her house with Emily. It seemed as if the hadn't hang out in forever. Emily seemed to always be busy with Sheldon, after all he was going to be moving in a month. So, Emily and Casey had made plans to hang out after school. First they had driven to the mall to pick up a few things, and then they headed back to Casey's home.

"That show is so juvenile. Girls getting pregnant as fourteen, husbands cheating left and right, and crack heads everywhere you turn." Casey said placing her shopping bags down beside her bedroom door. She walked over to her bed and sat down, her leg under the other.

"Yeah, but its dramatic. Who wouldn't want to hook up with Craig? Everyone saw Spinner spiraling out of control and Who would have guessed Liberty to get pregnant in Highschool? No one! it's a shock and that's why its interesting." Emily said drinking from her star bucks coffee cup as she set down on the edge of the bed, facing Casey.

"Oh god. Like that really happens in true life."

"It does... Oh come on Casey. The things that happened on Degrassi does in deed happen in real life." Emily said shaking her head amused.

Casey rolled her eyes shrugging her sweater off of her shoulders and throwing it off to the side of her bed. "Yeah, I guess. Sometimes."

After a moment of silence, they both started laughing. Emily shook her head, "Anyhow.." She walked over to the door where Casey had dropped off her shopping bags. "Now, why did we go to the mall and shop like crazy?"

"Well, I wanted to get some new things." Casey said shrugging her shoulders innocently.

"yeah, but I feel like your about to shoot a porn movie. What do you want Sam to drop dead or something?" She asked pointing to the Victoria secret bags. "Got something planned?"

Casey smirked and shrugged her shoulders once again. "Maybe... it's a little surprise for him." **Or for Derek...** Casey smirked to herself as Emily returned to the end of the bed.

"Well, With what I could see, Sam's going to be blown away." Emily stated giggling softly.

Casey shrugged. "So what about Sheldon? How you going to deal with everything next month when he moves away?"

Emily shrugged. "I've been so caught up and spending time with him. Rather or not I'm ready to loose my virginity with him... and... I don't know."

Casey smiled softly, pouting slightly. "Sheldon is a good guy. You two will figure it out sooner or later."

Emily nodded and sighed. She glanced over at Casey's clock and made a face. "Good god. I need to head home. I promised my mother I would help with Dinner. It was nice hanging out with you Casey. See you tomorrow." Emily grabbed her coffee and her own bag before walking out of Casey's room.

Casey smiled standing up and gathering around her new outfits. Tonight she was setting her plan into motion.

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Dinner that night came and went. Before Casey knew it, it was eleven fifty six at night. She had changed into something more comfortable and was softly walking into Derek's room. He lay on his back, his hands behind his neck staring at the ceiling.

He gazed over as Casey entered and closed the door behind her. Smirking he shook his head, "Giving up already?" He chuckled.

"Not exactly." Casey said untying her robe and letting it fall to the floor. Derek's eyes returned to her and he was at a lost for words. She stood there in nothing but a sexy lacy black baby doll. She knew it would capture his attention. She hadn't own anything like this before, so she picked the one thing that she knew would drive a guy insane. She smirked, cocking her head to the side and looking at him in a seductive way. "Do you like?"

Derek sat up in his seat, his eyes taking in what they were seeing. Her soft silky skin, that baby doll clinging to every curve. He swallowed and shrugged, trying to push it off as if it was nothing. "Sure... I guess." He shrugged, pulling his eyes off of her — which took just every fiber in his body. "Whatever."

Casey smirked, biting her lower lip as she walked over to the edge of his bed. "Oh come on. Derek, I need to know if you.... Really, really like it." Casey crawled up onto his bed, straddling his hips and smirking down at him. "I have others. I went shopping and got tons of tiny things." She whispered gazing into his eyes, which had fallen don to her body once again.

Derek swallowed hard, she was trying to temp him into loosing. Oh man, did he want her. He placed his hands on her hips, allowing his fingers to brush against her soft skin. He couldn't deny the desire to connect with her on every level. As she brought her hands up to rest on his shoulders, the touch sent zinged throughout his body like an electric shock.

"Its uhh...." Derek ran his finger down her arm. "Right. Stop. I know what your trying to do Case." He said flipping them over, so she was on her back. He sat up on the edge of the bed facing the wall.

"What? Der I just want your opinion. If you don't like it..." She placed her hand on his shoulder as she whispered in his ear, "I can always return it."

"Return it. No. No, don't do that." Derek said chuckling and gazing back at her. "You look.... Great."

Casey smiled looking into his eyes seductively. "Yeah?" Leaning back she ran her hand down her chest and over her stomach. "You like it?"

Derek's eyes followed as her hand drifted lower, just grazing her nipple before running down her thigh. He swallowed nodding slowly. "Yeah... I love it." Derek; without realizing it, was slowly leaning in towards her. He was hovering above her, inches from her lips. Slowly he whispered against her lips, "Hmm... Love it."

"Yeah? Show me how much you love it." Casey whispered running her hands up his chest.



Rubbing his nose against hers, he gazed down at her. She was smirking! He pulled back realizing he was cutting it close to loosing. “Yeah. Maybe next time.” He ran his fingers through his hair, leaning back and resting against his pillows.

Casey sighed under her breath. She had nearly won it. Derek had come millimeters away from kissing her and loosing the bet. Biting the inside of her mouth she smirked slipping her fingers into her underwear. “Hmm.... Derek.” She gazed at him, smiling innocently. “I want to feel your touch...”

Derek glanced back at her and had to do a double take. Her touching herself. How the hell was he going to in this bet if she was going to tempt him so much. He licked his lips standing up and pulling his shirt over his head, tossing it into the corner. He stood up and walked over to his computer desk, and then back to the bed.

“Derek...” She whispered gazing up at him.

“Come on, You should get to bed.” He grabbed her hand and pulled her up off the bed, her body landing against his. He smirked down at her, brushing her hair away from her face. ‘After you give in, to this little bet.’ He brushed his knuckles against her skin. “Then you can give me a full show.”

Casey rolled her eyes, grabbing her robe and exiting the bedroom. Derek stood there smirking, “God she was hot..” He shook his head and fell back on his bed. “Don’t worry Derek. She’ll give in sooner or later. Its only a matter of time. Just stay in control.” He told himself but closed his eyes and pictured her in that sexy baby doll.

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Derek had gone longer then Casey had ever expected. Its been awhile since the bet and Casey seemed like it felt like forever. It was Saturday night and she had given up all hope of Derek giving up. She’s snuck in his room in nothing but a sexy little baby doll, brushed against him — in just the right way that drove him insane, ran her foot up his leg during Dinner, and had caused several different cold showers. She’s done just about everything that has crossed her mind.

Edwin knocked on Casey’s door gently, pushing it open as she instructed too. She gazed up and was surprised to see Edwin there. “Ed.... What do you want?” She asked sitting up on her bed and gazing at her step brother, whom she’s accepted as her own brother.

“A shower. Maybe a sound proof room, and a new radio.” He shrugged and laughed, “Your birthday. Its coming up, right? Well, Lizzie wanted me to find out what you want... so I decided just to flat out and ask you.”

Casey chuckled shaking her head. “Just tell her something. I want....” She shrugged her shoulders, “A new CD, or something small. Its still like a month away.” Casey said standing up.

“Okay.. She’s not going to just take that though. Nora is going to take us over to Nicks now.”

Casey opened her door all the way and gazed down at Edwin, “Everyone’s going over for the dinner?”

“Well, Derek’s in the shower. Marti is at her friends house, and George has a meeting. Lizzie, Nora, and I are going.”

“Okay. I’ll catch you later.” She smiled watching as Edwin darted down the stairs. She leaned against the doorframe and listened as her mother yelled at Lizzie and they all hurried out the door. It was only about a minute after that, that Derek walked out of the bathroom. A white towel hung loosely around his waist as he tried to dry his hair with a towel.

“Hello Baby doll.” Derek said noticing her standing there. He’s been calling her that in secret ever since the night she tried to temp him. He rubbed the towel against his hair, smiling at her.

She smiled slightly to herself. Biting her tongue she pulled her eyes away from his abs and to his deep chocolate brown eyes. “Hey Idiot. My mom just left with the kids. We’re home alone.” She stated rather dull.

“Really?” He smirked and stood there with a certain stagger about him. He found himself walking over to her, towering over her as he gazed down at her. Casey was seriously driving herself insane with this damn bet. Maybe he was right, she was the one who needed his touch.

She brought her hand to his chest, brushing her fingers against his skin in a feather like motion. He swallowed as he rubbed his thumb against the silky ridge of her collar bone, staring at her the entire time, as if looking into the depths of her soul. She took a deep breath, committing to her breathing. She wanted to keep her thoughts focused but at the moment, his thumb was sliding along her neckline in a very wonderful way. She wanted to forget all of the strategizing, forget the plan and the bet. What she wanted more than anything was to just soak in that moment. She wanted him, She’d always wanted him.

He rested his forehead against hers, staring into her eyes. She was going to give in. She was going to lose the bet. Oh, but she needed to stay strong. When Derek’s whispered teased her senses she gasped softly, “You know your killing yourself with this bet, right?” He said whispering against her forehead.

“Derek!” Casey pushed him backwards and away from her.

“Okay, okay. Sorry! Sorry.” he chuckled throwing his hands up in defense.

Casey sighed crossing her arms and glaring at him. “I’m taking a shower....” She brushed past him roughly and flung open the bathroom door. She paused and smirked, turning around to look at him. “Would you like to join me?”

Derek’s eyes lit up for a split second before his face hardened. “Nah. Just got done with mine. what’s the point in taking two.”

Casey smirked, raising an eyebrow. “what? Don’t think you will be able to control yourself?” Casey unbuttoned her shirt as she gazed at him. “Weakling.”

Derek scoffed, “Yeah okay. You wouldn’t be able to control yourself. I just don’t want to see you hit rock bottom.”

Casey slipped her shirt off, letting it fall to the ground. She slipped off her shoes and socks before turning on the shower. “Right.... Derek. We both know why you really don’t want to come join me.” She said removing her jeans and letting them fall to the floor with her shirt.

Derek watched her remove the remaining articles of clothing, her flawless skin revealing itself to him. "Fine. Fine." He said walking into the bathroom and locking the door behind him.

She smirked slipping her fingers between his skin and the towel, pulling it away from him and throwing it to the floor. He brushed her bra straps down her shoulders, as she unclipped it and let it fall. He was facing her back, brushing his lips against her neck. His hand ran down her sides to slid down her underwear.

"Come on...." She whispered, stepping into the shower, fingers laced with his.

They stood under the rushing water, exposed and erect. Derek gazed into her eyes, still dangerously close to her. "I could lick you from head to toe. Slowly. In fact...." He chuckled against her mouth as he spoke, she shivered at the husky playfulness in his voice.

"Mhmm..." Her fingers ran down his stomach, reaching there destination point.

Derek flinched as her fingers quickly brushed past his member and came back up to his chest. "Okay.... I...." He swallowed grabbing the sponge and running it down the curve of her back.

Casey ran her sponge along his chest, letting water dripped down his skin. There bodies were pressed against one another's. Her breast crashing against his chest. Within seconds of Derek running his hand back up her spine she crashed her lips against his. She was the one who broken the boundary and by all means of the word: she could give a fuck.

Derek lowered his head, taking her bottom lip between his teeth and sucking lightly as his hands found her breast. She quickly kissed him back with fervent desire, open need. He groaned into the kiss, the sound o desire pulled from the deepest parts of him, echoing between them as he lost himself in the kiss, barely noticing Casey's finger nails scratching his skin.

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### **Mature part**

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He lowered his kisses as she buried her hands in his hair more for balance then to direct him, but he growled his approval at her touch. He closed his lips over the top of one breast and she pressed him closer. He rubbed his tongue against her raised flesh and sucked until she keened in pleasure, arching into the sensation.

He grinned, "You like that?" He whispered roughly against her skin, his breath feathering over her skin and sending shots of electricity through every fiber of her being. *Like?* She thought. It was such a weak word for how she felt when his mouth was on her.

"I want more. Don't stop."

"Furthest thing from my mind."

He dipped his tongue into her belly button, his wet kisses sending every nerve in her body into a frenzy. He pressed his hand against her crotch, rubbing his fingers along her center.

“Good?” He asked as his mouth found her breast once again.

In one swift motion she pulled him up to her level once again, her arms wrapping themselves around his neck as she brought her legs up, cinching them around his waist. He followed her movements and pressed her body against the shower wall roughly. She moved against him in a motion that soon had him agreeing that the kissing, while extraordinary, was not enough. No where near enough.

With one quick thrust he found himself planted deep inside her. His lips finding her neck and sucking at her skin. The two moved together in perfect rhythm. She was wild, returning his thrust with complete lack of control it was infectious. She cried out in pleasure, urging him on. Her moans echoing throughout the small second floor bathroom.

Her nails dug into his tender skin as he thrust himself faster into her, getting deeper and deeper each time, if possible. Casey felt as if she was about to explode. All the sexual built up from the bet was being released and it was becoming more and more clear Casey was falling head over hills for Derek. Despite how much she wanted to stay in control; she knew that in all reality Derek was the one who secretly had the control.

Slowing down, he braced her legs and trust at a rate that had her digging her nails into his back harder, panting against his neck with short, feminine gasp as she gripped him tighter, on the edge of her climax.

She moaned through her release within seconds, her body clenching around him, causing his climax to milk hers. He moaned out her name, a action unknown to him at the time. He buried his face into the hollow of her neck as he breathed in the sweet sent of her sweet frequency.

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**Mature part ended.**

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Casey breathed against his skin, she ran her fingers down his neck and to his shoulders. She steadied herself as he placed her down on the shower floor. His hands stayed on the small of her back, holding her too him. She was thankful of this because her knees were weak, He stared down at her smirking.

She gazed up at him finally, only for Derek to speak up and say; “I win.” He brushed his lips against hers, kissing her deeply before stepping out of the shower.

## Ch12 Could it be?

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### **This Love Sick Melody**

**Arthur's note: Here you go! Another chapter, and a tiny bit longer than those others.  
Now, this chapter does answer a few questions, about emotional issues.**

**Hope you enjoy!**

### Chapter Twelve □ Could it be?

Casey had lost the bet. Big time, totally thrown it into the chipper and forgot about it. She couldn't stand it anymore. Oh well. She was now at Derek's control. It wouldn't be that bad. Hell, She was just happy about being able to give in to temptation from now on.

Sunday morning.

Casey sat at the breakfast counter eating what was left of her cereal. Lizzie and Edwin were having a heated debate in the dinning room about some kid in their science class while Nora did laundry. It seemed like a perfectly normal morning at first. That was until Derek walked into the kitchen to get himself some cereal.

"Morning Space Case." He muttered pouring himself a bowl of cereal.

"Morning." She muttered back taking another spoon full of frosted flakes.

"Derek." Nora placed a hamper of clothes down on the counter and held up a pair of black underwear. "why were this in your bedroom?"

Casey glanced up and started to choke on her cereal. Derek threw her a glare before shrugging his shoulders. "Umm.. I don't know." Yeah, he was lying. The underwear that Nora was hanging onto by the edge was in fact Casey's. Hence, why Casey was choking on her cereal.

Nora rolled her eyes throwing them into the garbage. She walked over to Derek and pointed her finger in his face, "Derek Venturi, If you are having sex under my house...."

Derek cut in, "So its okay if I have sex somewhere else?"

Nora gasped, frustrated and taken a back. George walked in and set his glass of ice water down. "Relax Nora. I thought we were going to talk to him about this together."

Nora nodded, crossing her arms. "I know. I just don't want my daughters exposed to these kind of things."

Casey swallowed avoiding her mothers eyes, "I'm just.... Going to go.... Somewhere.... Else." She said about to stand up when Nora held up her hand.

"No. Casey this is something we should have talked about awhile ago. I mean, you two are teenagers, on the edge of adult hood. Sex.... Is something that's done younger and younger now, But I don't want my children..."

“Whoa! Nora, please. Can we not talk about this? Just the thought of....” Derek glanced at Casey and shook his head. “Can we just please stop. I think I lost my hunger.” He said pushing away his freshly prepared breakfast.

Casey narrowed her eyes at him, knowing very well he was acting but must he always find a way to bring an insult into it. “Shut up.”

George cleared his voice, glancing back at Edwin and Lizzie who seemed to have quieted down. “Anyway... Um. We want to set some ground rules.”

Nora nodded, “Yes. One: No members of the opposite sex in your bedrooms. This was a rule before but it wasn’t being looked upon. Two: New curfew.”

“What!?” Derek groaned tilting his head back. “Come on! Dad, seriously? Twelve is early enough. Your going to move it up?”

George nodded, “Afraid so. What else do expect us to do? We found female underwear in your bedroom.” He sighed, “New curfew is eleven.”

Derek sighed, crossing his arms. “seriously. Coming home earlier isn’t going to stop me from having sex!”

Nora’s eyes widened as George shook his head. Nora glanced at her husband and then back at Derek. “So you are sexually active?”

Derek smirked and chuckled, rubbing his eyebrow. “Awkward.”

Nora gasped. “Derek! Sex comes with a lot of responsibility. STD’S, diseases, pregnancy!”

Casey was listening to her mother talk but was placing her bowl in the sink. **SHIT! In the shower! We got so caught up in the moment we didn’t use a condom. Breath. Casey, breath. Everything will be fine... Yeah... Totally. Sure.** She slowly turned back around to face Nora and George.

George placed a hand on his wife’s shoulder, trying to calm her down. “I’m sure Derek isn’t stupid enough to not use protection.”

Derek sighed, falling into a seat. Clearly, he figured there was no getting out of this. “Yes. Not as stupid as you think.”

Casey rolled her eyes sliding into the seat beside him, “Doubt that.”

Derek gazed at her for a moment before turning back to his Dad and Nora. “Don’t worry. Go Trojan!” and for shock and amusement points he added, “and if ones not near then I just pull out in time.”

Nora gasped for what seemed like the hundredth time. “Derek! Please!”

George sighed rubbing his forehead. “Derek, Nora is right. Sex isn’t something to fool around with. You need to be careful. Its risky. How.... Your not sleeping around are you? If you having sex, please at least be safe about it.”

Derek sighed resting his elbow against the counter, “No... relax. God.”

“So, how many girls...?”

Derek glanced at Nora and then to his dad. “seriously? Why are we talking about my sex life?!” He sighed throwing his hands up in frustration and surrender. “Fine! One. One girl, I’m sleeping with my girlfriend. I’m only going to be sleeping with my girlfriend. I’m not a dick. We use protection, and if we screw up then we’ll be responsible about it. Because she is extremely responsible. We’re going to be good little boys and goys. No staying out late, no sleeping with strangers. Got it. Good. End of discussion.”

Casey bit her tongue. She was experiencing a different set of emotions. Awkward, strange, worried, fear, happiness, embarrassment, and electrifying. She wasn’t sure rather she should still be feeling embarrassment for being given a lecture about sex or if she should be happy about the fact that Derek just basically called her his girlfriend.

Nora smiled softly, “Girlfriend? We didn’t...” She glanced at George, “We didn’t know you had a new girlfriend.”

Derek sighed rolling his eyes. “We keeping it hush hush.” He said as if this whole conversation was nothing new. He acted as if it was just another conversation, as if it wasn’t strange what so ever. He even walked over and got himself a bottle of water from the fridge.

Nora looked at her daughter questioningly. “What about you dear? I want you to be able to talk to me about this kind of stuff.”

“Never.... Ever, mother.”

“Well, does that mean your not having sex.?” Nora said with a hint of hope in her voice.

Casey bit her lower lip gazing at her mother. She didn’t want to lie to her mother but it was awkward. George was there, Derek. If she told her mother she was sleeping with someone, her mother would want to know who. It would all get confusing and suspicious. “Mom. I’m not even dating anyone right now. I mean.. Yeah, there’s someone I’m interested in but that’s it.”

Nora smiled softly, moving so she could place a hand on Casey’s shoulder. “So.....?”

Casey sighed, realizing her mother wants her to say it out loud. But could she. “No. Mom. I’m not a virgin.” She avoided all eyes, gazing at the counter before her and swallowing. ‘But....’ She looked up at her Mother’s face, “I’ve only been with one guy.”

Nora tried her best to smile and nod. “Okay, I can handle that.” She ran her hand down her daughters head, and hair. ‘My baby is just growing up so fast. Your responsible. I trust your judgment.’ She gazed at her daughter and nodded, “Just... tell me who it was? Was it Sam? Max?” She brushed her daughters hair back, exposing her rather noticeable hicky’s, “Is it Sam?” She asked thinking Sam was the one who had given her the hicky’s.

Derek rolled his eyes and stood up, “Way off.” He chuckled leaving the room. George raised an eyebrow, watching as his son headed towards the steps.

“Mom, please. That’s private. Look, just.... Leave me alone.” Casey slipped off of the stool and followed Derek up the stairs, disappearing down the hallway and towards their bedrooms.

George paused, looking back at his wife. "You don't think.... I mean, the two of them....." George stopped seeing the look on Nora's face. He chuckled and brushed it off, "Yeah, your right. Not in a million years."

Upstairs Casey was stopping Derek from entering his bedroom, "Derek!" She yelled under her breath. "Last night... we didn't...."

Derek broke in, cutting her off. "I know, That's why we're driving into the city and getting the day after pill. Or whatever its called." He whispered, glancing towards the stairs. "Just wait until noon for them to cool down."

Casey crossed her arms, "You mean Emergency contraceptive pills? Yeah. Okay." She nodded and smiled at him, "Wow. Smart thinking."

Derek shrugged smiling down at her. "I just thought about it."

Casey smiled up at him, after a moment it widened. "You said you had a girlfriend."

Sighing he rolled his eyes and leaned against his doorframe. "So? I had to think of something, your mother was hounding me."

"So, you didn't need to say girlfriend."

"It was the most logical and respectful think I could think of. Its not like you are any way."

"No... but you still called me your girlfriend."

"Oh shut up." He said cupping her chin and bringing his lips to hers. After a moment he withdrew and winked, "Later baby doll." and with that he walked into his bedroom, closing the door behind him.

She shook her head smiling to herself.

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Later that day Derek came and got Casey, there excuse for leaving: they were going to go hang out with Sam, Emily and Sheldon. Believable? Sure.

They drove for what seemed like forever before finally finding a store that sold them. Both of them went in and bought it, Casey red the effects and rolled her eyes. She took them and they were on their way home again. In deed, Casey was being a drama queen and complaining about a stomach ach. However, Derek's hand caressed her thigh, and surprisingly helped Casey out a lot. She liked this gentle caring action, but dare not speak it out loud.

When they got home it was around Dinner, Casey wasn't hungry because she still didn't feel good. She went up and fell straight into bed, Derek stayed downstairs and ate with the rest of the family.

Before they knew it, Sunday had came and gone.

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Emily smiled walking over to Casey's locker, "You know... Sheldon is so sweet."



Casey laughed taking a seat before her locker. She still felt rather weak, but it was worth it. "Why? Ask you to marry him again?" Casey laughed remembering the prom.

"No. He bought me three dozen roses. He had a whole romantic dinner planned, with desert, and rose paddles." Emily sat down beside Casey in a dreamy state.

Casey raised an eyebrow, "you did it!"

"What.... Well...." Emily laughed and blushed, nodding. "Yeah."

Casey smiled shoving Emily. "Yay you!"

Emily smiled, "It was great. I mean.... it hurt a lot at first but he took it slow. We both were new at it so..." She shrugged. "It was good, his face was hilarious at the end." Emily laughed softly.

"Ew, Sheldon having a orgasim." Casey laughed finding the picture in her head, rather disgusting. She looked back at Emily, "did you?"

"You mean... Cum? Um... No. I don't think so."

Casey shrugged gazing at a few passer bys. One was eating a bagel and it made her stomach turn. "Ew." She mumbled rubbing her stomach.

"What?"

"Nothing. Stomach hurts." Casey shrugged turning her head and gazing over at Derek.

Derek laughed at Ralph and nodded his head at Sam, who was walking towards them. Sam walked up to them and butted knuckles with Ralph who soon then got distracted by some blonde. Sam shook his head and gazed over at Casey. "Catch you guys at practice." He said before heading over to Emily and Casey.

Derek's eyes followed him and watched as Sam slid into a sitting position beside Casey, dropping his arm around her shoulders and kissing her cheek. Derek sighed turning back to his messy locker. He didn't exactly enjoy his best friend kissing, hugging, touching the girl that he was sleeping with but what could he do about it?

If he brought it up to anyone, it would just be awkward. Smirking he gazed over at her, *but I could have fun with it. After all... she has to do everything I tell her to.*

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Lunch came around and Casey find herself sitting with Sam at the stairs. She laughed as he kissed her cheek softly, brushing his lips against her soft skin. "Mhmm." He whispered moving his kisses towards her neck.

He stopped him half way, still aware of Derek's marks on her skin. "Sammy, still need help with your English?"

"Uh. Yeah, I guess." Sam pulled out his notebook and set it down on the next step up.

"Whoa! Sammy boy!" Derek slid down next to Casey and looked over at Sam. "So, we should practice that new play tonight?"

Sam nodded. "Yeah, maybe we can use it in the game Friday."

Casey gasped slightly as she felt Derek's fingers slip under the back of her shirt. "Uh..." She shifted in her seat slightly, smiling causality at Sam and then glancing at Derek. "Stimulating talk."

Sam smiled and shook his head, "This game determines rather or not we make it to the finals. Derek's got the team going mad."

Derek nodded, "Well, we all have to work our asses off if we want to win." he said running his fingers up and down her spine.

"Well, we are going to do whatever it takes. Derek's the star player this year."

Derek simply smirked and shrugged, "Yeah, guess so." He glanced behind him and then added, "Oh yeah Case, Can you do me a favor and come with me to Mrs. Nordstrom's room? I need a ass kisser with me when I ask her if I can retake that quiz."

Casey rolled her eyes, "No. I wont help you weasel your way into another quiz. You deserve the first grade you got."

Derek chuckled and looked at Casey, making sure to have her eye contact. "Now, I will make a **bet** with you, she'll gives in and lets me redo it because I'm naturally charming."

Casey caught on and sighed, "Yeah right. I have to see this. Be right back Sam." Casey stood up, brushing her lips against Sam's quickly before following Derek down the hall towards the other end of the school. When they got far enough away Casey growled under her breath, "What do you want?"

Derek glanced around and smirked at Casey. "You. I was hoping for a quick quickie before classes start back up." He whispered walking Casey back against a row of lockers, kissing her deeply before pulling away.

Casey cursed herself for being so consumed by his kisses, they drugged her even when they were in public and at risk of getting caught. "Derek. We have like five minutes left of lunch. We don't have enough time."

He chuckled messaging her breast above her shirt. "I was joking, but with you being so weak and loosing the bet. Well, if I wanted a quickie before class, we will have a quickie." He stated demandingly.

She smirked. Casey loved how Derek was always a take charge kind of guy, and him demanding her around was one word: Sexy. She pulling his jacket to her, kissing him roughly and assertively. She pulled away, whispering a response against his lips, "Yes Sir." The words caused Derek to pin her against the locker with his hands once again and capture her mouth with his.

The kiss drove him to imagine her naked, beneath him, and that desire was so sharp that it caused him to groan into the kiss. He forced his tongue between her lips, tasting the sweeter, darker secrets of her mouth. It was her turn to moan. The sound came from the deepest part of her, echoing between them as she lost herself into the kiss, barely remembering the fact of where they were.

He didn't care if he ever breathed again, and the realization of how completely lost and effected the kiss left him, caused him to pull away from her arching body. She stumbled to awareness, resting her back against the lockers. She studied her, catching his breath. Quickly he looked around them, trying to think up a excuse for his less then suave behavior. "Uh, Thought I heard something."

Casey nodded, her face flushed. Right, they were in the middle of the hallway. Middle of school. Middle of everything. She pushed herself away from the locker, straightening her shirt out and sighing. "Right. Are you done playing now?"

Derek ran his hand through his hair and nodded. Casey smiled, quickly pecking him on the lips before heading back towards Sam. He smirked watching her as she strode down the hall. The way her hips moved, her hair falling gently against her back. Yeah, he knew that she was attraction and that there was a certain pull she had over him, but before the kiss. Before the kiss, he hadn't realized how much she truly held over him. Could it be? Could it be that Derek wanted more from Casey then just the physical?

## Ch13 3 Little Words

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### This Love Sick Melody

**Arthur's note: Ekk! Okay, I rewrote this chapter like a billion times. Hope you guys like it!**

#### Chapter Thirteen □ 3 Little Words .

"What!?" Derek shouted setting a can of soda down beside him on a end table. "Ed, dude. You have to run into it knowing she wants you.! Not be a loser and ask her friend to do some shit!" Derek sighed letting his head fall against the recliner back.

Edwin shrugged, sitting down on the couch again. "But she didn't act like she liked me. I wasn't going to make a fool out of myself and loose any chance I have. Her friend said she'll find out for me... What's wrong with that?" Edwin asked confused.

Derek stood up and joined Edwin on the couch, facing him and grabbing a hold of his shoulders. "Girls like it when you take charge!"

"Derek, hands of your brother." Nora stated walking into the dinning room and setting down a pile of papers.

Derek gave up, throwing his arms up in defense. "Whatever. Just trying to help him get some ass." He mumbled falling back against the couch, getting comfortable.

Nora shook her head, shuffling through papers. "You guys all going to watch a movie tonight?" She asked walking over to the couch and peering at Derek and Edwin who had taken over Derek's chair.

Derek shrugged, adjusting the pillow behind his head. "Yeah, I guess."

Edwin slid over to the television and looked through their rented movies. "Dude! Look they rented house of the haunted! There is a hot vampire chick in it."

Derek grinned, "then that's the one."

Nora sighed, "Lizzie and Casey gets a say in it Two. Marti is over at a friends soy, don't worry about keeping it rated G."

"Casey will love it. Its about a power hungry chick who stand sup for herself and falls in love with the guy in power... or something like that. No worries. Put it in Ed." Derek instructed.

As Edwin did as instructed the front door open and George entered. "Ready Nora? The Movie starts at ten, and its already nine thirty five."

Nora sighed, placing the papers down and walking over to the door. She grabbed her caught and yelled up the stairs. "Girls!" The two girls appeared downstairs within seconds as Nora pulled on her coat. "we're leaving now. You can watch that movie. Behave. Love you." Nora and George Disappeared.

Casey checked what time it was and was amazed at how long she had been studying. “Okay. What movie?” She asked walking over and pushing Derek over; ignoring the fact that he was even on the couch in the first place.

Derek answered, “house of the haunted. adventure, slight horror, and romance.” Lizzie plopped down beside Casey and gazed at him. He caught the attention and shrugged. “Too lazy to get up.”

Casey rolled her eyes at him and relaxed into the couch, very aware of Derek’s leg touching hers. Edwin flicked the lights off and sat down in Derek’s recliner. He smirked reclining it and placing all his attention onto the movie that was starting up.

Half way through the movie it started to get good. Lizzie found herself laying on the floor, aching the television with the pillow below her elbows. Casey and Derek still remained in their seats, blanket over their laps and eyes on the television. Edwin seemed to have fallen fast asleep.

Derek shifted a bit closer to Casey, his eyes remaining on the Television. He slipped a hand beneath the blanket and up Casey’s thigh. Sending shivers up her spine. He had been silently caressing her arm and hand for awhile, but he wanted-needed more contact. Casey seemed to accept the contact, separating her legs for better excess.

Glancing over at Edwin Casey arched into Derek’s touch as he stroked her inner thigh, silently teasing every nerve in her body. He seemed to always do that, and she always loved it. Glancing at him, there eyes connected, causing her to bite down on her lower lip. He slipped his hand up further, pressing against her center.

Derek grinned, returning his eyes to the movie — despite the fact that he had no clue what the hell was going on. He had been too distracted. The moment he started caressing her soft skin he had lost all thoughts on actually paying attention. The only thing that had been running through his mind was his skin touching hers. It was rather amusing at the fact that he seemed to get distracted at skin on skin contact with her. Feeling her bare skin beneath his fingers just lead him to imagine himself running his fingers down her beautifully sculpted body, then that of course lead to thinking about sex.

He rubbed his fingers in small circle motions against her. He could tell she was turned on, she was getting more wet by the moment, which just turned him on. Pulling away he shifted in his seat, scooting to the edge of the couch. “Liz, you want some popcorn?”

Lizzie waved her hand in his direction, “Yeah. Sure. Whatever.” She muttered never looking away.

Casey smirked slipping off the couch right after Derek left the living room. “Be right back.” She stated before walking over, and joining Derek in the isolated Kitchen. “Good movie, huh?” She asked grabbing a bottle of water from the fridge and walking over to the counter.

Derek gazed up at her as she entered and talked. He threw a bag of popcorn into the microwave and hit the pop button. Then, predictably he walked over to Casey and pressed her against the counter, his hands resting perfectly on her behind. “Mhm.” He whispered brushing his lips against hers, their nose’s brushing against the others before he finally cupped her chin and leaned in for the kiss.

Intoxicating, drugging, seducing, perfect. All words that could describe the kisses that were shared between the young boy and girl. Each kiss left Derek wanting more, and more. Hell, it could be a small peck on the cheek and he would want to take her right there and then. Especially when Casey ran her hands up and around his neck, running her fingers through his messy hair. Which was the case once again. As soon as her fingers entwined into his hair, he ran his hands down her ass and pulled her body against his even more.

She moaned in the kiss, not being able to hold it in any longer. She two, was always deeply effected by his kisses. Casey ran her hands down his chest and slipped them up his shirt; as if she needed the skin to skin interaction. She was so deeply effected by their kiss that she hadn't even heard the front door open and close. Derek apparently hadn't heard either because his fingers were running across her back, under her shirt.

"Whoa!!" Derek and Casey broke apart, Casey crashing into one of the stools and almost falling. When she regained her balance she saw Derek, with a deer in the headlights expression.

"Marti!" Derek rushed over to the door, closing it quickly while his other hand pulled Marti into the kitchen. His hand was held out, preventing Marti from leaving as he peered out into the other rooms through the small crack in the doors.

Marti stood there, smirking. One all two familiar to the one her brother's usually always worn. "Casey and Derek!" She shouted, with a hint of laughter and happiness in her voice. Much like any other young child would sound like if she had just walked in a ice cream world.

"No! Shh..." Casey darted around the island throwing her hand over the young girl's mouth. "No! No! No!"

Derek turned his attention to Marti, kneeling before her and grabbing her by the arms. "Marti, you saw nothing." He said demandingly.

Casey nodded, kneeling down as well. "Yeah, Derek and I were fighting. Like we always fight. See..." Casey smacked Derek on the back of the head and smiled at Marti. "Fighting. See."

Derek made a 'ouch' face, "You didn't need to slap me!" He said letting go of his sister and rubbing the back of his head. "She's six, not an idiot." He told Casey.

Casey was beyond freaked out. She stood up, throwing her arms frantically in the air. "What do you want me to do!" She was shouting but in a whisper. "What if she tells! I'm going to get sent away to boarding school! No, worse! George and Mom are going to have you locked up! They are going to think we're nuts, and forget about everyone at school. My life will be destroyed. Not to mention Cool Venturi would be gone forever!" She was fuming.

Derek stood up, now gripping Casey's room. "Casey calm down! Your going to end up having a panic attack." He glanced at Marti who was studying Casey. "Smarti wouldn't tell anyone. Now would you? Daddy and Nora will never find out. Right?" He said smiling down at her.

Marti made a face, crossing her arms. "And what will I get?"

Derek couldn't help but smirk lightly proud. "She's a true Venturi."

Casey swung her arm, punching Derek in the arm. “Not the right time!”

Derek glared at Casey, “When did you get so damn violent. Look...” Derek kneeled down before Marti again. “This is important. No one must know. If they do I might be sent away to live with mom or something. Okay? You don’t want that. I wouldn’t be able to see you anymore.” He made a small pout.

Marti smiled and shook her head. “Secret is safe with me! Promise!” The small child threw her hands around her older brother.

He chuckled bringing her up in his arms, smirking at Casey. “See. No worries.”

Casey crossed her arms over her chest, “Like I’m going to put my life in the hands of a six year old Venturi.”

Marti put on an angry face, crossing her own arms and glaring at Casey. “I take offense to that!”

Derek simply smirked, setting Marti down on the floor, just as Nora called for them from the living room. Derek glanced back at Casey as Marti pulled the doors open, running out to her step mother and father. Derek sighed, placing his hands on his hips. “Don’t worry Case. Just breath. You really need to stop worrying so much.”

Casey knew this. She worried too much, caused stress on herself, and made herself freak out over the smallest things. Derek was so calm, so at ease with himself. She smiled trying to collect herself. She really did hate showing the weak side of her in front of Derek, but he usually was the one person it all poured out on. “I know. Maybe later on we can release some stress.” She tried to smile but it ended up as a half frown, half smile.

Derek chuckled rolling his eyes as he walked out to join the rest of their merge family. Casey soon joined. She looked over at Marti and shook her head. The girl really was a Venturi. She was sitting on the floor, playing with some stuffed animals — as if nothing had ever happened. Then again, Marti really was in her own world, and she caught onto things before everyone else did. Casey smiled softly, returning her focus on her mother.

Nora sighed, tossing her hair off to the side. “How was the movie?”

Lizzie sighed, “well, you guys came in towards the end. We’re gonna have to finish it tomorrow, now that Marti is home.”

Nora gave her daughter a considerate smile and nodded. “Go head to bed. You have a full day of school tomorrow.”

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Casey hummed as she flipped through her Science notebook. She seemed distant that day. Hell, she wasn’t even paying attention. She set in the back of the room beside Sam listening to his Ipod. A song had caught her interest and she had started to listen to it again for the tenth time when the bell rang.

Sighing she closed her notebook, slipped it into her bag and stood up. “Hey Sam, Can I borrow your Ipod? I think I’m in love with this song.” She stated holding it up to show him.

He stood and smiled, nodding. "Of course." He placed his hands on her hips and smiled down at her. "Kind of like how I feel about you. Come on, I'll walk you to your locker." He slipped his fingers between hers and lead her out of the classroom.

She was speechless. ***Did he just say he loved me!*** Biting her lip, extremely hard she let him lead her towards her locker. Internally she was screaming and freaking out. Sam wasn't meant to fall in love with her! Now what?

Things were really spiraling out of control. Marti knew about Derek and Her. Her mother and George knew that she wasn't the innocent virgin anymore, and that Derek was a huge whore. They also knew that Derek had a 'girlfriend'. Everyone was suspicious and now Sam hinted at the fact that he might be in love with her! That wasn't the plan.

Sam leaned up against one of the lockers, fingers laced with Casey's and gazing at her. "what's wrong?" he asked seeing her blank face as she placed her bag in her locker and then closed it.

"Huh?" She looked back up at him and swallowed. "Look... Did you just.... I mean in the classroom... Did you say you loved me?" She asked her eyebrow's raised gazing at him. "Did you?"

Sam cleared his throat softly, glancing around unsure of how she was feeling at the moment. He took both of her hands in his and gazed into her eyes. Her heart sank, she knew what he was going to say. "Yeah. I know I should have waited until we were somewhere else but.... I love you."

***No! No! No! God damn it Casey! Your so stupid!*** She shook her head letting go of his hands. "No! Sam you can't. I mean.... I.... We just started dating again." She said eyes wide and face confused, and scared.

"Well, I know but that doesn't change how I feel. I don't..."

"No! Sam you can't. I don't!" She suddenly realized they were still in the hallway and a few people were now noticing her shock and shouting. "Sam, I'm sorry but we can't. I mean we can't do this anymore. I don't feel the same way you do. No where close to it." She said softly now but still lightly screaming under her breath. She felt extremely bad, dirty even. Not in a good way either.

Sam let go of her hands and ran his fingers through his hair. "Are you breaking up with me because I said I loved you? I don't expect to hear it back... I just...."

"Sam! No. We can't happen. I'm sorry. I can't do this anymore, its wrong. I'm sorry." And with that she turned on her heel and ran out of the school. She felt horrible. She had hurt Sam. This was never the plan. The plan was to avoid suspicious and now Sam was in love with her? God, she felt like a bitch.

She stopped after she exited the school. Standing there breathing, trying to comprehend everything. Her mind was racing and she needed someone to talk to. She needed to find Derek or... or.... "Emily!" She shouted spotting Emily and Sheldon walking towards the parking lot. Emily turned and stopped in her place.

Casey ran over to her friend, on the edge of tears. She could feel her eyes watering. Emily apparently did so. She let go of Sheldon's hand and grabbed Casey's shoulders, gazing up at



her. "What's wrong Casey?"

"Don't call me that... just... I need to talk to you." She mumbled on, Shrugging Emily's hands away. "Sam said he loved me and I was just using him as a cover up and Now I don't know what to do! I can't find Derek and I feel so horrible! I don't know what to do." She spit out all in one breath.

Emily glanced back at Sheldon who was just watching the scene. "Go on. I'll get a ride home from Derek later on."

Sheldon nodded, "Hope everything works itself out Casey." He soon disappeared into the crowd of cars and out of sight.

Emily grabbed Casey's arm and lead her over to one of the benches. "Casey calm down and tell me what's going on. Sam loves you? How is that a bad thing?"

"Because! I don't love him! I don't even think I like him like that. I just needed... I needed a cover up Em. People couldn't know that truth. They would freak out. You would freak out!" Everyone could see Casey was upset and rumbling. She just needed to let all of it out to someone. Someone needed to know, she needed to be able to talk to someone beside Derek who usually was a insensitive jerk.

"Would freak out over what? Casey I have no clue what your rumbling on about? Why are you making it sound like you've been lying to everyone?"

"Because I have. To everyone. To you, to Sam, even my family! The only other person who knows is Marti and she still thinks her imaginary friend was real!"

Emily leaned back, looking at her friend. "Lying? About what Casey?" Emily's face told her everything. She was a bit angry with the fact that her friend was lying about something to her.

"Derek." Casey whispered just loud enough for Emily to catch it.

Emily looked confused, but still slightly angry. "Derek? What about Derek? What are you going on about?" Emily said frustrated.

"I've been.... I've been sleeping with him." She stated glaring at her hands which set in her lap.

"What!?" Emily flew from her seat, standing before Casey glaring down at her with mixed emotions flushing over her face. "How... What the hell?!"

Casey stood up, needing to explain herself. "I was with Sam and then I realized I had feelings for Derek and then things got confusing. I started taking control, and things got carried away one night and he kissed me. I.... We just.... And ever since then..." She gazed over at Emily feeling ashamed. "I care for him. I know it sounds sick and twisted but I do! And now Sam loves me Emily! I can't deal with all of this."

"He's your step brother! Your annoying, arrogant, self obsessed Brother! You hate him! What's wrong with you?" Emily said throwing her arms up in shock.

"I don't... I just. He gets under my skin and I like it. He's like, the only one who knows how to make me cry, laugh, and want to smile all at the same time. Its complicated." Casey

said gazing at Emily. “And he’s not my brother!”

Emily shook her head, eyes wide. “Oh my god..... That’s so.” Emily bit her lower lip, glaring at the ground. Casey reached out, touching her shoulder but Emily pushed her hand away. ‘Don’t touch me. Don’t even... talk to me right now. All those times you came to me and complained about him? You knew I liked him, and all this time you secretly.... Oh my god.’ Emily glared at Casey. “How long, how long has this been going on? Were you guys.... When I....”

“No! No, not at Emily. When you still liked Derek I thought I hated him. I would never do that to you.” Casey shook her head, “It just started. I guess, I first realized I had feelings for him the day after that party.”

“Casey.... I can’t deal with all of this information at once.” Emily crossed her arms and looked around quickly before going on. Most of the rushing crowd had already pulled out. There were still a few people heading towards the parking lot and what not, but no one that close to the two girls. “You just told me your having sex with Derek! Your cheating on Sam, who loves you. You were lying to me! I thought I was your best friend Casey.”

“You are... But I was afraid you would freak out... kind of like your doing no.”

“I’m not... okay, I am but who wouldn’t?”

Casey sighed deeply, running her hands down her hair. Okay, so she was a bit more calm, at least she wasn’t close to a damn panic attack like before. She was still stressed out, angry, depressed, and about a thousand other feelings. “Why don’t we just.... Walk home? We can talk on the way. You can ask me anything and I swear to god I will tell you everything. I don’t want to lie to you anymore. I need my best friend now.”

Emily looked up at Casey, trying to decided rather or not she would accept the offer. Emily knew Casey. She stressed out over a late assignment, this had to be causing her a lot of difficulties. She also knew Casey would never do anything to hurt her on purpose. She also knew that Casey just didn’t fall for anyone. Slowly, Emily nodded her head in agreement. “Yeah, sure but we’re going to have to go real slow.”

This brought a very small smile on Casey’s lips. “Promise to go slow.” They both turned and started towards their home. On the way Casey would explain everything out — slowly. She was tired of lying to her best friend. She knew she couldn’t go through this alone and she knew that it was unfair of her to lie to Emily. Emily has always been there for her, and she should trust this with her. At least now she wont have to lie to her best friend any longer.

Her family on the other hand.....

## Ch 14 He's glowing

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### This Love Sick Melody

**Arthur's note: Okay, here ya go. Hope you like it. Sorry I'm not rolling them out one night after another. Working on a Life with Derek role-playing site. Been busy with that and school. Enjoy!**

**Note To: chelsea-chee ::** I never plain out wrote that She wasn't pregnant but she did have the morning after pill forget what chapter that was ;p But yeah, she's not pregnant. I just kind of let that one be assumed. XD, my fault.

### Chapter Fourteen □ He's glowing.

Man, who knew a walk home could take so long. Let alone be so nerve wracking and relieving. Sure, Casey wasn't thrilled about telling Emily all of the stuff she has been hiding from her but it was so relieving to finally let all of the information out. She wanted everything out, and that's what she decided she would do. No matter what Emily asked her ; she would tell her the complete honest truth, and nothing but that. She owed her that.

Casey was slightly surprised of how Emily was dealing with it. Sure, She knew, *hoped* Emily would be able to deal with it all but she was afraid that she would completely freak out. Emily, was the one who has been crushing on Derek since before they could walk. She was afraid of Emily being completely disgusted or angry. Well, she wasn't that sure but she was glade with the way it was unraveling itself.

Emily walked beside her listening to her talk, thinking mostly. Casey would tell her something, there would be a pause and another question. It really wasn't that bad. Casey could tell that she was still trying to comprehend it all. Understandable. One thing that caught her off guard was how detailed Emily wanted to get. She wanted to know when, how, why, and even what was going through her mind at the time.

Emily sighed, tucking her hair behind her ear; only to have it spring back out in front. "I just don't get it. Why would you, Casey MacDonald have sex with Derek Venturi. The guy you have hated since you moved in with him!" Emily sighed rolling her eyes and trying to calm down once again.

"Well, I know and I don't. Its always been a power struggle between him and I. We fight for control, and I guys.... Its kind of hot."

Again, another short pause. "But what about Sam? You had to have liked him to start dating him again."

"Well. No." Casey shook her head. The whole conversation was somewhat clearing things up for Casey herself as well. Sure, she's thought about all of this but she's never actually said it out loud. It all kind of made it seem real. "I went back to my house, and we started making out. To be honest with you it was all just because I wanted to be more experienced for my next boyfriend. Then I moaned Derek's name....."

“And....?”

“Well, and I drove my self crazy thinking about it. I mean, it confused me. I didn’t know exactly what it meant but I knew that I had to make sure Sam just dismissed it. I come up with a reasonable explanation and he bought it. That’s when I started going out with him, I guess. During that time I realized that I’m not only am I attracted to him but that I actually.... Like him.”

Emily looked down at her own feet as she walked. She finally looked up ahead of them and shook her head, “Its just... weird. He’s your step brother? Isn’t that... illegal or something?”

Casey shook her head and smiled slightly. “No. We have no blood connection what so ever. Our parents just.... Put us in one hell of a screwed up situation.”

Emily’s eyes went wide stopping suddenly and turning to Casey. “Your mom! How the hell are you going to explain this to them!? Oh my god Casey they might freak.”

Casey stopped as well and turned to look at her. “Why in the world would I tell them?”

Emily shrugged, throwing her hand sup to the side. “I don’t know, your dating your brother.”

Casey groaned and stomped her foot, “Don’t say it like that! He’s not my brother!”

“But to them, he is. Case, your having sex under there roof. They are bound to find out sooner or later. You said Marti walked in on you two. Which by the way, I still can’t picture you two kissing let alone....” She shivered and let her sentence die before finishing it. “Ms Goody two shoes is having hot, heavy angry sex in her parents house.”

“No. They wont find out.”

“Okay, so what if they don’t find out. Which I doubt but whatever. If they don’t find out, you still need to tell them. That’s something that needs to be.... Addressed?”

“Why? That would be suicidal.” Casey said as If it was obvious, which to her — it was. If she told her mother and George that she was ‘seeing’ Derek they would flip a lid. Or have a heart attack.

“Because what if you two end up getting serious... I mean, relationship wise.”

Casey chuckled starting to walk towards home again, “Let me remind you that this is Derek we are talking about. Kendra was his longest relationship and that wasn’t even that long.”

“Yeah but He’s been putting up with you since your parents got married Casey.” Emily yelled out as she jogged up to join Casey in their walk back home. “That’s like... a relationship minus this new bonus of sex.”

Casey laughed. “Yeah... okay.”

“I’m serious. Who knows where this might go. Look, Its weird. Some might find it wrong but you’re my best friend. I don’t care who your dating as long as your happy....” Then she

added, "And safe. Don't forget that again." Emily shook her head remembering everything Casey had told her. Yes. Casey had told her, *everything*.

"Its not going to go anywhere. Its Derek!" Casey said, glancing towards her own shoes before down the road.

"Who knows. I never thought you and Derek would be together.... Anything is possible now." She stated laughing softly. "Look. You have my acceptance but I don't know what I would do if your mother came to me asking about things."

Casey smiled at her and shook her head. "You can't say anything Emily. To no one. This can not get out. Derek would be ruined and I... well everyone would look at me like some kind of dirty slut."

"Your not, and nothing could really ruin Derek's rep. He's Derek. And don't worry. I can lie — you're the one who can't." They both paused and laughed softly. Emily did find it amusing that Casey had been able to keep this a secret for this long.

"Thanks Emily. For being so understandable and supportive. I'm sorry I didn't tell you from the start. I was just afraid."

"Yeah, I guess I would be afraid as well. Just know that you can come to me. I don't like you lying to me."

"I know. Thanks!" Casey embraced Emily and hugged her tightly before letting her go.

Emily shrugged. "So now what?" She asked as they continued to walk towards their homes.

Casey shrugged herself. "Well, Its getting really stressful, you know. I mean, Sam's probably really hurt and I never wanted that. I feel horrible. Not to mention Marti knows." She shook her head. "I don't know what to do. I can't handle all of this but I like him."

Emily glanced over at her and sighed. "Casey, its so unlike you to get into a relationship like this. I mean, if you think its going no where, why stay in it?"

"Because.... I don't know."

"Because you like him."

"Yeah.... But he's just in it for the Physical part."

Emily bit her lower lip. "yeah, but I bet he's an amazing kisser..... How is he.... You know, in bed?"

Casey looked over at her and couldn't help the smile that was forming on her lips. After a very short pause Casey nodded and giggled softly, "Yeah! God, Emily His kisses send explosions through my body. I get butterflies in my stomach when he touches me. I never in my life thought sex would be that amazing." She said dreamingly.

Emily smiled shaking her head. "Wow."

"Ahh, Here we are." Casey said as they walked up to their house. "Thanks for everything, again. No more secrets."

“Yes, No more secrets.” Emily laughed. “I’ll see you tomorrow.” And with that Emily walked up the path to her house and entered.

Casey bit her lip and sighed deeply. That went better then she had thought. Most of the walk home was Casey explaining everything. Then towards the end Emily started talking and asking questions. Not that bad. Casey was just glade her friend wasn’t freaked out, disgusted, and angry. She should have never doubted her. Emily was the best and friends stuck with friends through whatever.

That night after dinner Casey needed to talk to Derek. She hadn’t gotten a chance to before Dinner due to the fact that he had came half way through. Patrice had ran late because the coach was drilling them for the Friday game. Probably the most important game of the season — besides the final. So, after she got finished doing the dishes she headed up to the bedrooms. He was sitting at his computer desk like always.

“Dare?” Casey whispered his name, catching his attention.

Looking away from his computer screen, he gazed over at her as she shut the door behind her. “What’s up Case?” He said rolling his chair back and watching her take a seat on his bed.

“Well, we need to talk.” She gazed up at him, expecting him to complain. ‘We need to talk’ — well usually when a girl says that a guy wants to run away. To her surprise he looked relaxed and ready to listen. “I told Emily.”

“What!?” Derek shouted jumping up from his chair. That was not what he had expected. ‘You told Emily? Why in the hell would you do that? What’s wrong with you? You broke up with Sam *and* spilled your guts to Emily in the same damn day?’ He looked at her as if she was nuts. “I was expecting you to tell me bout Sam, not that!”

“Just shut up and let me explain. I got really freaked out when Sam said he loved me, and I had to talk to someone. I felt bad about —” She was cut off by Derek.

“Wait, what did he say?”

“He left that part out?” Casey sighed, “Sam told me that he loved me. That’s why I broke up with him. I feel horrible about leading him on, I can’t do it anymore. Especially now that he loves me.”

Derek placed his hands on his sides and looked at his wall, thinking. Sam had told him that Casey broke up with him before practice but that was it. Sam said that he didn’t want to talk about it, and Derek couldn’t care less. He never wanted the two together in the first place. “How did Emily take it? She’s not going to tell anyone is she?” Derek asked pointing his finger at her.

“No. Derek. She wouldn’t that. After a small freak out — which is of course natural — she understood. She just wants me to be happy.”

Derek made a face, “Oh, Okay.”

“Derek, I needed to tell her. I couldn’t lie any longer. I wouldn’t do it.” Casey said standing up, and grabbing the front of his shirt. “But... we need to talk about something else as well.”

Derek's hands immediately went to her arms, running his fingers across her skin. "What else is there to say?" He asked gazing down into her eyes.

She bit her lip and tried to keep her mind clear. "Umm... Us."

Derek cleared his throat slightly and raised his eyebrows. "what do you mean?"

"Us. Its getting so stressful. Derek, you know I can't handle stress. I freaked out today and practically had a panic attack. Not to mention we are hurting other people.... And its becoming dangerous. I mean, Marti knows."

Derek rolled his eyes. "Yeah... you worry way to much. Just fucking relax Case."

"Derek, Language."

He smirked, pulling her closer to him. "Hmm,, Casey can you please shut the fuck up and just kiss me?" He asked whispering against her lips.

Casey shook her head and smiled at him. "No."

"Come on.... You know you want to." Derek run his fingers up her shirt, tickling her sides.

"Derek, no!" She pushed his hands away from her as she laughed. "Stop. This is serious. What if our parents find out? We would be dead."

"They wont."

Casey sighed, "Yeah but is all of this really worth that risk?"

"Hearing you complain about it? No, that's not really worth boarding school or something. But..." He tipped her chin up, brushing his lips against hers as he snuck his tongue in between her lips. She, of course responded. After a short kiss he pulled away, smirking. "That, that just might be worth it."

Casey was disappointed in herself for giving in so easily. He had so much control over her it wasn't even funny. Its like, as soon as she gave in to the temptation, there was no going back to fighting it. "Derek, please. This isn't a joking matter. Sam, your best friend has gotten hurt. Don't you even care?"

"Its his fault for falling in love... What an idiot."

"Seriously Derek? He's an idiot for falling in love?" She rolled her eyes, "Yeah totally. He is the one who is the idiot. Totally."

"So you agree." He said laughing.

"No, you idiot! I was being sarcastic. God," She threw her arms up in the air. "Not the point."

"Okay, Look. Casey things will be better now. Promise. Now that there is no Sam in the picture. You wont feel guilty anymore. You can relax and just enjoy yourself." He said running his fingers through her hair and smiling down at her. See, he could sound sweet when he wanted. And he wanted to now. Its not like he wanted her to call what they had off. Yeah right, like she would ever do that.

Casey gazed up at him and shrugged, nodding slowly. "Yeah, I guess. I just feel bad."

Derek smirked, placing his hands on her hips and switching places with her. He sat down on the edge of his bed and gazed up at her. "Well, I can fix that." He pulled her closer to him, planting a small kiss on the visible skin above her pant line and shirt.

She smiled and bit her lower lip as she ran her fingers down his neck. "Derek. Its too early. Everyone is still up."

"Hmm.." Derek didn't seem to be listening to her, for his fingers were already unzipping her jeans.

"Derek, stop." She giggled as he flicked his tongue over exposed skin, teasing her every nerve.

Derek leaned away from her and sighed, "Fine. Lets leave. I want to be alone with you anyway... Completely alone." He stated as he stood up, inches away from her. "sound good and safe to you?"

Casey nodded, eager. "Yeah. Come on. Lets go now before it gets to late."

And that they did. They both headed downstairs, grabbed their coats and left. Their excuse? Heading to the football game that was going on that night. An okay excuse, simple and not so complicated. Where they were really going? As far away from people as possible. Derek knew a quiet patch of woods up on the Hill. It overlooked the city and was the perfect neglected place to get away and have some 'alone' time.

Oh man, it was just about the best night of Casey's life. She just released all of her stress and anger out into the sex. The two of them went at it for what seemed like forever. They both pleased one another until they just couldn't handle it anymore, it was almost like a teasing match until they both finally gave in. Amazing, in every way.

### **Wednesday**

"So wait..." Emily raised her eyebrow and bit her lower lip, as she tried to figure out — once again — what the hell Casey was trying to say. "Your over it? Your over the whole freak out you had yesterday? Already? Just like that?"

Casey nodded, closing her locker and slipping her books into her bag. "Yeah... Just like that."

Emily shook her head, staring at Casey confused. "What? That's so unlike you. You don't just break someone's hurt and then get over it. Casey freaks out. She nags me to death, then her counselor, then she finally spills her guts to the whole world and clears her mind of it."

Casey laughed, tucking her hair behind her ear. "Well, I did."

"Oh my god... I knew it! Your not Casey. it's the invasion of the body snatchers!" Emily shouted pointing a finger at Casey.

"Who's body is being invaded?" Derek asked coming up from behind Emily and dropping his arm around Casey's shoulders.

"Derek.... Uhh..." Emily glanced at Emily and then at Derek. She let a deep breath out and crossed her arms. "This is just too weird." She whispered to herself.



Derek grinned and ruffled Casey's hair before letting go of her. "I know, right? Who would have thought?"

Emily stared at Derek and Casey. Just watching the scene unfold. She had tried to comprehend all of this but it was still pretty hard to process. Casey rolled her eyes and smiled, "Right.... Thanks for interrupting."

"Ah, you know you love it."

"Right.. Totally."

Derek glanced over at Emily and smirked. "She loves it. She knows it. How couldn't she love this?" He said pointing down to himself, as if showing himself. "She loves me."

Emily was now amused. "Mhmm. Doesn't sound at all like it's the other way around."

Casey shot her a death glare but Derek simply chuckled, "What? Now, that is crazy Em." He glanced over at Ralph who was now watching Sam walk over to him. "I need to go.... Damage control, starts now." And with that, Derek disappeared over to his two close friends.

Sam caught Casey's gaze and held it for a second before looking away at Ralph. Casey sighed, "I do still feel bad.... But it just wasn't meant to be. I'm over it."

Emily nodded, watching Derek playfully push Sam laughing. "Who wouldn't get over it. Especially when you have him, to help you along."

Casey stood serious for about a second before she started laughing. "Yeah, okay. Totally." She turned back to Emily and shook her head. "What was all that love stuff?"

"Nothing." Emily stated and gazed at Casey's raised eyebrow. "Well, I mean... its just that he seems really happy. I mean... like glowing happy."

"So.....? What are you trying to say?"

"I don't know." Emily smiled. "I guess I'm just trying to point out that Derek seems really happy with you. Kind of like... He's in love."

## Ch 15 Wasn't meant to end like this

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### This Love Sick Melody

**Arthur's note: Okay, somewhat of a sad chapter, but it needed to be done. I think things needed to end up here, in order for future events to take place. Tell me what you think. I hope you like it, I'm glade with how it turned out. Sad, but needed.**

#### Chapter Fifteen □ Wasn't meant to end like this.

"So.....? What are you trying to say?"

"I don't know." Emily smiled. "I guess I'm just trying to point out that Derek seems really happy with you. Kind of like... He's in love."

Casey laughed. "Emily, I never noticed how funny you were before." She shook her head trying to control her laughter. "In love.." She laughed and started to make her way towards homeroom.

Emily stopped and stared as Casey laughed her way towards homeroom. She smiled and glanced back over at Derek to see him look away from Casey. "Yeah... Totally not believable. I'm surprised I never saw this coming..." She said amused at how she was noticing all the clear and visible signs. Seriously. How could she have not realized all of the build of sexual tensions? It seemed so clear now.

Casey sat on the front steps of the school, chin in palm as she stared blankly off into space. She had just finished up an extra credit project and was now just waiting for Derek to finish up with his stupid practice. She was listening to her I-pod. Kelly Clarkson's addicted. She smiled faintly. It was a sad and magical thing how every song she listened to; she thought of Derek.

She was completely zoned out as the music filled her ears. She was day dreaming. She was deep into day dreaming, that she never even noticed Derek and Sam walk up to her. Derek yanked a ear bud out of her ear and smiled, "Come on nerd."

Casey shot him a snooty glance and then noticed Sam beside Derek. "Umm.. Hey." She said awkwardly standing up.

Derek glanced at Sam and spoke up before he could, "I just need to drop Sammy here off at his house before we head home. His car's in the shop."

Sam shrugged, gazing at the ground. "Yeah, sorry."

"No... I'm sorry." She said, of course meaning something else. "Come on." She brushed past Derek and headed to the car. The car ride to Sam's house seemed quick and slightly painless. They dropped him off and started towards their house.

"Sorry, bout that. I couldn't really say no." Derek said glancing over at Casey who was comfortably gazing out the window.

She shrugged. "It's no problem. We can't avoid each other for ever."

Derek glanced at her again, "You sure?"

"yeah, Derek. God, when did you get so carrying?" She said leaning over towards his side.

"Shut up."

"You shut up."

"Make me."

Casey giggled and shook her head. "Derek your so immature." She ruffled up his hair before he swat it away.

"Hey, hey. Watch the hair." He glanced into the mirror and fixed it quickly before pulling into the driveway. He switched off the engine and grabbed his hockey bag from the backseat. "No one touches the hair." He said still running his fingers through it.

Casey chuckled pushing him up onto the front porch and through the doorway. "I can." She smirked back at him. "Right...?" She walked backwards until she heard her mother clear her voice. She spun around to see George and Nora standing behind the couch with Marti sitting there watching television. She smiled and shot Marti a look.

Derek threw his bag down and hung his leather jacket up before walking into the living room. "Yo, what's going on?" He asked jumping in his chair, not nervous what so ever.

Nora shook her head, "Nothing. We just got back from taking Edwin and Lizzie to their friends... why are you two so happy? Something happen at school?"

George nudged Nora and threw her a warning look. "Don't mess with it. Lets just enjoy the peace for now."

Nora rolled her eyes and returned her eyes to her daughter. "Casey, I think we're going to go out for dinner. You two want to join us?"

Casey crossed her arms and walked over to the couch. She took a seat and leaned into the corner. "Actually, I want to go to a party Jordan is throwing. I think she's throwing it for the Hockey team actually. For their big game on Friday. If Derek doesn't mind taking me that is." She threw him a look and then returned to her mother.

Nora glanced at Derek who simply shrugged, his eyes never leaving the television. Nora sighed and walked over to the door. She grabbed Marti's coat, and she came running, throwing it on. "Okay, well you know the rules. Be back before twelve and we don't have a problem. Behave Derek."

Derek chuckled looking back at Nora and his dad. "What? I'm the good child." George rolled his eyes and lead his wife and daughter out of the house.

Derek relaxed in his seat until two minutes later, where he stood up and walked over to Casey. He leaned down, placing his one hand on the arm of the chair and the other besides her. "You can mess my hair up anytime." He whispered cupping her chin in his hands and kissing her lightly.

Casey smirked beneath his lips, running her hands up his chest and pulling him closer. "Hmm.. Derek..."

Derek cut her off, "I love hearing you say me name." He kissed her again, not giving her much time to reply.

It's amazing how intoxicating his kisses were to her. Even his touch seemed to make her loose all control. She pulled him onto the coach, her lips never left his. "Hmm, Derek." She whispered pulling away from him and standing up. "I'm gonna go get ready for that party. I told Emily I was going to come." She straightened out her shirt.

"Fine.." He sighed falling back on the coach and watching her run up stairs. He laid there watching the Television for awhile. He heard Casey's door open and close and looked over towards the stairs. Talk about another babe rider outfit. He pulled himself up, resting his weight on his elbows. She stood there smirking at him. Her hair was curled slightly, dark eyeliner that made her bright blue eyes pop even more. A tight revealing red blouse and a short faded black jean skirt. Her perfect legs and ass was on showcase tonight.

"Like?"

"Umm.. Sure." He mumbled, his eyes still scanning her body. She smiled, watching him watch her. He only said 'sure' but by the way he was looking at her; it was more like a 'wow'. Exactly the impression she wanted to make. Perfect.

"Well, come on. Its almost eight thirty. We can head out early."

"Why? That party doesn't get good until around eleven or something."

Casey sighed grabbing her black sweater and pulling it on. "Yeah, but I want to hang out with Emily for awhile before the party gets all crazy."

"No. Lets wait until nine or something." He said lacing his fingers behind his neck.

"Come Derek, now." She walked over to him and pulled his arm upwards until he had to stand up.

"Fine, Fine. But I'm not going to pretend to be having fun while I'm standing around for hours doing nothing."

"Didn't ask you to." She smiled back at him as he grabbed his coat before following her out to the car.

They drove over to Jordan's house, a fellow cheerleader. She was always one of those outgoing girls who would just about do anything for fun. There really was never a boring moment around her. When they got their, Emily and Sheldon were already there.

Casey spotted Sheldon dancing from a mile away. That guy was adorable to Emily, it was a shame that he was moving. Oh well, after graduation they would be able to see each other again. And who knows what will happen then.

Emily waved Casey and Derek over. Derek, however had other plans. He went right over to a few guys from the team and got himself a drink. Casey laughed and joined Emily. They talked some, but mostly danced. The music was blaring in every direction and Casey couldn't

help but throw her hands up and dance. She spent half of the night dancing with Sheldon and Emily. Hell, she could just stand back and laugh at Sheldon. He was so amusing.

By the time Emily and her stopped and needed a break, well, the party was packed with other students. Emily whispered, screamed in her ear that they should head out back. And they did. Casey walked out near the pool and breathed in the fresh air, smiling. "Ahh. That's better." She said laughing.

Emily nodded grabbing two drinks for her and Casey. "Here." She handed it to Casey and she accepted. Emily took a drink looking around the Pool area. Even that was packed, but it was a lot more quieter out there. She stopped suddenly staring off to the side of the pool, towards the guest house.

Casey smiled following her stare. Her smile soon faded. Derek stood in the back, up against the side of the house with a girl grinding against him. It looked like some dumb blonde who was just looking for a new ride. "Who's that?"

Emily shook her head, "No clue."

Casey swallowed and tried to act look. Like seeing some girl rubbing against Derek didn't bother her. While, in the complete opposite, it made her furious.

Derek chuckled gazing down at the blonde before him. She wasn't even drunk, but she still was coming on to him. Oh, he loved flirting. "Why don't you go inside and dance some." He said taking another sip from his cup of beer.

"I'm enjoying myself out here with you." She whispered into his neck as her hands ran down his front and rested on his belt. "Lets go somewhere else. Your car maybe?"

Derek looked down at her, his one hand holding his cup as the other one set comfortably in his pocket. "Sounds tempting but I'm enjoying myself right here." The girl was hot. Don't get him wrong. She had that long blonde hair that he loved so much. A nice rack and she had a little ass on her but he just wasn't feeling her.

"Right here's fine." She leaned in closer to him, whispering seductively in his ear. "I'll blow your brains out, right here and now." She slipped her hands up his shirt, running her nails along his skin.

"Yeah... well... I'm not really into public display's."

"Hmm.. Not even for me?" She whispered bringing her lips to his, only inches apart. "I'll be the best you ever had." She gripped his belt again, bringing his body to hers. Then she crashed her lips against his, kissing him deeply and assertively.

Derek stood there still. With this girls hand inching towards his dick and her tongue down his throat. He was kissing back, he tried to at least. He tried to snake his hand up her side. He tried to kiss her back with just as much lust but was failing big time. He pulled away and shook his head.

She rolled her eyes throwing her arms up. "Hello. What are you gay?" She said looking down at herself.

"No. Hell no!" He shook his head walking backwards, away from her. "I just.... I don't know. Got somewhere else to be, that's all." he said wrapping his lips with his hands and

waving for her to leave. He walked over to a group of guys near the keg and started up a conversation, glancing back at the girl a few times.

Casey stood there, watching the scene unfold before her and Emily. When the girl first kissed him she wanted to rip all of that pretty blonde hair out of her head. She wanted to hurt the girl, like she's never wanted to hurt someone before. There was also a part of her that wanted to runaway and cry her eyes out, but she stood there watching.

Emily's jaw was practically touching the ground when Derek started to kiss back after a short time. "Oh my god... I'm so sorry Case...." She whispered glancing at Casey and then back at the Kissing Derek.

Casey shrugged her shoulders. She didn't want to look like it effected her. After all, Derek and her were nothing but friends — if that — with benefits. She wasn't a supposed to care if he kissed someone else. She was with Sam, she kissed Sam. She swallowed hard, not moving from her place. Just staring as Derek ran his hand up her side.

Then, that's when he pulled away. She crinkled her nose watching as the girl waved her arms about, as if she was yelling at him or something. Emily gasped, "Oh my god, That's Brooklyn Moore."

Casey was ignoring Emily though. She was too busy watching the girl and Derek. Derek was walking backwards, away from her. Then he wrapped his mouth, as if trying to get her off of his lips. Casey wasn't sure what to think, or do. She decided quickly, and without thinking.

Brooklyn Moore stormed towards the two of them, Clearly angry and annoyed by the accident that had happened. Casey, without having much control of it; stormed towards Brooklyn, meeting her half way. Brooklyn stopped abruptly and glared at Casey confused. "What do you want MacDonald?" She asked watching Casey to the unspeakable.

Casey raised her can up above Brooklyn's head and turned it upside down. The beer spilled out of the can and all over Brooklyn. Brooklyn screamed bloody murder. Emily was shocked, she just stood there with her hand over her mouth and eyes wide. Casey simply smirked and threw the empty can off to the side. "Hmm.. I'm good now." She stated glaring at the girl. "You little slut." She hissed before turning and storming through the now surrounding crowd.

Emily looked at where Casey Disappeared and back at Brooklyn who was staring down at her soaked clothes. Brooklyn screamed again, "That bitch!"

Emily cocked an eyebrow at Brooklyn and tried to hold back her smile. That's when she spotted Derek shoving his way through the crowd, towards the exit. Emily shook her head amused.

"Casey?! Case!" Derek screamed storming out onto the front yard and looking around. He spotted the storming figure walking away from the house on the sidewalk. 'Casey!' He ran after her. Once he caught up with her, he grabbed her arm and spun her around. "Hello. Casey I was calling for you."

"And I was ignoring you! You idiot!" She shouted pulling away from him and continuing her walk towards her house.

“Case? What the hell? No, what the hell was that!?” He asked walking beside her, trying to keep up with her fast pace.

“Nothing! Leave me alone and go fuck her!” She shouted spinning around and pushing him off into the road. “Please, just leave me alone!”

“Casey? Are you serious? Your angry because she kissed me?” He asked glaring at her.

Casey chuckled/cried. “You kissed back! It wasn’t just one way fucker!”

Derek knew she was mad. Why she was mad, well that was stupid but she was mad. Casey never cursed. Clearly, she was seriously pissed the hell off. “So what!? Are you trying to tell me I can’t kiss anyone else? How hypocritical of you! You’re the one who was practically down Sam’s pants in front of me!”

“Oh! Big words for you Derek!” She shouted going to walk again, but then stopping, and repeating the process. “That was different! And you know it.”

“How the hell was that different? You were the one who choose to keep seeing him! You were the one who choose to keep appearances up!”

Casey screamed at the top of her lungs. “Fuck you! Leave me the hell alone!” She stormed down the street again.

“Casey!” Derek darted back up on the sidewalk, catching up with her and spinning her around to face him. “You have nerve, you know that?”

“Leave me alone!” She cried.

“Casey we are nothing! You are nothing to me! If I want to go kiss someone else, I’m going to do and enjoy it! If I wanna fuck someone else, guess what? I’m going to do! Your nothing but a whore to me. Its not like I give a fuck what you do! **I DON’T CARE ANYTHING FOR YOU!**” It all poured out. Its like his hard shell was back up once again, screaming insults at the crying girl in front of him. He defenses were up, and unbreakable at the time.

Casey glared up at him and shook her head. She could feel the tears stinging her eyes and dripping down her cheeks. “Just... leave me alone.” She whispered turning around and continuing to walk down the street. She crossed her arms, holding herself tightly. ***Tonight wasn’t meant to end like this. Tonight wasn’t meant to end like this.. No...*** She couldn’t help but think it over and over, as she cried freely.

Derek stood there watching her figure disappear into the darkness that surrounded the streets. ***What the fuck did I just do?*** He ran his fingers through his hair, pulling his hair in frustration. “Fuck!” He shouted kicking a near by telephone pole. “Fuck, fuck, **FUCK!** ***Oh, why the hell did I just say all that? I don’t even believe a word of it! God, I’m so stupid!***”

Derek breathed deeply, closing his eyes and tilting his head back. A gush of wind rushed past, caressing his skin with the cool air. He had just hurt Casey, probably beyond apologizing. He shouldn’t have said any of that. He just couldn’t help it. She had been mad at him, and his defensive skills kicked in. That’s what he did. He offended himself when he was being attacked.

“I didn’t mean it Case..” He whispered to the black sky. “God, I didn’t mean any of it.”

## Ch16 I can't fix this

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### **This Love Sick Melody**

**Arthur's note:** Spelling, and grammar mistakes happen. I know this, you know this, we all know this. I reread sections of my stories about a billion times because I usually end up going back and changing little things here and there. I know mistakes bug some people but they can't be controlled. This is something I do for fun, and that I enjoy. Its not for school or official so I'm not going to stress about getting every word correct and everything. So, please don't comment about proof reading, spelling, or grammar mistakes. I want to know your opinions on everything but that's something that annoys me. (always has). From now on, I'll make sure to reread the **whole** chapter over, and try to fix the huge errors. But like I said, this is for fun. I'm not stressing over a few mistakes here and there.

***On another note, This chapter is what some of you have all been waiting for. You'll see what I mean. Hope you enjoy!***

Chapter Sixteen □ I can't fix this.

### **Thursday Morning.**

Casey cleared her throat running her fingers through her hair. She was standing in the bathroom, staring at her reflection in the mirror. Her eyes were red, and she was trying to muster up enough courage to leave the small bathroom. She had done this to herself. She knew that. She was the one who allowed herself to actually fall for someone like Derek. This was all because of her and her stupid emotions. She shouldn't have allowed any of it to happen. Now she was embarrassed, heartbroken, and torn; among a million of other things. The events of last night kept reliving themselves over and over in her mind. Nothing she did, could cure her of her memories.

She bit her lip and closed her eyes, tightly. After a moment she reopened them and let out her breath she had been holding. Smiling big and wide she opened the door and headed downstairs. Reaching for her coat she looked over to see her mom hand Lizzie her coat. "Hey Mom. I think I'm going to walk to school today. Get some fresh air, you know?"

Nora looked up at her daughter and shrugged. "Sure honey. I'll tell Derek not to wait. Have a good day."

Casey nodded before heading out of the house. She walked down the sidewalk until she spotted Emily waiting for her in front of Her house. Casey sighed walking over to her, and beside her towards the School. "Hey, Em."

Emily smiled weakly, studying Casey's stern face. She wasn't sure how she would act, but saw that Casey looked cold. "Case. You don't have to act like that around me. Honestly Case.... I know your not okay."

Casey cleared her throat and laughed softly, and awkwardly. "I'm fine. Really."



“Casey, its okay to be upset, sad.... Angry. I don’t know, anything is better then acting cold.”

“Emily, I’m fine. Its all over now. I’m no longer going to try to lie to myself into thinking that Derek is actually sweet. I’m not going to pretend that there was anything there besides just him using me. I’m good. I just need to think about something else.” She made a gesture with her hand and smiled. “Everything starts over, today.”

“well.... Not exactly. You see, after you stormed out of the party. Well, Brooklyn vowed to destroy you.” Emily stated worried now.

Casey shrugged, with anger in her eyes. To her, Brooklyn meant nothing. She wasn’t off the hook just yet. Nope, after last night — Brooklyn was now her worst enemy. “Good. Just let her try something.”

“Casey your not serious, are you?” Emily asked cocking an eyebrow.

“Do or dare.” Casey stated solidly. “She’s never going to win. As of last night, She’s scum in my eyes.”

“What? Are you saying that your going to like... fight her or something? I don’t get it.”

“I’m saying that big girls don’t cry. They get even.”

Emily shook her head and pointed out, “Didn’t you get even last night? When you embarrassed her in front of half of our school?”

“Not even close.” Casey stated coldly. She might not be able to deal with Derek right now, but Brooklyn. Well, Brooklyn she could deal with. She was angry, hurt, sad, and heartbroken. Brooklyn was the perfect person to release all that anger on.

Emily gave up, and walked beside Casey all the way towards their school. What else could she do? Casey was in denial, and Casey was stubborn. Maybe Emily could talk to Derek. She didn’t know everything that happened after the two of them left last night, but she knew it hadn’t been good. She knew it was probably the worst thing that could have happened. Maybe, maybe she could get through to Derek.

Anything was possible. Right?

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Derek sighed walking over to his locker. Figures. Casey had left early and had avoided him at all coast. He had predicted that. It was the ‘Casey’ thing to do. Not to mention she was still probably extremely pissed off at him. He clicked his locker open and removed his bag from around his neck.

“Dude, Here comes Brook.” Ralph coughed turning around to face his own locker.

Derek turned and looked over his shoulder to see Brooklyn heading their way. “great...”

Brooklyn Moore wasn’t exactly a ‘nice’ girl. She never had been. She got what she wanted, and when she didn’t — well, it was hell. She looked good, she always did. She placed a hand on her hip, glaring up at Derek as he placed a book on the top shelf. “Where’s that sister of yours?”

“Not my sister.” Derek corrected her, throwing a stern look. ‘And I have no clue. She walked to school, so she is probably just arriving.’ he said closing his locker and leaning up against it. Looking past Brooklyn he checked Casey’s locker to see that she wasn’t there yet. “Why?”

“Me and her have a little conversation to finish.” Brooklyn stated crossing her arms over her chest and glancing at Ralph. “You didn’t think I would let her get away with humiliating me in front of everyone, did you?”

“I didn’t think anything.”

“Yeah, you have a pretty face but there’s really nothing else up there, is there?”

Derek just glared at her. He really wasn’t in the mood for this right now. “Look, I know I rejected you but get over it. I am.” He stated straightening up, preparing to leave for his first class.

Brooklyn chuckled, “Oh. Yeah. That’s my problem. You being gay isn’t really the topic of the day. The topic of the day is going to be your up tight smart ass sister getting her ass embarrassed in front of *everyone*.”

“Then you have one hell of a job on your hands. Casey pretty much embarrasses herself.” Derek stated cockily.

“Well....” Brooklyn stopped short looking past Derek.

“Morning Brooklyn.” Casey said brushing past her and towards her locker. She turned back and smiled at her half way there. “Maybe we can eat lunch together. You know, catch up.” She shook her head and walked to her locker.

Brooklyn gasped glaring at those students who were sniggering. She pushed Derek away and walked over to Casey who was placing her things in her locker with Emily beside her. “You don’t know who you are dealing with MacDonald.”

Casey raised her eyebrow and smiled. “Really? Well, lets see. You’re a slut. A bitch. An arrogant big headed whore... Hmm.. That pretty much sum’s it all up, right?”

Derek shook his head and turned to leave. Ralph looked at him, “your not going to do anything?”

Derek glanced over at Brooklyn and Casey. “Casey can handle herself, and I’m pretty sure she wants me as far away from her as possible.” He stated pushing past Sam who had just joined them.

Sam watched Derek leave confused, and looked over at the scene that most of the other students were now watching as well. “What’s going on?”

Brooklyn jabbed her finger into Casey’s shoulder but Casey stood her ground. “How dare you? I have never even said a full sentence to you before last night. Then you have the nerve to dump your drink all over me and call me names?” She chuckled and shook her head. “Your not ready for what I dish out.”

Casey stepped closer, glaring down at the shorter girl. “Take your best shot.”

Casey wasn't intimidated by her. Not even close. She was usually the make peace not war kind of person, but this. This was beyond anything. It was war. Casey wasn't about to back down. Not now, not ever. Last night had been the worst night of her life so far, and it was all because of Brooklyn. She wasn't going to just let it slide.

"Hey! Hey... Casey, come on." Casey didn't have to look away from Brooklyn to know who was talking to her. It was Paul her guidance counselor. She hadn't seen him for awhile but she still knew his voice well enough. "Come on, lets go to my office now before you do something you both regret." He said placing his hand out in front of the two girls, preventing what he knew might come out of it.

Casey didn't move. She wasn't going to budge. Brooklyn smirked and chuckled. "Lucky you. Your quack came and saved your life." Brooklyn shook her head backing away from her and turning the corner.

Paul looked around at the crowd and waved them off. "Go on and get to your classes. The bells about to ring. Go on!" He said watching as they slowly went back to doing what they needed to. He turned back to Casey who was still standing there glaring at where Brooklyn had been. "Come on. Lets go talk in my office."

Casey glanced up at him and nodded. She followed him through the crowd and into his office. He took his seat behind the desk and Casey took her usual one. "Look, we don't need to do this whole conversation. I get it."

Paul shook his head and sat back in his chair, studying Casey. "No.... I don't get it. What's going on? I haven't seen you in here for awhile and that's so unlike you Casey. What's been going on and why did it look like you were about to fight that girl?"

Casey sighed leaning back, clearly frustrated. "Look. Its nothing. I've just been busy with school and stuff. Nothings wrong. Brooklyn and I were..... Clearing a few things up. That's all."

"Really?"

Casey stared over at him. His eyes breaking down the barrier she had up, and trying to get inside her head. "Look! Its just really confusing and I don't have enough time in the school day to explain everything. I got involved with someone I shouldn't have. She kissed him last night, he kissed back. I freaked out and dumped a drink on her. Then me and him fought and broke things off, and now I just want to forget it all! Your not helping it at all by the way."

Paul raised his eyebrows. "I thought you were going out with Sam again?"

"I was! But I was seeing someone else as well. But then Sam said he loved me and I couldn't live that lie anymore. I couldn't do it, and now I see that he's still a complete jerk like he always was!"

"Sam's a complete jerk that he always was?"

"No! Derek!"

"What does Derek have to do with all of this?"

Casey opened her mouth but closed it again before she said anything else. "Nothing."

Paul leaned forward, resting his arms on the desk. "So, you were dating Sam, but cheating on him? Then Sam said he loved you and you felt guilty, so you broke it off? Then the guy you were cheating on Sam with kissed Brooklyn last night?" Paul waited until Casey nodded before he went on. "And... Derek's got nothing to do with this?"

"Nope."

"Well, did Brooklyn know you and this.... Guy was seeing each other when she kissed him?"

"No."

"I see... And you spilt your drink all over her last night?" Paul asked and Casey nodded. "Then why are you still angry with her? It seems like it was a honest mistake, she didn't know, and you already got your revenge."

"Please, like she wouldn't have kissed him if she knew."

"You don't know that. It sounds like your just mad at this guy your in love with, and your taking it out on an innocent girl."

"I'm not in love with him! I hate him! I hate them both." She jumped up from her seat. "I do! I don't even care anymore. I'm fine. I can get over it. *He* is the one who means nothing to *me*." She said before storming out of the office.

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Emily bit her lower lip waiting for the bell to ring. She had been waiting all period just to talk to Derek. Lunch was next, so it was like the perfect time to talk to him. He had no excuses of why he couldn't stay and listen. Emily needed to be the voice of reason. If no one else was going to throw themselves out there, she would do it for them. She knew both Casey and Derek were to stubborn to say it first.

Then finally the bell rang and everyone stormed out of the class. Emily caught up with Derek at his locker. "Derek, we need to talk and no excuses."

Derek sighed rolling his eyes. "Fine. I'm giving you five minutes." He said leading her over to the stairs. Emily sat down after the bell rang and cleared her throat. She figured it was safe enough to speak out in the open now. Most students were in class, and there were only a few down the hall still at their lockers.

"You need to talk to Casey and apologize or something."

"No. She was the one who freaked out on me and then stormed off."

"You're the one who kissed Brooklyn." Emily said mentally slapping him on the side of the head. 'You might not want to see this but Casey wasn't just in it for the sex. She actually likes you.... Dare I say — Love you.' Derek chuckled, shaking his head and looking down the empty hall. "Serious, Derek. I think she's in love with you, and I think you care just as much for her."

Derek looked into Emily's eyes and shook his head slowly. "No. Didn't she tell you? I don't care about her, I was just in it for the sex."

“Don’t make me smack you.” Emily warned glaring at him. ‘No one in this world knows her like you do. That’s why you will probably always have that spell over her. All those times you fight, you always make it up to her in the end. You can make her smile when all she wants to do is smack you. Its like you make it impossible for her to just not like for awhile.’ Emily sighed gazing at him. “Don’t let her go just because your afraid of admitting your true feelings. Don’t do it. You’ll regret it for the rest of your life Derek.”

“What did you rehearse all of this?” He asked looking at her.

She shrugged and blushed slightly. “Kind of. But someone needed to say it. Look, don’t let her appearance fool you. She’s hurting, I can tell. In English she was staring off into space, and I could see that look in her eyes. I don’t know what you said last night but you need to fix it.”

“Its done and over with Emily. I can’t fix it, and who said I wanted to?”

“Oh give me a break. She may be an up tight worry wart but we both know you love her. No matter how many times you deny it Derek Venturi, You love Casey MacDonald.” Emily stated crossing her arms and making a statement.

Derek just sat there and looked at her. *Oh, why am I always going back for more?* Derek bit his lower lip rubbing his forehead. *She’s just the girl I’m looking for.* “I should... Get to lunch.” He stated standing up.

Emily stood up as well, and stopped him. “Derek? Can you please just say it to me? Admit it, no ones around. At least just please admit it to yourself.”

Derek swallowed avoiding Emily’s eyes. “Suddenly I’m not so hungry....”

“Fine. Do whatever you want Derek. Deny it to yourself for the rest of your life. The only people you will be hurting are Casey and yourself. You’ll never find someone else who makes you feel the same.” Emily looked at him sadly. She was sad, sad for him and Casey. “Catch you later.” She turned around and walked the opposite way.

“I....” Derek licked his lips and cleared his throat. ‘I.... love her.’ He stated causing Emily to stop and look back at him. Looking up at her he shrugged and nodded slightly. “I love her.” He repeated it once again. This time for himself.

Emily smiled, approving. “One last time.”

Derek shook his head, not being able to control a small smile to form on his lips. “I said I love her. Satisfied?”

She nodded walking back over to him slowly. “I don’t know. Are you satisfied? You’re the one who broke her heart.”

Derek sighed. Having said the words.... Well, it all seemed to have a bigger impact on him. He figured it was always deep down inside him but now it was real. He had said it, and admitted it. It was all just crazy and insane but it was, what it was. He couldn’t help that he loved her. He hated it, but he couldn’t help it. “Thanks.” He mumbled quietly.

“What was that? I didn’t quite hear it?” Emily said leaning in closer to him with a smile on her face.

Derek laughed. “Thank you Emily. For bugging me to death and making me all sappy.”

Emily smiled proudly. “Your welcome.”

Derek nodded as Emily walked away from him. Now — now he had a whole lot of making up to do. He wasn’t sure he would be able to do it all right away. He needed to wrap his mind around this whole, loving Casey thing but he needed to apologize. He fucked up big time, and now he needed to do something that would make it up to her. But what could that be? Could anything he do or say, honestly erase all the things he said last night?

He was hoping he could get her to forgive him. He was suddenly scared to death.

## Ch 17 Big Girls Don't cry

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### This Love Sick Melody

**Arthur's note: Here ya go. Nothing much to say about this. I'm not really good read sad moments, so hopefully i'm pulling it off good.**

Chapter Seventeen □□ Big girls don't cry.

### Thursday Night.

Derek sighed throwing his hockey bag down on his bedroom floor. He stood there silent for a moment, listening to the music coming from Casey's bedroom. It was low but he could still hear it. Big girls don't cry, by Fergie was playing. He sighed crossing his arms and listening to the rhythm. Sad music, figures. He wasn't sure how long he stood there but he jumped at the sound of Marti and Lizzie entering his room.

"What do you two want?" He asked falling onto his bed and adjusting his pillow behind his head.

Marti jumped up and sat beside him, while Lizzie stood before him asking, "Did Casey break up with Sam again?"

Derek glanced down at Marti who was looking up at him. "Yeah. Yeah, she broke up with him. For good." He stated turning his attention at the ceiling.

Marti laid down beside Derek, resting her head on his chest and staring up at the ceiling as well/ "Is she going to be okay?"

Derek shook his head slowly. "I don't know Smarti. I hope."

Lizzie looked confused. "What? Are you sick?"

Marti giggled and shook her head. "Lets go play downstairs? I'll show you what my bear can do!" She said sprinted out of Derek's room and down the stairs. Lizzie followed but glanced back at Derek once before leaving. Derek stayed there, staring up at the ceiling thinking. ***Maybe I should go try to talk to her tonight.... No, what would I say? How sorry I am? Wow, that's originally.*** Derek groaned rubbing his face with his hands and closing his eyes.

He stood up after a minute and walked out. Standing in front of Casey's door he raised his hand to knock but stopped. ***She hates me... this is going to be stupid and pathetic.*** He rolled his eyes and raised his hand again but stopped when he heard his dad's voice call up for them. "Dinner is ready! Come and get it!"

Derek quickly darted away from Casey's door and downstairs. ***I'll do that later... Yeah, defiantly do that later.*** He cleared his throat and sat down at his seat. He didn't wait for anything else before he filled his plate with different things. He didn't look up when Casey walked down into the room.

“Umm, Mom I’m just going to grab an apple or something. I’m not that hungry tonight.” Casey said walking through the dinning room and into the Kitchen.

Derek looked up, watching as she dug through the fridge for a few seconds. He stood up and walked into the kitchen, ignoring the looks from his dad and Nora. “Case... you can’t avoid me forever.”

Casey ignored him. She wasn’t ready for this, and defiantly not when her mom had the perfect view of it. She grabbed herself a glass and set it down.

Derek sighed, stepping in front of her, blocking her from the view of the dinning room. “Casey, we need to talk.”

“Derek, not here, not now, never.” She said pouring the lemonade into the glass.

“Casey I know I’m asking for a lot here but just listen. I.... I screwed up. I screwed up hugely. I didn’t...”

Casey stopped him, “No. I don’t want to hear any of this. I don’t want to hear you.” She stated walking back over to the fridge.

“I...” Derek sighed, bringing his hands to his hair and sighing. ***God, I have no clue what I’m doing.*** ‘Casey!’ he shouted under his breath, making her finally look him in the eye. She stood in front of the fridge looking at him. “I’m sorry, and I know that just doesn’t make everything that happened disappear but I am. I really am sorry. I just got so mad and you were mad at me... I felt the need to protect myself in attacking back.”

She swallowed crossing her arms and clearing her throat. “Okay. Your forgiven, now get over it and leave me alone.” She hissed walking across the room and grabbing an apple from the dish.

“No. I don’t want to get over it. That’s what I’m trying to say here.” He said walking over to her and standing beside her, his hand brushing against her arm and staying mid air, as if he was unsure of what to do next. “I’m saying that I didn’t mean any of that. In fact.... I meant the complete opposite of it.” He whispered gazing into her crystal blues.

“Derek.... Casey. Everything okay?” Nora asked setting down the pitcher of ice water from the dinner table.

Derek dropped his hand quickly and shrugged. “I don’t know. Everything okay?” He asked never removing his eyes from Casey’s.

Casey pushed past Derek and past her mother. She walked out of the house, grabbing her coat on the way. She couldn’t stand being in that house anymore. She felt like the house was caving in on her. Derek apologized but she couldn’t just forgive him that easily. He wasn’t going to get off scotch free.

She sighed pulling her coat on and sitting down on the front steps. She groaned hearing the door open and footsteps. “Derek just leave me alone!” She shouted before she even knew who it was.

Nora cleared her voice and sat down beside her. “Derek went up to his room. He wouldn’t tell me what’s going on. Now can you please?” She rested her hand on Casey’s leg and gazed at her daughter. “Hun, please... I don’t like seeing you upset.”



“Mom please... just leave. I can’t do this now. Not ever.” She said resting her elbows on her knees and rubbed her forehead. “Please..”

“Honey what’s going on?” Nora stroked her daughters hair slowly. “I heard you and Sam broke up? Is this what its about?”

“No mom! I don’t like Sam! This isn’t about Sam. I made a stupid mistake and now I’m suffering the after effects. That’s all... just leave. I’ll get over it.”

“I know you well enough Casey. You have always talked to me about this kind of stuff.... What’s so big that you can’t talk about it to me?”

“Its just.... I fell in love with someone I shouldn’t!” She said it before she even realized what she was doing it. “There, now you know that I’m a complete idiot. Just leave!” Casey shouted, crying in her hands. This was beyond repair now.

Nora stroked her daughters hair, kissing her on the top of her head. “Baby, we all make mistakes.” She put her arm around Casey and rocked her in her arms, trying to calm her down a little. “Love is so unpredictable, even more at your age dear. Sam and you will work it all out.”

“Mom!” Casey pushed her mother away and stood up, facing her. ‘It’s not Sam! I was cheating on Sam with this guy... and I lost everything to him! Don’t you get it?! God!’ She crossed her arms and looked away from her mom, avoiding eye contact. “Everything. I lost my control, my pride, my dignity. I lost control of things and none of it would have happened if I was just more accepting of myself!”

Nora as a bit surprised. Casey wasn’t the kind of girl to cheat, she was the kind of girl who freaked out when anyone cheated on anyone. “You were cheating on Sam?” Nora stood up and gazed at her. “I’m sorry, but I’m a little confused. I don’t know how to make you feel better when I don’t even know what’s going on. That’s just.... So unlike you.”

“I know! I don’t need to be reminded of it mother! I didn’t want to be me anymore. Everyone one around me was doing all of this stuff, and I just wanted to.... I don’t know. Take control of everything, but I didn’t. I lost control. I know cheating on Sam was wrong but I couldn’t help it. I’m love with the other guy, and it will never happen. He just used me!” Casey cried out.

“Oh Case....”

“Don’t call me that!” Casey stated angry with her mother. She didn’t want to talk about all of this, she didn’t even want to think about it but there was no avoiding that. “My name is Casey!”

“Honey I’m sorry but....”

“No butt’s! I’m done discussing this. No more.” She stated pointing to herself. “I’ll fix this... I’ll get over it. I always do. I don’t need anyone’s help!” Casey brushed past Nora and walked down the sidewalk, away from her house.

Nora sighed watching her daughter disappear down the street. She didn’t know what to do, rather to go after her or just let her cool off some. She ran her fingers through her hair and entered the house again. George stood up from the table and walked over to her. “I don’t

know what to do with her. She's never been the type of girl who wouldn't accept my help. I don't know...."

George rubbed Nora's upper arms and looked up into her eyes. "They are growing up. Casey's got a good head on her shoulder, she'll figure things out on her own time."

"Yeah but she's really upset over this guy. She cheated on Sam. That's not Casey... Casey would never."

"She's a teenager. They make mistakes. You know how many mistakes we made when we were her age? To her it seems like the world is crashing down around her."

"I know. I just hate seeing her so upset and apparently heartbroken." Nora rested against George, her face laying against his chest.

"She's a smart girl. She'll find her own way. Don't worry. All you can do is be there when she's ready to talk."

Nora nodded closing her eyes and sighing. "Come on, Lets get back to dinner." She said smiling up at him.

---

Derek was sitting behind his computer chewing at his nails; something he has never really done. He was just so deep in thought. He was just sitting there staring at his computer screen, trying to think some things over. He snapped out of it, his eyes snapping over to the corner of his screen as someone logged on. It was Sam, and as Derek predicted he soon got an instant message.

**WildSAM: What's up D?**

Derek cleared his throat and rolled closer to the computer. He sighed typing a response.

**DerekV: Notta. Just thinking.**

**WildSAM: Yea, me 2. How's Casey?**

Derek rolled his eyes and rubbed his throat. He was getting really annoyed of Sam always asking about Casey. How is she? Is she okay? Is she even sad? Blah, blah, blah. Its annoying as hell. Especially when all Derek wants to do is yell at him and tell him to forget about, and to stay away from Casey.

**DerekV: Idk. Why?**

**WildSAM: Just worried bout her. How she doing?**

**DerekV: Idk dude. Get over her. She's already moved on.**

**WildSAM: Moved on? She seeing someone else already?**

Derek groaned rolling her eyes. "God!" Derek rubbed his eyebrow.

**DerekV: Dude, I don't wanna talk about Casey. I g2g. Later.**

Derek didn't even wait for a reply before he logged off quickly. He sighed bringing up his play list and turning his speakers up a bit. Sitting back in his chair he listened as the music

played. That's when the thought popped into his head. He knew exactly what he was going to do. He needed to do this. It was perfect, somewhat elementary school crushing but it was sweet and loving... exactly what a girl would love.

His fingers worked about a million miles per second as he typed on his keyboard. Bringing up song lyrics and cross referencing them with poems and what not. He, Derek Venturi was going to write a love letter to Casey. It was totally unlike him, and he hoped it would surprise Casey in a good way.

He cleared his throat and begin to think about what he could say, how he could say it. He had a clue about what he was going to put in it but.... He still needed to write it all down and such.

---

Casey brushed her hair thoroughly as she stood in front of the bathroom mirror. She had totally spaced out really, when she realized how long she had been standing there brushing her hair she shook her head, setting down the brush and gazing at her reflection.

Her hair was down, framing her face in a careless way. She had no make-up on and her skin was glowing from previously washing it. Her eyes seemed pale, and empty. Casey sighed shrugging her shoulders and trying to relax a bit. She had just gotten out of the shower about a half an hour ago and she was still in there. Afraid to leave really.

After storming off on her mother she felt somewhat bad. Her mother didn't deserve it, she was just trying to help. Casey had came home and had gone straight to the bathroom. Everyone else was probably already in bed anyway, it was nearly eleven at night and the only one downstairs was George who was busy working on paper work.

Sighing, she left the bathroom and walked into her room. To her surprise Derek was sitting on her bed, apparently awaiting her arrival. She looked away, towards the opposite wall. "Can you leave? I'm getting ready for bed." She said holding the door open and waiting for him to get up and leave.

Derek did stand up. He however, walked over to her and closed the door, standing close to her as he gazed down at her. She was still avoiding his eye contact but she didn't move away. "Just give me a few minutes. I have something for you." He said holding up a piece of paper and CD.

She glanced at it and shook her head, brushing past him. "Don't want it. I just want you to leave." She stated walking over to her desk and fiddling with useless objects.

"Case.... Look, I messed up. I'm sorry, but I know that's not enough. I just want you to take two minutes and read this. It explains everything... and you wont regret it. I promise." She didn't say anything, in fact she didn't even turn around. All Casey did was cross her arms, holding herself tightly and staring at the wall, trying to hold it together. Derek walked over to her bed and set it down. "Casey, I'm sorry. I'm an idiot." He stated, his voice a bit shaky and awkward. He was Derek Venturi, the guy never apologized.

Casey was biting her lip, ignoring the feeling to just turn around and push him out of the window. Yet, she knew she would never do it. She would get there and then end up wanting to

kiss him. To feel his soft lips against hers. To feel his fingers brush against her skin, sending little electric explosions throughout her body. To feel his body pressed against hers.

Derek hesitated for a moment, not really sure what to do next. "I.....I'm sorry." He said, his former thought fading from his mind. He had wanted to say those three little words again, but knew this wasn't the time and place. He also didn't he was ready to actually speak the words to her yet. Though, his letter would explain all of it. "Just read it." with that, he turned and left her bedroom.

She shook her head bringing her hand up to her forehead, rubbing her temples and sighing. God, this was so stupid. She had been stupid. Seriously. Getting involved with the one guy she couldn't stand? Stupid hormones. They were the problem. She had wanted to get more experience and be like others... And somehow she had destroyed her own personality in the process.

She didn't even know who she was anymore.

Casey licked her lower lip, turning around and picking up Derek's letter. She stood there, holding the letter and CD tightly in her hand. "I can't....." She threw it into her trash can, leaving it there to taunt her for the rest of the night.

## Ch 18 Hate that i love you

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### This Love Sick Melody

**Arthur's note: Haha, cliff hangers. I know I hate them too, but I love writing them. Its fun... but toture. Sorry bout that. Here's the eighteenth chapter. Hopefully you guys will love it just as much as I loved writing it! Here ya go!**

Chapter Eighteen □ Hate how much I love you.

### Thursday Night;; recap.

Casey licked her lower lip, turning around and picking up Derek's letter. She stood there, holding the letter and CD tightly in her hand. "I can't...." She threw it into her trash can, leaving it there to taunt her for the rest of the night.

### Friday morning.

Derek ran his hand through his hair, messing it up a bit as he walked down into the living room. He spotted everyone rushing around in the kitchen. "Morning," he stated looking around for Casey. He bit his tongue as he slipped his jacket on.

*Did she read the letter? Did she not like it? She hates me... God, what the hell is wrong with me? She probably will never even look at me again. Fuck, I screwed up... Don't show it. Just act cool. Let her fall apart.... Yeah, That's what I do. I'm Derek Venturi, I don't cry over any girl.*

Derek sighed, knowing his little prep in the morning was totally failing him. No matter how much he tried to boast himself up and make himself think clearly, it failed. His thoughts always came rushing back to *her*.

Nora gazed up at Derek and accidentally put a piece of paper on toast. She groaned and talked to Derek, as she watched what she was doing. "Casey already left, got a ride from Emily and her mom."

"Yeah, K." Was all Derek said before he left the house. He really didn't want to deal with any morning conversation's either. He just wanted to get out of there and to school. He was so frustrated with himself and Casey that he wasn't even thinking about the big game. In fact, the thought barely crossed his mind.

---

Emily stared at Casey, from the front seat of her car. Casey had just told Emily a little clip about what happened last night and Emily was giving her the evil eye. "Are you serious? You threw it out!? Well, you have to go get it and read it! Casey you're a complete clueless freak sometimes!"

"Em, please.... All he would do is apologize and say some phony stuff. You know, like he usually does. He only cares about himself Em." Casey said tucking her hair behind her ear

and gazing out the window as Emily's mother drove into the school parking lot.

Emily groaned, and then sighed. "Casey! He loves you, you idiot! And you love him... What's the problem here?..... Well, besides the obvious."

"A lot Emily, Lets start with the fact that the only one *he* loves is himself." Casey stressed the word, He because Emily's mother had no clue they were talking about Derek, and she planned on keeping it that way.

"Argh! Casey please just tell me your not going to destroy that letter before you read it?"

"I.... It's right here." Casey said withdrawing it from her purse and holding it up in front of her. She shrugged looking back up at Emily. "It's been tempting me all night. I just thought I should bring it along with me....." She whispered staring at it.

"What about the CD? Did you listen to it? What is it?"

"I don't know.... I have it with me but I'm not listening to it. Who knows what's on it."

Emily sighed reaching over and grabbing Casey's purse, Casey struggled but Emily won in the end. "Well, Lets listen, shall we?" She said pulling out of the purse and smirking.

Casey's eyes went wide, she sprung out of her seat and tried to get it out of Emily's hands. "Emily! Not here. Not now." She said rolling her eyes towards Emily's mother who was glancing at the two them.

"Fine, But once inside we're listening to it while you read the damn letter!" Emily said snatching the letter from her hands and giving her purse back. Emily gazed out of the window as her mother parker. 'thanks mom, later.' Emily said slipping out of the car and walking towards the building. "Come on Casey... You have a date with destiny."

Casey sighed and stopped suddenly. "No! I can't! I need to move on. Keep it for all I care!" Casey said storming off without Emily. Leaving Emily to stand there frustrated.

"Casey! You know you love him!" Shouted Emily as Casey disappeared into the crowd of other teenagers.

---

Ralph chuckled rubbing his fist like a fool. "Dude! Big game is tonight. We win this and we're a sure in!"

Derek rolled his eyes fiddling with his books, within his locker. "Yeah.... Yay." he said sarcastically.

Ralph hit his shoulder, with annoyance on his face. "aren't you excited? Derek, we need you to be pumped! 100 percent tonight. You and Sam are like the guys to beat on the team. Sam's already all love sick, what's wrong with you?"

He sighed turning around and leaning against his locker. His eyes fell upon Casey's locker, she was no where in sight. Maybe she really didn't care about him after all. No, that wasn't it. He knew she cared, maybe she was just to stubborn. Yeah, that was more like her.

"Hey guys." Derek turned around to see Sam walking over.

Ralph groaned, titling his head back up towards the roof and making a frustrated face. "You two snap out of it! Get over Casey! Get over... whoever your hung up on!" Ralph said gripping both of their shirts and glaring at them. "Big game! Whole school counting on it."

Sam glanced at Derek and grinned. "what's his problem?"

"He's fed up with you being love sick." Derek said coldly.

Sam rolled his eyes, glancing at Ralph who threw his hands up in surrender. "Sorry, I can't help it. I love her... we just broke up."

Derek made a fist and bit down on his tongue. "Get over it."

Sam studied Derek's face and raised an eyebrow. "What's your problem?"

Derek rolled his eyes, "I'm just tired about hearing Casey this, Casey that, How's Casey? Where's Casey? Leave it alone Dude! She's so over you."

"Dude what's the problem? I can't help it that I'm not over her yet.... She was my girlfriend who broke up with me after I said that I loved her." Sam said glaring at Derek. To him, a friend should try to help a buddy out.

Derek snapped. He couldn't deal with it anymore. He grabbed Sam's shirt and slammed him against the lockers. "Get over it!" Derek said slamming Sam again.

Ralph's eyes were wide in confusion and surprise. "Whoa! Dude, what am I missing?"

Sam glared at Derek as Derek stared back. "I think I know exactly what this is about." Sam said pushing Derek off of him. "Derek's rough around the edges for his sister."

Derek shook his head, his fist still clutched at their sides. Other people were looking at them but Derek ignored them. He was pissed, and he's had enough of Sam complaining about Casey. Casey who was never even Sam's to begin with. Casey was his. Not Sam's. Ralph looked confused as he raised his hand and stated, "What about Marti?"

"Casey! Casey you idiot." Sam stated glancing at Ralph.

"Okay..... What does rough around the edges mean?" He asked crossing his arms and glancing back and forth.

Derek shook his head glaring at Sam. "It means nothing. It means that I'm tired of him whining like a damn baby over Casey! Get over it already." He slammed his locker closed and stormed off down the hallway.

Sam glared down the hallway at Derek. He knew something was up. Derek should be happy that Sam and Casey weren't together anymore, he never even wanted them together. Ever since that day..... ***Oh my god. Derek and Casey..... It all makes sense. Casey was down my pants before that... and then ever since that day we got drunk. I must have told Derek something... and.... Oh my god.*** Sam stood there thinking it all over. It made sense. He was an idiot for not figuring it out sooner. Derek was... had to be fooling around with Casey. — ***The whole time?***

Sam nodded his head and chuckled. He needs to find out the truth, somehow.

**Friday night;; the game.**

Derek cracked his neck as he stood in the guy's locker room. It was time. The big game was only minutes away. He was trying to pump himself up. They were at the ice ring and getting ready. Ralph was over near the lockers, hitting his head and trying to get himself pumped up. Sam was getting geared up. Derek sighed looking away from the rest of his team and fixing his gloves.

"Come on guys! Game's about to start in four!" Shouted the coach rushing them out of the locker room and into the hallway.

Derek let his breath go and sighed deeply. When he raised his head up he saw his fellow team mates disappear around the corner and that wasn't it. As the last team mate disappeared Casey walked around the corner. He stopped still in his tracks.

They just stood there, staring at one another. Derek watched as she slowly made her way closer to him. Hesitant really. She looked unsure of herself, and of what she was doing. He just waited for her to speak up, it seemed like he had all the time in the world.

Casey swallowed hard as she came to a stop in front of Derek. She parted her lips, but no words came out as she gazed in the eye. Those gorgeous chocolate brown eyes of his. A clash between brown and blue. Polar opposites in everyway.

Casey had planned out a little speech but it seemed useless. So, she did the only thing her mind could even comprehend at the moment. She crashed her lips against Derek's. Sending every nerve in her body rushing again. As his hands wrapped around her waist, picking her up off of the floor as she kissed him passionately and hard.

The kiss that would bend or break their worlds. It was absolutely the perfect kiss. The kiss every girl gets that makes her leg pop. Yeah, that kiss. The kiss that you tell your grandchildren about. The kiss that happens, and you just know there is nothing more perfect than that moment.

He missed being able to feel her body against his. He missed being able to run his fingers along her skin and have no boundaries what so ever. It seemed like an eternity before they broke apart, breaking deeply. Derek brought his hands up to her face, brushing her hair away from her flawless skin. Resting his forehead against hers as he stared into her eyes, into her very soul.

"What.... What happened?" he asked breathlessly.

"Us. I read your letter Derek. I'm so sorry, I was so stupid. I love you two. I love you Derek Venturi."

### **Flashback.**

Casey had argued with Emily throughout the day. Emily however, kept persisting that Casey listen to her. She would regret it for the rest of her life if she didn't read the letter. Eventually Casey caved in and went over to Emily's house after school. They went right to Emily's room so they could have some privacy.

Casey sat down on Emily's bed as Emily pushed the CD into her computer. As Casey opened the letter Rihanna's 'Hate that I love you' song came on. Emily sat down beside her and read it out loud.



This whole letter might be a little elementary school but please just read it. Read it all, I messed up, but I've never really been good at getting things right. I'm not good at all of this emotion stuff — you know that — but just give me a chance. This letter will tell you everything I've been scared to tell you. Everything that I've been denying to myself for what seems like forever.

I hate that I screw things up.

I hate it when I lie to you.

I hate it when I lie to myself about you.

I hated when I pretended to hate you.

I hate that I love you.....

That's why I made a CD of all the songs that remind me of you. They wouldn't all fit, because every song reminds me of you somehow. That's just how much you effect me.

Casey at first you and I were just fun. Fun and me taking advantage of you.... But now. Now its a lot more and I didn't know how to deal with it. I fell in love — Yes, Casey I love you. that's the complete and honest truth. I didn't know how to deal with it. You're my annoying step sister who never seemed to give in.

You were always a challenge for me, but I think that's why I feel the way I do. You don't take my shit, and you always shove it to me when I'm wrong. No one else does that, No one else knows me the way you do.

Casey MacDonald I love you, and it scares me to death.

I attached lyrics that I think express everything that I feel.

I love you, and I'm ready to admit it.

Always,

Derek.

Casey was already tearing up when she turned the letter over to read the lyrics. Emily was almost crying as well. It was a little stupid heart felt letter, but Casey was a sap for those kind of things. And Derek knew it. Derek knew her better then she even knew herself.

(Rihanna:)

That's how much I love you

That's how much I need you

And I cant stand you

Must everything you do make me wanna smile

Can I not like you for awhile? (No...)

(Neyo:)

But you wont let me

You upset me girl

And then you kiss my lips

All of a sudden I forget (that I was upset)

I can't remember what you did  
But I hate it

(Rihanna:)  
You know exactly what to do  
so that I cant stay mad at you  
for too long thats wrong

(Neyo:)  
But I hate it  
You know exactly how to touch  
so that I dont want to fuss and fight no more  
said that I despise that i adore you

(Rihanna:)  
And i hate how much i love you boy (yeah...)  
I cant stand how much I need you (I need you...)  
and I hate how much I love you boy (ooh whoa..)  
but I just cant let you go  
and I hate that I love you so (ooh..)

(Neyo:)  
And you completely know the power that you have  
the only one that makes me laugh

(Rihanna:)  
Said its not fair  
how you take advantage of the fact  
that I love you beyond the reason why  
and it just aint right

(Neyo:)  
and I hate how much I love you girl  
I cant stand how much I need you (yeah..)  
and I hate how much I love you girl  
but I just cant let you go  
but I hate that I love you so

(Both:)  
One of these days maybe your magic wont affect me  
and your kiss wont make me weak  
but noone in this world knows me the way you know me  
so you'll probably always have a spell on me...

(Neyo:)  
Yeaahhh... Oohh...

(Rihanna:)  
That's how much i love you (how much I need you)  
That's how much as I need you (ooh..)

That's how much I love you (oh..)  
That's how much as I need you

(Rihanna:)  
and I hate that i love you soooo  
and I hate how much i love you boy  
I cant stand how much I need ya (cant stand how much I need you)  
and I hate how much I love you boy  
but I just cant let you go (but I just cant let you go no..)  
and I hate that I love you so  
  
and I hate that I love you so.. soo...

### **End Flashback.**

Casey smiled up into Derek's eyes, running her fingers through his hair. "I love you Derek."

Derek smiled down at her. "I.... I.... I mean, I love you two Case." He said rolling his eyes.

Casey giggled accepting it. She knew it had taken him a lot to write that sappy love letter, and it took him a lot to say those words. Those three little words to her. Casey was beyond in heaven. She felt like she was floating on thin air, dancing in the clouds. "Oh Derek... I really do love you. Insane, I know. Who would ever love you." She joked around kissing him lightly on the lips.

He chuckled shaking his head as he kissed her once again, this time longer. He withdrew and smiled down at her. "Okay, this is getting a bit to lovey dovey for me." He stated releasing her just a bit from his grip.

Casey let her arms drop down away from his neck. She stepped away from him and smiled at him. "There you go again, ruining the perfect moment." Derek laughed rolling his eyes. Casey looked over her shoulder and remember where they were, and why they were there. "Derek! Your game! GO!" She said pushing him towards the door.

Derek bolted towards the door but stopped half way there. He ran back, arching her towards him as he kissed her deeply. After a short kiss he darted back to the door, screaming back at her, "For good luck!"

Casey smiled, biting her lip as Derek disappeared into the stadium.

## Ch 19 Clueless Parents

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### **This Love Sick Melody**

**Arthur's note: Okay, I don't really like all happy predictable stories. Happy chapters will probably take me forever to write, kind of like this one did. It's hard for me to find the right words and what not. I still think it came out a bit sappy and too.... I don't know. Tell me what you guys think. Sorry for the long wait.**

Chapter Nineteen □ Clueless parents.

### **Friday night ;: recap.**

Casey let her arms drop down away from his neck. She stepped away from him and smiled at him. "There you go again, ruining the perfect moment." Derek laughed rolling his eyes. Casey looked over her shoulder and remember where they were, and why they were there. "Derek! Your game! GO!" She said pushing him towards the door.

Derek bolted towards the door but stopped half way there. He ran back, arching her towards him as he kissed her deeply. After a short kiss he darted back to the door, screaming back at her, "For good luck!"

Casey smiled, biting her lip as Derek disappeared into the stadium.

### **Friday night continued.**

Derek chuckled as he heard the crowd cheer his name, as he crossed the parking lot with Emily and Casey. They had won, of course. The entire team was unbelievable, even Sam surprising. Everyone thought Sam would be a whole, like he's been since Casey broke up with him but to everyone's surprise — he played the best game of his life that night.

Emily giggled shoving Casey playfully into Derek who was nodding towards another group. "Watch it Em! Don't push me out in front of a car, the entire school would kill you." He joked playfully messing up her hair.

Emily sighed, smiling widely. "I'm just so happy! Nothing could make this night better. You two are finally together again, and our school won! That means we're going to the finals!"

Casey smiled crossing her arms and cuddling in Derek's jacket. Yes, she was wearing his jacket. No one wore his jacket. It was an amazing feeling. "We're not... well we didn't discuss that."

Derek plastered a smile on his face, talking through his teeth. "Don't ruin the night Case."

"What? We haven't. I just forgave you for being an idiot and yelling at me." She stated smiling up at him innocently.

"Well... maybe you should discuss this now, Derek." Emily stated throwing him a glare as they came to Emily's car.

Derek sighed slipping his hands in his pocket and glaring at Emily. "We can't date or anything. Our parents are married."

"That doesn't make us siblings Derek." Casey stated resting up against him, gazing at Emily.

Derek draped his arm around Casey as she leaned against him and shrugged. "Yeah, well... how do we tell our parents that their children are dating? I think it's a bit weird." He stated rubbing Casey's upper arm slightly. "Just imagine their response."

Emily sighed crossing her arms. "You can't just keep sneaking around. I mean, you Love each other." Emily stated, of course stressing the L word. "Don't you want to have a future?"

"Em, its not like we're getting married!" Casey said rolling her eyes.

"Who knows?" Emily said smirking as she opened the driver's side door. 'It would be cute. I better be a bridesmaid.' She giggled before slipping into the car and saying, "Have a fun night!" Casey and Derek just stood there as Emily drove off.

Casey shook her head and glanced up at Derek before heading towards their car. "She's kidding. You know that right?" Casey said reassuring Derek. After all, Derek nearly choked to death when Kendra said she was practically a part of the family.

Derek shrugged sitting into the car along with Casey. "I don't really care. I think she's right.... And I also know that Nora would chop my head off if we ever even tell them."

She sighed gazing over at him. "Promise me we will talk about it tomorrow? And Promise me that you wont go back to treating me like a idiot tomorrow as well?"

Derek looked over at her, he studied her face for awhile. Leaning over the seat, he ran his fingers up her neck and kissed her softly. She brought her hand up to his shirt, gripping his shirt and making sure he wouldn't pull away before she wanted him to. As soon as she grabbed his shirt his hand went to her upper thigh and rested there as they shared a kiss.

Casey giggled, pulling away and gazing at him. "Mhmm.. You still have to verbally say you promise."

Derek sighed, burring his face into the crook of her neck, kissing her neck lightly. "I promise Case." He pulled away, so he could look her in the eye. "I promise you that I will stop being a defensive idiot. Good?"

Casey nodded and pecked his lips quickly. "Yep. Now take me home idiot!"

He simply chuckled before pulling out of the parking lot and heading home.

### Saturday.

"Edwin! That's such a lie!" Lizzie shouted throwing a pillow at his head.

Edwin crossed his arms and leaned back on the couch. "Whatever. Jamie should be over here in about five minutes."

Lizzie screamed as she threw herself at Edwin, Edwin struggling with her. Casey and Derek walked down stairs glancing at each other before walking into the living room. Derek

cleared his throat as he crossed his arms and watched Edwin try to protect himself against Lizzie's punches. "What's going on?"

Marti popped up from behind the couch and glanced at her fighting brother and step sister. "Edwin invited Jamie over and told him that Lizzie was crushing on some kid in her math class." She squeaked before disappearing behind the couch again.

Casey shook her head and sat down in Derek's recliner. "Okay."

Suddenly Edwin and Lizzie stopped and watched Derek and Casey intently. Derek stood besides his recliner and looked down at Lizzie and Edwin. He glanced at Casey and then back at them. "What?"

Lizzie and Edwin stopped fighting and sat up straight. Edwin nodded towards Casey had brought her legs up and was now completely comfortable. "She's in your chair."

Derek raised his eyebrow's and shrugged. "So? I'm gonna go out and get something to eat. Its what... noon?" He said glancing at his watch before re crossing his arms.

Casey glanced up at him and smiled, "Aww, Can I come? I could really go for something.... Fresh. O! Lets go to smelly Nelly's! We can get a fresh salad and sandwich!" She said sitting up on the edge of his chair.

Lizzie's jaw dropped. "What? Where? When? How?" Edwin nodded along with Lizzie as she mumbled confusion.

Derek rolled his eyes and chuckled. "Umm... sounds tasty. How about you get a salad and I get a big hamburger with some fries?"

It was then Casey's turn to roll her eyes as she stood up and followed Derek over to the door. "A salad would be much more healthier."

"I think my heath would benefit if you stopped talking..." Derek closed the front door and walked down towards his car with Casey closely behind. "Stopped talking and sucked my dick."

Casey glanced over her shoulder and around them. "Derek! Watch it... what if someone heard that?"

Derek just smirked as he slipped into the car before Casey. It didn't take them long before the got to Smelly Nelly's. Derek ran in and grabbed the food. Casey didn't want to go in, it would be very suspicious and she also wanted to have that little talk they had discussed. For some reason it really wasn't bugging Derek much. It was Casey, she liked to talk and he had gotten used to that.

When he returned they headed off to the park near the lake. No one really went there and they could go there and eat in peace. Casey cleaned off a picnic table and they set up their food there. Casey sat on the same Bench as Derek and watched the ducks in the lake. She munched on her salad as she started to talk.

"So, about us." Casey stated filling her fork with more lettuce. "I can't handle all of this secrets. I broke down last time and I wont do it again. I spent last night thinking all of this over and..."

"You mean you weren't thinking about me? How rude." Derek stated chewing on his hamburger.

Casey smiled and nudged him playfully. "Shut up and be serious. I think we should.... Tell our parents, friends, and everyone. it's the right thing to do."

Derek almost choked. "Casey! One; Nora would freak out. She would kill me! Two; we could never be alone ever again. Three; Sam's my best friend, he would never talk to me again. Four; I have a rep to protect. Last but not least, your insane."

She glared at him and cocked an eyebrow. "So what? You don't want people to find out because I embarrass you?"

"It's.... not... kind.... I don't know! Do you know what this would do to my reputation Case? Lets see, Derek Venturi is dating Klutzilla, his annoying up tight grade grabber of a step **sister**?"

"I thought... Well, I thought you loved me."

"I..." He sighed setting his hamburger down and turning to face Casey who seemed a bit angry and sad at the same time. "I do, but I don't think I'm ready to admit that to the entire world."

"If you love someone, you want the entire world to know! At least you should..."

"Do you know how many people would be talking about it? Casey you would get stares, points, and probably a ton of pranks pull on you. We would be the laughing stock of the school. I can manage a few things but something like this could destroy everything."

Casey stared at him, her hands setting in her lap as she faced him. "Fine... But we need to tell out parents. I can't lie."

Derek groaned tilting his head back. "Case! Don't you know anything about parents? They tell their friends who tell others, who end up telling their kids, who go to our school. It would get back to our friends no matter what."

Casey sighed turning back to the table. "Fine! We just **wont** be **anything** then! If your so ashamed to be involved with me then I don't want you to be," She stated coldly. She loved Derek, she really did. She knew that now, and a little bit of her always knew it, but she would never be with someone who was ashamed of her. She slammed her fist down and went to get up but Derek reached out and stopped her.

He sighed. "No wait...." He ran his fingers down her arm and took her hand in his. "Your not nervous about this, at all?"

She looked into his eyes, trying to read him but failed. "No... I mean, yes about mom and George....and I guess everyone else two."

"Then why must we tell everyone?"

She leaned in and smiled into his eyes. "Because I don't wanna be your dirty little secret. It's not going to happen anymore. Sorry, but that's my terms. I can't lie, and I wont. Not even for you. If you really want to be with me then you should want people to know." She yanked her hand out of his and stood up, gathering up the food.

Derek sighed rubbing his eyebrow before doing the same. They gathered everything up in silence and headed towards the car. They didn't speak a word. Not even in the car or when they pulled into the driveway. Derek wanted to but couldn't exactly bring himself to let the words escape his lips. He was fighting with himself, again.

Casey walked into the door and hung up her coat, before heading upstairs. Derek called after her before, she started up the stairs. "Casey! Wait. I want you to be down here." Casey stopped and watched as Derek cleared his throat and walked over to where their parents sat.

Nora and George sat at the dinning room table, drinking what looked like coffee. Marti sat on the floor playing with her toys. Derek looked over at her and looked around for Edwin and Lizzie. "Where are Lizzie and Edwin?" He asked.

Casey crossed her arms and walked down a few steps to stand behind Derek. She wasn't sure what he was going to do but she was interested. She was still a bit mad at him. Who wouldn't be? He was embarrassed for loving her. Well, that's how she felt.

"Over next door. What's going on?" Nora asked setting her coffee mug down on the table top.

"I... We have something to tell you." Derek wasn't sure what he was doing but he didn't want to loose Casey. Yet again. He wanted to be with her, and he knew that she was serious about telling them. So, he did the only thing that came to his mind. "Casey and I are together. Well..." He looked back at her, "At least I hope we still are."

She smiled at him, walking up to stand beside him. She slipped her fingers into his hand and gazed over at her mom and George. "Derek and I have been secretly.... Seeing each other." She was choosing her words carefully. By the look on Nora's and George's face; she needed to be very careful of what she said. "We're serious, and I didn't want to lie anymore. I think it's important that you two know.... And accept it." Casey squeezed his hand, scared to death. The more she stood there in silence, the more she was regretting it. Maybe Derek was right, maybe this wasn't such a good idea.

Nora glared at the two teenagers. Staring at them, in confusion. George just looked at Derek, with an angry and weird look on his face. Finally the silence was broken, silence that seemed like it had been going on forever. George choked and hit his chest. Nora finally let out a deep breath and shook her head. "What do you mean? That's... So.... Not possible."

Casey glanced up at Derek who was just looking at Nora. He glanced at her finally and shook his head. "It is possible. I... I know I acted like I've hated her, but I.... Well, you see. I was being an idiot. I didn't realize it until Emily shook me out of it. I've been denying to myself for so long. I love her." He said wrapping his arm around Casey's shoulder and kissing the side of her head.

Nora stood up, and George stood up, holding her back from what looked like charging at Derek. "Nora..." He studied Casey and Derek. "When did this happen? How long has it been going on?"

"Right under our roof?!" Nora shouted crossing her arms.

Casey bit her lip and stepped forward, away from Derek. "Mom please... This isn't Derek's fault."



“You expect me to believe that?” Nora placed her hands on her daughters shoulders, looking her in the eye. “Did he take advantage of you?”

“Mom!” Casey shrugged her mother’s hands away.

“Nora!” Shouted George, clearly upset. “You know he would never do something like that.”

Casey glared at her mother, “How dare you! I was the one who made the first move! I was the one who kissed him first!” She stated, upset as well. “I wanted it. I love him.”

“Yeah, I’m sure he had no problem with it, huh?” She stated outraged. “He’s your brother!”

“Hey! I’m not blood related to her at all! Don’t ever say that!” Derek shouted from behind Casey.

Nora huffed and looked away from them, and then noticed Marti sitting on they floor watching them. “Marti go up stairs. Now!” She shouted pointing towards the stairs.

Marti stood up and glanced at them all. “It’s okay Smasey, Smerek. I still love you.” She said running over and throwing her arms around Casey. “I know.” She flashed her a smile before running up stairs.

Casey watched her disappear and shook her head, glaring back at her mother. “How can she accept it and my own mother not! You should want me to be happy! I’m happy with him! That’s the only thing that should matter!” She cried.

Derek walked up, rubbing the small of her back. “Calm down.” He whispered into her ear, before kissing her cheek softly. He looked up at his dad and then at Nora. “I know this is a surprise, and I know you guys probably wont accept it right away. Just give it some thought. I mean, you didn’t honestly think this wouldn’t happen, right? If you want, I can move into the basement. If that would make you more comfortable.”

Casey fell into her place beside Derek, letting his hand wrap around her waist and hold her. It was comfortable, it was safe. “Mom... I love him. And I’m sorry. I would never do this If it didn’t mean anything.” She stated.

Nora nodded, crossing her arms over one another and turning away from them. George cleared his throat and nodded at Derek. “Why don’t you go up in your room and start packing up. We’ll try to get you moved down into the basement by tonight.” He stated. He seemed a lot more at ease with the situation then Nora, but it wasn’t him accepting it. He just had to be the calm one, since Nora was clearly uneasy about her daughter growing up.

Derek nodded, and mouthed ‘thanks’ to his father. Though, George through him a look that told Derek they would be having a long talk after he calmed down Nora. He walked over to the stairs with Casey, leading her towards the bedrooms.

Nora shook her head and pointed towards the stairs. “We’re just gonna let them go up to their bedrooms! Oh my god... They have been sleeping with each other this whole time? Oh my god! I’m a horrible mother. I don’t even know what’s happening with my own daughter. How could I have not seen the signs?”

George rubbed her arms, gazing down at her. "Look, I'm not enjoying this idea either, but we can't do anything about it."

"Yes we can! We are the parents! Lets... send Derek to live with Abby."

"Hey, why not send Casey away? You heard her, she's the one who kissed him first."

"Oh please! Casey's the responsible one. She would never allow this to happen if she was in the right mind set!"

"What are trying to say? Derek may be a bit... girl crazy but they do usually come to him."

Nora rolled her eyes walking away from him and covering her mouth. She was furious with herself. How could she let this happen. "So what? Your just planning on allowing our children to date; one another! Their legally siblings."

"No, they really kind of aren't. She's right. We have thought about this happening...."

"Yeah, but then we saw how they hated each other!" She shouted being she knew it was clearer then day. "How did this happen?"

George licked his lower lip. Running his fingers through his hair and sighing. "Look. I don't really see why your freaking out. It's not that hard to believe. Opposites attract. Just look at us."

"But she's my baby George! Your son has.... Has... taken my baby's innocence away!" She cried, frustrated.

"Oh come on...."

"George!" Nora said staring up at him. "They basically admitted to sleeping with one another that day. Derek having a girlfriend, but keeping it hush hush. And Casey having only slept with one guy. It was right there in front of us! How could we have been so clueless!"

"Nora. Relax. You sound more mad at yourself then at anything. Why don't we go downstairs and start gathering things up. It is best for Derek to move down there. So we can stay in control of this." He stated.

Nora stood there for a few minutes, but finally gave in and stormed off towards the bedroom.

Life had gotten a whole lot more difficult in the matter of moments.

## Ch 20 Rules are then made

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### This Love Sick Melody

**Arthur's note:** Okay, so Ishida-Lover0791 brought up a good point. The bet between Casey and Derek. What happened to it? Well, I'm gonna explain it in the next chapter sorry it has to wait. I also have a small question. Now, I'm sure you guys have noticed I haven't been doing any more — much — sex scenes. I really didn't want the story to be about that only. It was a very important piece to the story and all, so of course it was added. So here's my question: Do guys want more sex scenes?

Chapter Twenty □ Rules are then made.

### Saturday recap.

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Derek sighed throwing his clothes into his close hamper. Actually, he was throwing everything he saw in it. Casey sat on the edge of his bed, staring at the floor. Spacing out really. They were both thinking it over. The scene that had unfolded before them downstairs, and the shouts that they had overheard up stairs. They were both regretting telling them, though Derek knew it was better then living a lie. Casey was the one who was feeling guilty. She and Derek had just caused a fight between their parents. She felt horrible.

"Derek.... Maybe we shouldn't have...." She gazed over at him as he kneeled down and unplugged his computer. "I mean.. we made them fight."

"Case, what did you expect? Everyone just to accept it and hand out flowers? They'll..... Deal with it." He stated as he rose back up.

“But I just feel so bad.”

He sighed walking over to her. He sat down beside her and kissed her cheek softly, gazing into her eyes. “You feel bad because you care about them, and sooner or later they are gonna have to accept that we’re together.” He whispered against her lips. Bringing his hand up to her chin, and tilting it just slightly as he kissed her.

Casey pulled away, placing a hand on his chest. “How could you want to make out, when our parents are down stairs freaking out? How can you be so.... Relaxed?”

“I’m not relaxed. I’m moving out of my bedroom that I’ve had since birth. I just admitted to popping my father’s wife’s daughters cherry. My life’s about to get a whole lot of fucked up. That’s why I wanna make out! I want to make out because it will hopefully relax me!” He said falling back onto his bed in frustration.

Casey gazed down at him. “Derek, thanks.”

“For what?” He asked staring at his ceiling. Well, soon to be ex ceiling.

“For risking everything. For.... Loving me.” She said in a low whisper.

“You don’t have to thank me Case.” He gazed over at her. “It’s the good part of me. Remember? The part of me I usually enjoy hiding.”

She smiled and shook her head. He could always make her smile when she didn’t want to. “Mhm.... Well, let me relax you.” She whispered leaning down over him and pecking his lips. She moved her soft kissed down his chin, and sucked his neck lightly. Her fingers ran up his shirt, running her finger tips along his skin in a feather like manner.

His hand went to her side almost immediately. Running his hand down her back and to her bottom. He slipped his hand in her back pocket, bringing her closer to him. Her kisses did relax him. It was as if all their problems disappeared within seconds. It was nice, no it was out of this world.

He finally brought his other hand up as their lips touched each others. Tongues teasing one another, hot and heavy breaths being breathed. Their bodies seemed to become one, once again. Turning them over so Casey lay beneath him. Allowing him the full range of freedom. The freedom to explore the now memorized skin. He’s memorized each curve, freckle of her body by now. He could tell you that she had a few freckles feathered across her chest. As well as the few that seemed to trail down her back and to her flawless ass.

“Hmm, Derek.” She breathed in between kisses, bringing her leg up and running it down his.

It seemed like they had been kissing for hours, but in reality it had only been a few minutes. Their came a small knock at the door and Derek moaned. He rolled off of her and let Casey up to open the locked door. She smiled when she looked down to see Marti. “What is it?”

Marti wrapped her arms around Casey’s waist and hugged her to him. “I’m sorry they were yelling at you.”

Derek sat up and gazed at Marti. “It’s okay Marti. It’s okay. We expected it, but you know there is nothing wrong with it right?”

Casey nodded, leading Marti over to the bed. She lifted Marti up to sit in between her and Derek. "Marti, Derek and I are well... dating. I guess, you could call it that."

"Duh!"

Derek chuckled and smiled at Casey who rolled her eyes. "Yeah, we know Smarti. I just.... We just want you to know that people might start saying stuff about it. About us. That it's wrong and what not."

Casey nodded, and added, "But it's not really." She ran her hand down Marti's hair. "This kind of stuff happens all the time. It's not illegal." She glanced over at Derek giving her a raised eyebrow. "I researched it." She shrugged, trying to hide her smile but not being able to.

"Yeah. What she did." Derek said tickling Marti's side. She laughed and listened as he stopped. "Casey's not our sister. It doesn't really make us related biologically, so we can have a relationship."

The little girl glanced at one and then at the other. "The boyfriend, Girlfriend kind!" She giggled. "I'm glade. I like it better when your not fighting."

Derek laughed and shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know about that. I kind of enjoy watching Casey get all mad and storm off." He grinned wickedly at Casey.

She simply rolled her eyes and stood up, lifting Marti up and standing her on the ground. "Okay, here's the deal. Derek's gonna move downstairs, and my mom and George will be living in here. We need to pack up all of his stuff. Wanna help?" She said smiling down at her.

Marti shouted, throwing her hands up in the air. "for sure!"

Derek shook his head, standing up and shaking his finger. "Yeah, I... uh... No touch zone... and..."

Casey grinned down at Marti and shouted, "GO!" Then she and Marti grabbed a ton of Derek's things and threw them into a few boxes, bags, sheets, anything they could carry things in.

Lizzie laughed as she placed her soccer ball down on the floor. Her and Edwin had just spent a few hours next door at their friends house. They all went to school together, Lizzie usually kicked around the ball in the back yard with Tim, while Edwin made googly eyes at Tim's older sister. It was rather pathetic if you asked Lizzie but whatever. She didn't have any input on it. She didn't care, why would she?

Edwin shook his head, and scratched his neck. "Yeah, sure.. Laugh now but when...." he stopped dead in his tracks. Cocking an eyebrow he watched Derek run after Marti; Marti with a small box and Derek with two large bumpy garbage bags. "What's going on?" He asked as George slid his and Nora's large mattress out into the dinning room, letting it rest up against the bookshelf.

"Oh, Edwin. Lizzie....." His voiced trailed off as Casey walked down the stairs with a bundle of Derek's blankets and sheets.

"Oh hey, Lizzie, Edwin." She said walking towards the kitchen.

"Why...?" Lizzie stopped when George held up his hand.

He took a deep breath and ran his fingers through his hair, before he explained. "Derek and Casey are..... Dating. So, Derek's moving into our room, and we are going to move into his room." He then went back to lifting the mattress up the stairs. Derek reentered the room, and went to help him.

Lizzie dropped her coat on the floor confused. "What! We were only gone for like three hours!"

Derek chuckled and shrugged his shoulders as he twisted the mattress so it would fit around the stair corner. "Yeah... Surprise!" He said sarcastically.

"I think I'm loosing it." Edwin mumbled to himself.

The Venturi — McDonald family had quite a night before them. They made trips up stairs, and then all the way down to the basement. They finally got everything in their right home at the end of the night, somewhere around eleven o'clock. Sure, not everything was neat and tidy but at least they were in the right room. Derek's new room was a complete mess. Things were thrown everywhere, and he had no clue where anything was. So, all in all — not much had changed.

Nora and George set down with the younger children and had a nice long discussion. Derek had been ordered to his room, and Casey to hers. Nora still didn't want the two in a room alone, just the thought of it made her want to cry. It wasn't because her daughter had chosen Derek. No. She knew Derek was a gentleman at heart, she saw him everyday with Marti. He had a heart, he just chose to hide it.

It was the fact that this huge bomb had been dropped on her. She knew nothing about her own daughter. Her daughter was having a intimate relationship with her step son; under their roof and Nora didn't even notice. What kind of mother did that make her? Even after everyone had went to bed, she set up in the living room.

Only a dim light was lit in the room, and she sat cuddled up with a hot cup of coffee. George was probably up stairs trying to make sense of all their belongings, or just sleeping. She knew he was just trying to be the strong one, but she wanted her husband. She wanted someone to freak out with her. Was she the only one who felt like a failure?

She sighed deeply, rubbing her forehead. Light footsteps came into sound. Her head spun to see Casey enter the room. Nora didn't speak, she just watched Casey's expression when she spotted her mother sitting on the couch. Casey's mouth opened but then closed, standing at the foot of the stairs.

"What? Where you going to sneak down to Derek?" Nora asked softly, her voice cracking just a bit.

Casey sighed, and only then did she realize that she had been holding a breath. "Mom." She walked around and sat down beside her mother, letting her body face her mother. "I'm sorry."

Nora gazed at her daughter. The striking young teenager. The long flowing brown locks of her. The delicate skin that seemed to sparkle in the light. Those bright blue eyes, that held more emotion than anyone else's. Casey. Her daughter. Her baby. She had so much life before her. Casey had so much in her. She was going to go far; with whatever she decided to do. The

girl could say she wanted to be the next president, and Nora would believe her. Casey could do anything.

“Mom, please. Stop looking at me like that.”

“Like what?” Nora asked, listening to her daughter’s voice.

“Like you had so much hope for me, and you just watched them all fall away. Stop looking at me as if I disappointed you.”

“Honey...”

Casey interrupted her mother. She wanted to get this out, “No. Stop. Mom, I never meant to disappoint you. I want to make you proud, and happy. I want to be the girl in the room, where you just have to say ‘that’s my daughter’. I want all that. I do, but this is my life. My life. I want all that, but I also want him.” She stated, looking her mother straight in the eye. ‘I’m happy with him.’ She smiled weakly. “And, for the first time in my life — I don’t want anything else.”

Nora stared at her daughter. Watched her as she spilled her heart out. “You could never disappoint me dear.” Nora raised her hand to Casey’s hair, rubbing her thumb over the silkiness of it. “I’m... I’m disappointed in myself.”

“Why?”

“Because. I thought I knew you, and come find out that you and Derek were having a secret relationship? I feel like a horrible parent.” Nora paused, and then said something she was feeling at the moment. “What if I ruined your future?”

Casey shook her head, not understanding what her mother meant. “What do you mean?”

“You and Derek. Your so... opposite. Like hands. Left and right, they fit perfectly together. What if you two were meant to be, and by me marrying George... I ruined the bliss for you.”

Casey chuckled and fell into the place beside her mother, cuddling up to her side. Nora wrapped her arm around her daughter like she used to when she was younger. Running her fingers through her hair. “Mom, George and you are perfect together. Never doubt that.”

“Yeah, but if your serious about Derek. George and I being married, just made your future really difficult.”

“If Derek and I are meant to be, we’ll make it through. I know, I’m willing to work for it, and as odd as it sounds — I know he is two.”

Nora kissed the top of Casey’s head. “I love you. I hope you know that. You’re my daughter, I just want you to be happy.”

“I know.” Casey whispered closing her eyes and falling comfortably into her mother’s words. “I am happy.”

Nora wasn’t sure how long they sat there in silence, but for what seemed like hours later; Casey was fast asleep on the couch. Nora slipped out from beside her daughter, letting Casey fall into a laying position. She covered her daughter’s sleeping figure up and kissed her

forehead. “Goodnight, Casey.” She smiled as she flicked the light off and headed upstairs to her new room.

She wasn’t sure what was ahead of the family, but she knew that she would do whatever it took for her daughters happiness. If Casey was truly, and she meant truly happy with Derek — then she would support their decisions one hundred percent.

### **Sunday morning.**

Casey awoke to Marti’s high pitch giggling. She laid still for a moment, listening to everything. She could here Derek’s soft chuckle behind her as well. Footsteps in the kitchen and someone walking down the steps. She stayed where she was, letting the events of the previous day fill her mind and over come her. Derek and her had broken the news, and no one was being sent away to some weird boarding school. That was a start. Right.

“Marti. Shh. Your gonna wake Casey monster up. She’ll spring in attack and growl your head off.” He said leaning down and growling at Marti.

Marti giggled, “She will not!”

“True. She’ll probably growl my head off, for tickling you!” He Chuckled scooping the small child back up in his arms and tickling her.

Casey smiled, and bit her lip. She opened her eyes and sat up slowly. There Derek stood with Marti in his arms. They both stopped laughing as the saw Casey. Marti broke out in a fit of laughter as Derek set her back down. “Casey look at your hair!” Marti laughed as she held her stomach. “You look funny!”

Derek smiled walking around and sitting down behind Casey on the Couch. He kissed her cheek and she fell against him as if it was the most natural thing in the world. He kissed her forehead and whispered. “Nah, She looks hot.”

Casey smiled, resting her head against his shoulder and gazing at him. It was amazing how fast and hectically things could just change before your very own eyes. She knew the sweet Derek had always been in there, but it still surprised her all the same. It was like she had just won the lottery, only better. She won Derek.

“Eww!” Lizzie shouted walking down the steps and into the dinning room. “Gross! It’s real? I thought I had nightmare!”

Edwin shook his head from the dinning room table, “Nope. The nightmare is a daymare.” He then shoved a spoon full of cereal in his mouth.

Derek rolled his eyes. “daymare? How stupid Ed.”

George walked out of the kitchen and into the living room, taking a sit in Derek’s chair. “Enough you two. Separate. We have rules, you know.”

Casey sat up, and leaned against the couch. Derek’s fingers however, was still laced within hers. “What kind of rules George?” She asked running her thumb over Derek’s soft yet manly skin.

“For one, stay as far away from us as possible!” Edwin shouted as Lizzie disappeared into the kitchen to get a bowl of cereal.



George rolled his eyes and shrugged. “Well, that’s one... kind of.” He sighed as Nora walked into the room with two cups of coffee. ‘Thank you Nora.’ She smiled and stood behind the chair and couch, listening carefully as George began to talk again. “Well, one rule is that no displays of affection. Wasn’t that one of your rules anyhow?” He asked Derek.

Derek shrugged, “Yeah. But we’re just sitting.” He stated.

“Well, sit away from one another. We’re still not sure if we are going to allow.... This to happen.” He said pointing at the two.

Nora stepped in, “Actually, George. We are.”

Edwin and Lizzie both shouted, “What!?”

Nora looked over at Lizzie as she took a sit across from Edwin and besides Marti. “Yes. We are. Derek and Casey are not related. They is no reason why we must stand in the way of their happiness.”

George looked confused, “What?”

Nora chuckled and took a sit on the arm of the chair. “George, I know I freaked out yesterday and I’m sorry Derek. I never met for any of that stuff to be said. I was just in shock. It’s understandable.”

“What?” George repeated.

Casey smiled and couldn’t help but let a small laugh escape her lips. “Relax George. Let her continue.”

Nora nodded her head at Casey, in a ‘thank you’ way. “I’m giving Derek permission to date my daughter. As long as he is smart about it.” She threw him a warning look. “They will follow rules though. Like you were saying. You two will not be allowed in one another’s rooms. Only if the door is wide open, and someone else is near by. Two; You guys can go out on dates, but we have to know where you are, when you will be there, and you must have your cell phone on, and with you. Three; this is a very sensitive issue. Your step brother and step sister. Some people might not accept this. Be aware of that. Don’t go spreading this around. And Last but not least; Casey’s father and Derek; your mother will be informed on this issue.”

Casey glanced back at Derek, who looked completely relaxed like always. “But mom... Dad’s going to be....”

“Upset? Worried? Uneasy? Casey, that’s to be expected.”

Derek shrugged leaning up in his seat and letting go of Casey’s hand. “Relax. Your dad likes me. Remember?”

Casey rolled her eyes and shoved him gently. He grinned and shrugged. “Is that it?”

George stood up and held his hand up. “No. Not yet. You two must remain civil to one another. If this doesn’t work out — you guys have to promise s that it wont get worse.”

Derek scratched his head and gazed over at Casey. Smiling he shook his head, “No need to worry about that.”

Casey felt her cheeks heat up, blushing. “Promise George. At least I do.”

George shook his head and glanced over at Edwin and Lizzie. “And please stay normal around the younger children. No... nothing.” He warned pointing his finger at the two of them.

Edwin rolled his eyes and made a gagging face. Lizzie smiled and tried to conceal a laugh. Casey smiled, “But what if those two get together.”

Lizzie made a face, “EW! Gross!” She shouted, taking her bowl into the kitchen.

Edwin shouted out after her, “Hey! What’s wrong with me! You’re the ew gross one!”

Nora shook her head. “Yes, please keep it, ew gross.” George just rubbed his forehead.

Casey stood up, fixing her shirt so it wouldn’t rise up. “Okay. As you guys stay down here and talk about who’s ew and who’s gross. I’m gonna go take a shower.” She stated.

Derek watched Casey disappear up stairs. He could have made a cocky comment about joining her but he knew that would be a bad idea. Though, he wanted to join her; he knew he wouldn’t be allowed to. Sadly, all of their fun under this roof would end. It was the negative thing about confessing up, but it’s what Casey had wanted. What Casey wanted; well — lets just say he has been refusing to give in to her since she moved in. It was about time she got what she wanted. After all; she deserves it all.

## Ch 21 Just do it already

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### **This Love Sick Melody**

**Arthur's note: Okay, wow. Haven't updated in what seems like forever. Sorry, my muse seemed to dissappear. I finally finished this just now, and wanted to post it right away. Sorry!**

Chapter Twenty-One □ Just do it already.

### **Monday Morning.**

Casey sighed pulling her hair up into a neat and tidy pony tail. Curls fell lifelessly against her shoulders and back, as she licked her lips. She had gotten up early that Monday morning; mostly because she wanted to get out of the house before it was too late. Sure. Derek and her no longer had to hide their relationship from their parents but things were just... not happening? She barely got to touch Derek now. It was like torture. Serious and painful torture.

So, what was her brilliant idea on solving this? Get out of the house early and get to spent some time with Derek before school. Her mother knew they would be leaving early, but she thought it was because Casey needed to do some extra credit and was just dragging Derek along with her. Casey could still lie... about the small stuff. It hurt no one.

Derek groaned walking up from his new bedroom. "Casey...! Can't we just sleep in?"

"Nope." Casey said spinning around and smiling at him. "Come on, lets go!"

Derek groaned as he followed Casey out to the car. Casey was driving. Derek slipped into the passenger sit and slammed down low after hooking his seatbelt. "Mhmm. Five more minutes."

Casey shook her head and started up the car. Then, after only a few minutes she pulled out of the garage and headed towards her destination. Smelly Nelly's. She knew what she was doing. She wanted to be alone with Derek. Parked behind the restaurant, with no one else in site, they would be alone. Completely and utterly alone for the next hour and some.

When she pulled into the parking lot, she turned off the car and turned in her seat. "Derek. Come on!" She scooted across the seat and at beside him, her hand resting on his leg.

His eyes were closed but a small smirk spread across his lips. "Casey, what if someone sees you touching my package in the schools parking lot?"

Casey rolled her eyes, "Dare, we are behind Smelly Nelly's."

Derek's eyes shot open as he sat up in his seat. "Umm.. Why?"

Casey smiled watching him relax in the seat once again and gaze at her. "Because, I want to be alone with you... And back here we are alone. We have an hour before school starts. Lets talk some, or we can just cuddle."

“Cuddle? God, you are a fluff. Fairy tales aren’t real. People don’t.... cuddle.”

“Really? You do.”

“No I don’t.” Derek said yawning.

Her fingers laced with his as she feel into the place beside him. “Yes, Derek. You do. Even though you don’t know it.”

Derek rolled his eyes. “Okay. You say so.” He sighed and gazed at the brick wall. Behind Smelly Nelly’s was nothing. It was basically surrounded by trees and another building that stayed empty until around twelve in the afternoon. Casey was always a smart one.

“Did you think they were going to allow us to date?”

“Nope. And... Yeah.”

“Really?” Casey gazed up into those deep chocolate eyes of his. Oh, they still made her crumble beside him.

“Yeah, kind of. Nora flipped out but she loves you. She just wants you to be happy. And, most parents would flip out if they really knew me.” He grinned.

Casey nudged him and laughed. “I love you.”

“I know.”

“No, Derek say it.”

“Say what? That I love you? You know it, why do I need to repeat myself?” He asked letting his fingers caress her arm softly.

“Because, I love hearing it escape those perfect lips. It makes me all... weak inside.” She said truthfully. Casey didn’t even think before she spoke anymore. She just let whatever she was thinking come out.

“I love you Casey.” Derek said, with a slight roll of his eyes. “I’m afraid that I will always.”

“Why does that scare you!”

“Because... your too good for me.” He admitted.

“No.” Casey shook her head. She sat up, lifting one leg so she could place it on the other side of him. Straddling his lap, pushing herself down against him. “We’re just perfect for one another. The perfect balance.” She whispered, cupping his face in her hands and running her thumbs over his flawless skin.

“Mhmm? Right on that.” He said softly, so soft she barely heard him. She could feel his breath against her skin. His hair brushing against forehead. His fingers running up her spine, and sending electric explosions throughout every nerve in her body.

He stared into her eyes. A bright blue clashing with a deep brown. Finally, in one swift motion he captured her lips in his. She arched against him, wanting to be against him. Bodies pressed against one another; molding together perfectly. She fit in his body. Every curve and every valley of her body fit perfectly with his. As if it was meant to be.

Her eyes worked through his hair, pulling yet erotically arousing him. Like everything she did. He grabbed her ass, in an attempt to pull her even closer to him. She loved his control, his passion, his everything. Hell, he made her want to claw his clothes off and please every inch of him. To taste, feel, see, and hear everything she could possibly.

Moaning, she pulled away and shook her head. "Derek, come on. Not before school. Not in a parking lot!" She breathed, running her hands down his chest and up his shirt. The need to feel his skin against hers was over whelming.

"Casey. Come on." He arched up against her, as he pulled her down against him. She moaned softly, trying to fight the feeling; the knowing that Derek was harder then a rock. 'I'm so horny.' He breathed running his fingers down her back. "You know you want to."

"Mhmm.." She licked her lip and looked down into his eyes. The lust in them was beyond want, need. There wasn't a right word that would describe the desire in his eyes. The thing that amazed her the most about their whole relationship was that the passion only grew stronger. Every time they talked, they touched, they had sex, it always got that much better. "I do, But what if we're late."

"Then we will be late." He whispered, undoing her jeans. "Come on. Remember the bet? Your mine. Whenever, however. Your mine."

She moaned. *God, I love hearing him say that.* "The bets useless now. We both know who's in control." She whispered pulling his shirt over his head, messing his shaggy brown hair up even more.

"Yeah, Who's that?" He whispered kissing up her chin, and nipping at her lower lip.

"Love." She chuckled against his lips, before flicking her tongue against his upper lip. Teasing him.

Casey wasn't exactly sure how long they stayed like that, how long they actually had sex. Every feeling, every emotion filled her mind so that she couldn't think straight. She never could when he touched her. As if she slipped off into a fantasy word where only he and her were. It was the greatest feeling ever.

Even after they had sex, she straddled his waist, and cuddled into his arms that were neatly wrapped around her. Her face resting against his shoulder as he stroked the small of her back. She could smell his cologne. The fresh scent of citrus, cedar and mint with low tones of sweet fruits. She could even smell a hint of woods. It was one of his many scents. She loved it. She also loved the scent it left behind on her.

"Case." Derek's fingers ran through her hair. "Come on, Case." He whispered against her forehead.

"Mhmm." Was all she managed to let out. She closed her eyes and nuzzled even deeper into the nook of his neck.

"School, Case."

"What about it?"

He chuckled, smirking to himself. Derek liked the effect he had on her. Ms neat and tidy, always on time was finally growing up and on. "We're gonna be late."

She groaned and pulled away from him. "Fine. We should get there before the bell rings. Don't want to ruin my perfect tardy free record."

He smiled and followed the hem of her bra, allowing his fingers to follow the curve of her breast and the back up. "Yeah. Don't worry, we will be able to spent time together again. Just not so early, next time." He joked before spotting her shirt in the drivers seat. 'Here.' he reached over and handed it to her. "Lets get going."

Casey smiled, pecking him on the lips and slipping into her own seat again.

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George shook his head, leaning back in his chair and rubbing his chin. "We are really going to allow this? For My son, to date my daughter?"

Nora smiled and shrugged her shoulders. She walked over and slipped beside him on the chair. The large oversized chair placed in the corner of the living room. "She's not your daughter." She stated. 'We were living in a make believe world. We should have never expected them to act like siblings. They are old enough to reject that. Lizzie however, I think she's young enough to accept it.' She sighed, "I don't really know how to put it in words."

"Yeah but..."

"George." She said, gazing into his eyes. "Lizzie is going to grow up with you as her father. Your going to be there to witness her growth and she's going to turn to you as a father figure. Casey... Casey's just looks at you as if your mother's husband. She hasn't grown with you around. Get it now?"

"Nora, I get what your saying, but they are our kids. Dating. I don't think we should..."

Nora cut him off. "George. What's the number one thing you don't do to a teenager?"

"Give them drugs?"

She laughed softly. "Yes, but the other thing. You don't push them away. Don't deny something that you have control over. They are young and.... They think they are in love."

"Yes, exactly! They **think** they are. They are too young to know what that is. When the break up, our family is going to be.... Like a redneck trailer park families."

"George! That's so stereotypical."

"But true."

"Oh gosh. You seemed completely relaxed about this the other night."

He rolled his eyes and slumped further back into his chair. "Because you were freaking out. I was just concerned about you having some sort of panic attack. Or worse, a heart attack."

"Excuse me but I'm not that old."

"Well, you were about to light my son on fire."

She laughed. She probably try to deny that. The other night, she had pretty much freaked out, but she thought that was the reasonable reaction. "Sweetie, I know but what are we going to do? They are happy together. That's all I'm thinking about." She stated, kissing her husbands cheek. "The world works in mysteries ways."

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Emily giggled, rushing over to the lockers where Casey stood, shuffling around in her locker. "Casey! So, I know you called me and all, but you never finished!"

Casey gazed over at her and chuckled. She had called Emily last night and explained everything that had went down. About Derek finally admitting their relationship to their parents and then Derek moving downstairs. Even the fact that their parents were actually allowing it. Though, she had to hang up before Emily could say anything else, dinner was ready. "What else is there to say?"

"well, Rather or not you guys are going to say anything in school?" Emily asked setting one of her books on Casey's top cubby.

"No! That would mean social suicide for Derek, and you know Derek."

Emily rolled her eyes. "Yeah, He's obsessed with his cool guy image but you know its true. He's the king of the school."

Casey sighed and leaned up against the back of the locker. "Yeah..."

Emily gazed at her, and smiled softly. "Your upset about that?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know. I'm just not happy that we will always have to live a lie." She said glancing over in the direction of Derek's locker. Sam and Ralph was there. Ralph was talking but Sam was staring over at Casey and Emily. As soon as their eyes connected Casey looked away quickly.

Emily shook her head. "You know he knows, right?"

"What do you mean?"

"Derek and him got into a fight. Sam said something about Derek being rough around the edges for you. Sam knows. He may not have any proof, but he defiantly knows."

Casey glanced back over to see Sam still gazing at her. She sighed deeply, running her fingers through her hair, brushing it down in her face slightly. "Great. That's exactly what Derek needs. Too loose a friend because of me."

"Don't worry about it. Derek has plenty of other friends."

"But Sam was hi closest. They have been friends forever, and I broke them apart." Casey felt horrible about this. "It's my fault. I'm slowly ruining his life.... For real."

"He loves you."

"Why!? Before when I first moved in, things were horrible for me. He said I was ruining his life then, now I really am."

Emily placed her hand on her friends shoulder. "Casey, you love him. That's all that matters. He's never felt like this with any other girl. I think he'll tough it up to be with you."

"Okay. Whatever. I need to go to class." She muttered smiling at Emily.

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Derek bit his tongue. Maybe it was just the idea of having to hold his tongue. Who knows. All he knew was that he was completely furious with Sam. Everything the guy did drove him insane. But he had a reason to be mad. The guy knew about him and Casey. He knew it, they all knew it. Sam wasn't an idiot. Yet, for some reason he still hadn't told anyone. well, at least Derek didn't know of anyone yet. It was strange. Something had to be up. Sam pretty much got his heartbroken by his once girlfriend and his best friend was the one behind it. It was a bit strange.

Whatever. Derek didn't care. He didn't care at all. All he cared about was that Sam made him feel angry and guilty. Angry because he wanted Casey and guilty because he hurt his once best friend. There was no winning. Well, he kind of already won. Didn't he? He had Casey. The crazy, self obsessive, control freak, who freaked out over small things. He also had the beautiful, thoughtful, bubbly, fun Casey. It was insane how he could love someone that was the complete opposite of him. She drove him nuts but he liked that. He liked how she knew him better then he knew himself.

He suddenly noticed that Sam was gripping his fist tightly. Derek glanced up and noticed Casey gazing at him — worried. He threw her a smile. A smile that wasn't very friendly. He just wanted her to relax and turn around. Nothing bad would happen. It's not like he would actually turn sideways and knock Sam the hell out. No. Nope, but he wanted to. That was for sure.

They just happened to be in Math Class. The one class where all three of them; as well as Emily were in. They just happened to be in partners today. Yay them. Sam and Derek also just happened to be partners. Not a good thing. Really, really not a good thing.

Derek clenched his jaw tightly as Mrs. Moore finished handing out their projects. A pocket that looked thicker then a book.

Mrs. Moore cleared her throat and clapped her hands, singling everyone's attentions. "Everything you need to know is in those pockets. If you have any questions; just ask. Begin."

Derek raised his hand, and Mrs. Moore gazed at him. Derek chuckled and smiled at her. "I have a small tiny problem. Me and Buddy here aren't getting along very well. I'm gonna need a new partner."

"Mr. Venturi..."

Casey broke in, turning around in her chair facing Mrs. Moore who stood in the middle of the classroom, with her hands at her hips. "Mrs. Moore. If it will help then I will switch partners with one of them."

Emily nodded and took that as her cue to agree. "Yeah, we will be glade to switch."



Mrs. Moore shook her head and chuckled. "I picked your partners for a reason. One your with a friend, and two I made the pockets especially for each group. No changing. Sorry."

"All do respect, would you rather us change partners or have a fight break out? Because I really don't think I can work with someone I want to punch." Derek said through clenched teeth.

Casey's eyes widened, shocked that Derek would say that out loud — in front of the entire class. "Mrs. Moore. Seriously, I will be glade to switch with one of them."

Mrs. Moore looked at Emily and Casey and smiled. "What is this some kind of plot to end up partners with your boyfriend? Sam's going to be just fine over there."

Sam shook his head and rolled his eyes. "Listen! Just switch us god damn it! Or else there will be a fight!" He shouted, causing everyone in the class to turn and look at them.

Mrs. Moore looked a bit surprised and crossed her arms. "Watch your language. Clearly, you two are having..... problems." She sighed and scratched her chin. 'Just... stay seated today. I'll switch the packets around tomorrow. Sam be prepared to work with Casey tomorrow.' Sam shook his head, he was about to protest but Mrs. Moore cut in. "That's final."

Derek glanced over at Casey who now looked even more worried then before. He needed to figure all of this out. he sat there, thinking for the rest of the period. He was pissed off at Sam, but he just wished he would tell people all ready. It's like he was doing it on purpose, to torture them all.

When the bell rang everyone headed out. Casey caught up with Derek after class, out of breath from running. "Derek! I can't do this!"

Derek sighed removing his leather jacket and letting it hang from his fingers. "Just relax. I'm gonna talk to him. Don't worry." He tried to smile at her but she rolled her eyes. "seriously. Just stay here. I'll be right back." He didn't give her time to replay. He pushed his jacket at her and brushed past her.

Sam was shoving things into his locker when Derek walked up to him. "Dude, can we talk?"

Sam looked up and rolled his eyes. "Nope." He slammed his locker shut loudly.

"No. Dude! Come on. We need to talk. Just, tell me when your going to do it."

Sam looked confused as pulled his own jacket on. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"When are you going to tell everyone?" Derek asked, he glanced around quickly before whispering. "About Case and me."

Sam chuckled shaking his head. "You're an ass."

Derek sighed, he was getting pissed off all over again. He was tired of worrying about Sam, he just wanted it to end, and now Sam was tip toeing around the issue. "What? When are you going to do it? Just do it already! I'm tired of entering the building, not knowing if everyone's going to know or not!"

Sam turned and looked Derek straight in the eye. "Do you honestly think I would do that? You might be a complete fucking asshole but I'm not. Unlike you, I love Casey. I would never want to hurt her like that." He stated coldly. "As soon as people find out, your going to dump her. Just a matter of time." He pushed past Derek and disappeared into the crowd of students.

Derek clenched his fist tightly. "Fucking bastered." He muttered under his breath.

## Ch 22, Little Miss Obsessive

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### *This Love Sick Melody*

*Arthur's note: Okies, here we go. This chapter is a bit short. I realize it after I finished it up. Hope you guys like it.*

*On another note. The final chapter will be coming up soon. Yay! And I'm sure there are some boos. I have a perfect way to end it, and I have to end it at that. It's just too perfect to pass up.*

*Make any suggestions of stories you want me to write in the future. I'm considering it all now as well. Just don't know if it will be a Dasey fic or Harry Potter... Or something else I like. Lol.*

### *Enjoy!*

### *Chapter Twenty-Two · Little Miss Obsessive*

### *Monday Night*

Casey was a bit shocked really. When they got home, Derek told her all about his little 'talk' with Sam. She had no clue he would say any of that. It made her feel a bit better, but a bit worse as well. She didn't really want to think about it all too much. She loved Derek, and she really didn't want to think about him dumping her. She shook her head, resulting in her hair falling into her face. "I don't know."

Derek rolled his eyes, picking at the hole in his jeans. "Whatever. I don't care. Just — do the project as if your doing it with a friend. Apparently he's okay with it."

"Okay with it!? How can he be okay with his ex-best friend dating his ex-girlfriend? Let alone, stealing me away from him."

"Hey! He was the one stealing you away from me."

Casey rolled her eyes and leaned back against her wall. She was sitting on her bed, with Derek beside her. Of course, the door was wide open. A new rule that wasn't very fun. Especially since every other second someone popped their head in. They had no privacy. "Still..."

The phone rang and a few moments later Lizzie walked into Casey's room holding the phone out towards them. "It's Emily." Lizzie stated glancing at Derek, then at Casey, and then back at Derek.

Casey sighed, it was clear Lizzie was still not used to the whole 'dating' thing. "Thanks Liz." She put the phone to her ear and smiled, "Hey! What's up?"

Emily's voice rang through the line and into Casey's ear. "Need help deciding what dress to wear to the dance this Friday. Busy?"

Casey glanced at Derek, "Kind of."

*“Derek?”*

*Casey chuckled and rested her head on his shoulder as she responded. “Yeah, He’s being all angry and stuff.”*

*“Which is, hot?” Emily asked curious.*

*“Of course! Totally hot.”*

*Emily giggled and sighed. “Okay well, I’ll take pics and email them to you.”*

*“Okay, but why are you even going? Sheldon’s like...”*

*“He’s still taking me!” Emily said laughing. “Then he’s going to leave. God, I’m gonna miss him.”*

*“Yeah,” Casey said as Derek started running his hands through her hair, it was very comforting. “So I’m guessing your looking forward to it?”*

*“Yeah, for sure. You decide if your going yet?” Emily asked.*

*Casey rolled her eyes and shifted a bit so she was laying with her head in Derek’s lap. “I don’t know. I don’t think so. Last party I went to didn’t end very well.” She laughed softly.*

*Derek gazed down at her with a raised eyebrow. “What are you two talking about?”*

*“The dance this Friday.” Casey answered.*

*Emily chuckled, “Well, you should. Maybe Derek can just... not dance with anyone?”*

*Casey stared up at Derek, smiling. “Oh, if we do — he is so not gonna.”*

*Derek sighed, resting his hand on Casey’s stomach. “This is annoying. I know your talking about me.” He said leaning down to talk into the phone. “I just don’t know exactly what your saying.”*

*Casey laughed pushing Derek back into a sitting position. “Derek!”*

*Emily couldn’t help but laugh again. “Wow. I’ll let you guys go.... Hey, wait. I though he wasn’t allowed in your room?”*

*Casey smiled, “My mom’s checking in every other second. It’s annoying.”*

*“That sucks. Well, say hey to Derek for me. Bye!” And with that Emily hung up.*

*Casey sighed, shutting off the phone and throwing it onto the foot of the bed. “argh!” She shouted, and then pouted.*

*Derek raised a eyebrow, gazing down at her. “Your ugly when you pout.”*

*Casey gasped, hitting his chest. “Derek! So, not funny.” She said sitting up and standing up. “I’m mad at you now, leave.” She muttered walking over to her computer and reading a instant message.*

*Derek sighed slipping off of her bed and walking over to her. He stood behind her bent over figure, pulling her back against him. “Case. I was kidding, god. Do you need to be such a stick in the mud?” After a moment of her not replying he smirked. ‘Kind of like this*

position.' He said as he ran his fingers down her lower back over her ass. "Defiantly like it." He chuckled, gazing down at her ass.

"Derek!" Casey gasped turning around and gazing at him. "That's gross."

"Why?" He asked wrapping his arms around her waist.

"You would never actually do that? Would you? Have you?" She asked leaning away from and cocking an eyebrow.

"Done it doggy style?" Derek chuckled rolling his eyes. "You need to relax. Not everything I say is serious."

"Duh. But have you?" She asked gazing at him.

"Why? Who cares? If I have it's done and over with. Doesn't mean anything?"

"Ew, Derek that's gross."

"Why? Seriously? Why is that gross?"

Casey pulled away from him and sat down on the edge of her bed. "Because it is. Not to mention it's totally disrespectful to a girl."

Derek rolled his eyes. Wow, she's up tight tonight. He thought as walked up to her, placing his hands on her shoulders. "It's sex, Casey. Going down on someone is respectful? Jerking someone off is? It's just.... Another way to enjoy sex."

"Derek.... It's...." Casey sighed slipping her fingers into his belt loops and gazing at him. "Shut up."

"Hmm... Why don't you make me?" He asked lowering her onto the bed with him hovering above her. He brushed his lips against hers, nibbling, sucking, and kissing along her jaw line.

"Hmm.." Casey groaned pushing him away from her gently. "Derek. Mom."

"Your mom.. My mom is... well, last time I knew she was in Italy." He said shaking his head before returning to her neck.

"No..." Casey moaned softly, it just felt so good to have him touching her. "Derek, my mom is going to come check on us."

"Eww!" Lizzie shouted spinning away from them and looking the other way. "Gross!"

Derek groaned in frustration as he sat back in her computer chair as she sat up. Casey sighed, glaring over at Derek before smiling at Lizzie. "You can turn around now."

Lizzie turned around slowly. Glancing at Derek slowly, before glaring at Casey. "gross. Mom wanted me to get the phone back."

Derek snatched it up and walked it over to Lizzie. "Here."

Lizzie took the phone slowly, gazing up at Derek. "Thanks." She said turning away and leaving. She glanced over her shoulder at Derek standing in the door way before disappearing.

“What was that about?” Derek asked falling lifelessly on the bed once again.

Casey shrugged her shoulders, “She’s just getting used to it. That’s all.”

“Whatever. Now...” He turned over on his side and smiled down at her. “Where were we?”

“You were leaving.”

Derek shook his head and kissed her once again. “No. Don’t think so.”

She stopped him and stood up, crossing her arms. “No. Seriously. I don’t want us to be all about the physical. I wanna be able to talk to you without thinking you wanna take me for a round.”

“Well, good luck with that.” He rolled his eyes and chuckled. She must be out of her mind. He was a guy, he was always thinking about sex in the back of his head — not to mention he was Derek Venturi.

“No, please! I feel like that’s all you wanna do. Especially since we’re still hiding it. I want to be able to cuddle, laugh, talk... all that stuff.”

“God, This is why you keep getting dumped.” Derek said shaking his head and sitting up.

Casey made a ‘O’ face, she was offended. Extremely offended. She knew she was a bit obsessive but that was cruel. It hurt when someone said things like that, she felt like a crazy person. She felt like she was wrong for being her. “Just get out!”

He gazed at her and rolled his eyes. “Case. I didn’t mean it. Well, I did.” He said nodding. Standing up he walked over to her, pulling her to him. “But I like it. Your cute when you go crazy and nag people. You mean well... you just need to go back into relax mode.” He whispered, resting his forehead against hers and gazing into her bright blue eyes.

“Don’t say things like that. It makes me feel.. Bad. Bad about myself and insecure.” She whispered back, cuddling into his chest.

“Well, you need to chill. You annoy me when you go crazy and Space case on me.”

“I know, But you annoy me when all you wanna do is make out.”

Derek laughed softly. “Casey, It’s not one sided. You usually do to, you just get in moods. You stress, then you freak out, and then you yell at me.” He shrugged his shoulders. “You know what, lets just forget about it. Okay?”

“Just forget about it? Derek seriously...”

“Argh. Go over to Emily’s house.” He said getting frustrated with her, he turned and left the room. Probably heading for his own room.

Emily walked out in her second dress. The first one had been a light pink dress. It was long and just a bit too big for Casey. So, Casey had told Emily to slip into a shorter light blue one. It was defiantly better, in fact — it was nearly perfect. It clung to her every curve, flaunted her good points. Casey was amazed.

“Wow, that dress looks so much better! Did I know it, or did I know it?” Casey said nodded, and crossing her arms.

Emily smiled gazing into the mirror. “Yeah, I guess this one does look better.” She sighed, running her hands down her sides. “I just want it to be perfect. Its going to be out last dance. Last party. Last.... Night.”

Casey sighed sitting down on Emily’s bed. “You’ll see him again. He’s not gonna just forget about you.”

“I know..” Emily sighed twirling around. “I’ll be right back. Just let me change back into my sweats.” She then disappeared back into her bathroom.

A few more minutes, Emily returned in her sweat pants and T shirt. She sighed deeply and pulled her hair up into a bun. Casey spoke up, “So, your excited about the dance huh?”

“Yep. I still think you should come. Derek... and you. Together?”

Casey laughed and shook her head. “Yeah right. His reputation. He wont ever think about bringing his nerdy step sister to a dance, with him. People would totally dis-crown him.”

“Oh give me a break.”

Casey cocked an eyebrow. “What? We would both be social outcast.”

Emily sighed, pulling out her computer chair and sunk down into it. “Derek is the king. People would most likely look at it as a good thing. Sleeping with his step sister, he can get anything then.”

“Eww. Look, it’s not just that. Sometimes, lately, I feel like all he wants to do is have sex. Not talk or anything.”

“Come on Casey. You enjoy it.” Emily said in disbelieve. “What are you doing? Looking for things to criticize?”

“What? No —”

Emily cut her short and chuckled. “Your unbelievable sometimes. Casey, I’ve had a crush on Derek for years. I’ve just recently got over it, but that doesn’t make all the memories go away.”

“Em... I...”

“No, Casey listen. You sit there and try to find something wrong with things. It’s like life can never be good with you. Remember when you were with Sam for the first time? You were always nagging him for not talking. Then when he did talk you nagged him because he didn’t want to talk because you nagged him. Your like... I don’t know.”

“I do not!” Casey protested. She did not do that. *or do I?...*

“Yeah, Casey. You kind of do. You just expect the worse in people. Even though you don’t appear to.”

“I just... I look for problems. I want to fix them before they happen. There is nothing wrong with that.”

*Emily shook her head and leaned back, resting her arm on the chair and rubbing her forehead. "It is when your picking a fight over small nonexistent things. Look, Derek is a guy. He's gonna think about sex. Ninety nine percent of the time. Probably more."*

*Casey sighed, giving up. Did she really pick fights?*



## Ch 23 Triple Trouble

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### **This Love Sick Melody**

#### **Arthur's note:**

Yeah, I noticed it while I was looking at the preview. I usually write the story on Microsoft word, then copy and paste it on word pad — then upload it onto the site. For the last chapter I didn't bother with it all — So it got all messed up somehow. I'm gonna go back to the old way again. Much more easier and secure.

And as for everyone else, your question “so are they going to the dance?” will be answered within the story. D

#### Chapter Twenty-Three □ Triple Trouble

#### **Tuesday Morning.**

Casey sighed gazing at her reflection. She was standing before her locker and was getting distracted by her thoughts more then anything else. She hadn't even noticed Emily shoving her gently, trying to get her attention. Before she knew it, Brooklyn Moore was standing be her side. The blonde tramp seemed to have made her back to school. Casey was surprised she even knew how to look into water and see her reflection without going crazy trying to save herself from drowning. Casey shook her head, regretting watching that damned Family guy episode last night.

“What do you want?” Casey asked, going back to fixing her hair.

“Don't worry about your hair love. Your big nose and....” Brooklyn glanced down at her ass before sniggering. “Huge ass distracts everyone from it.”

Casey sighed getting a bit annoyed. Brooklyn really didn't get the hint. Ever since the party where Casey had dumped her beer all over her, The slut has been giving her evil glances in the halls. She just didn't get the fact that Casey didn't care, nor was she intimidated. Brooklyn was nothing but a Barbie wanna be.

“Ha. Ha. Ha. I'm laughing hysterically. Opps sorry. Let me put that in a way you will understand.” Casey said with no emotion in her voice. She then turned to face her and smiled. She then threw a huge fake smile on her face, stuck out her chest and batted her eyelashes. “Like. Omg! Totally agree Hun. Like — yeah. And.... Yeah. Lol.” After Casey stopped her high pitch mimicking of Brooklyn, she heard Emily giggle behind her.

Brooklyn glanced behind her at Emily and she fell silent instantly. “Oh, you got jokes McDonald.” Shocking.”

“Yeah. Kind of. I mean who would have thought? Defiantly not you.” Casey said rolling her eyes and turning back to her locker. She slid a notebook in her bag and closed her locker gently.

“Enough with the crap. I think I still owe you humiliation.” She said grinning and crossing her arms over her practically revealed chest.

“Big words for you. Impressive. So, what? Going to make me look stupid? Get it done and over with. Because this —” Casey pointed between them. “Is getting old.”

“Be patient.” Brooklyn took a step closer and whispered. “Your gonna regret you little mishap.” With that she turned on her heel and stormed down the crowded hallway.

Casey sighed, falling against her locker and sinking down into a sitting position. “That was like.... Years ago. Why is she still bothering me about it?”

“Casey... it was like only last Wednesday.” Emily said hanging up her book pack before sinking down beside Casey.

“Really? Wow...” Casey was amazed. The stupid party incident had only happened a week ago. So much has changed. It felt like a different year. A different world. A different Casey.

Emily laughed. “Yeah.”

She sighed and shrugged. “It just feels like forever ago. So much has changed in such a short time.” She breath amazed out the whole thing.

“Your right, but it’s changed for the better. Well — at least for you. Sheldon is bye bye for me.”

“Not yet Em. You still have the dance.”

Emily nodded and smiled softly. “Yeah. Which you should come.”

Casey laughed and glanced at her sideways. “No.”

“Fine. Whatever. Come on, we need to get to Math.”

Casey groaned, not wanting to get up and go to the torture. “No!”

Emily brushed her clothes out as soon as she stood up. “We have to. Unless you want to skip.... Which — I doubt will ever happen. Even with Derek seducing you.”

Casey stood up and sighed. A deep soothing voice came from behind her. “I’m sure I could get her to skip class. At least once.”

Emily smiled at Derek and did a small eye roll. “Wouldn’t shock me to death. I’m going to go, before I’m late.” She said walking past the two of them and towards the classroom.

Derek looked over his shoulder, watching Mrs. Moore gather up the class. “You ready?”

Casey shook her head and pouted. “Nope. Not at all.”

“We could skip.” Derek said, a glint of desire flared up in his brown eyes. A golden hue that Casey loved seeing. She smiled and shook her head, glancing down at the floor before back up into those eyes of his. “come on. You wont regret it.”

“Derek I can’t avoid him forever.” She glanced at a clock in the hallway and gave him a sigh before turning into the classroom.

Mrs. Moore handed them their 'new' pockets and instructed them into their new seats. Casey swallowed the lump in her throat as she joined a relaxed Sam at the table. Sliding into the seat she placed her purse onto the table top and laid her notebook out before her. She stayed frozen the whole time Mrs. Moore took attendance and explained the days task.

Suddenly she was left to her work. To Sam. Sam's hand glided towards the packets and flipped it open, sighing with a clear of his throat. "okay, lets start out with the first assignment. Go in order." He said softly.

Casey nodded, slowly turning and peering at him. He looked so calm, so relaxed. Wasn't he nervous or angry at all? "Umm. Yeah. sure."

There was silence between them as they worked. Every once in awhile he would check his answers with hers. She didn't dare move or look up again. It was making her even more nervous that he wasn't. After what seemed like half of the period they finally finished up with the days task. Silence fell once again.

"You know you can relax." He whispered, barely loud enough for her to hear. She had to look at him to reassure herself that he had indeed talked. "You can relax. I'm not mad at you."

"What?"

"I'm not mad at you." He stated again.

"but... I don't get it. Why not?" She asked, now curious.

"He's Derek. He's done this before."

She raised an eyebrow in confusion. "What?"

Sam nodded, paying attention to his nails instead of looking up. "All the time. He sweet talks a girl. Gives them some sappy shit. Fucks her. Then eventually he gets bored. Kendra lasted the longest... You haven't even made it official. Clearly, he doesn't think highly of your relationship."

"It's different." Casey finally spoke up in a attack. She felt the need to protect Derek, defend him. Maybe it was for Derek's honor, but she knew it was for her. She couldn't just let Sam speak bad about Derek. She wouldn't believe it. "We've been living under the same roof a lot longer then their relationship. It's different. We love each other." She whispered, hissed actually.

He chuckled loudly, making Derek turn around and glare at him suspiciously. Sam shook his head and smiled softly. "Sure. I'm sure that's what he told the others as well. How else would he get in their pants."

Casey shook her head, not wanting to believe it. It was hard though. It was coming from Derek's ex best friend. They had known each other for ever. Sam knew him better then anyone else. What if it was true? She shook her head again, refusing to believe it. He just wanted her to doubt it. "No. It's not like that. I know it's not."

"Okay. If you say so."

"Sam, I do. It' not like that. You don't know anything!" She shouted, not knowing this though. So she kept on going with fire brewing within her. "Just shut and mind your own

business! Your just bitter and cold. God, how dare you —” She stopped suddenly when Mrs. Moore appeared at her side, hands clenched at her hips and eyes directed at Sam and her.

“Please don’t tell me your suddenly disliking him as well?” She said, peering at them with a annoyed look on her face.

Derek sighed, rolling his eyes. “They broke up awhile ago. You’re the idiot who put them together.”

The class suppressed their laughter, though some did break out without being able to control it. Casey glanced at Derek who was now glaring at the angry Mrs. Moore. “How dare you! Watch it. This is the second time you have spoke out of turn.”

“Get in the new century. Out of turn. I’ll speak whenever I want to. It’s not Casey’s fault.” After a short pause he added, “Or Sam’s.”

“I can defend myself, thank you.” Sam hissed.

Mrs. Moore shook her head. “Okay, that’s it. All three of you. Up! I want you to go to the office and settle this.”

“What!” They all shouted at once.

“Now! Go!” She said pointing at the door.

Derek grumbled something under his breath, causing those around him to laugh even more. Casey however wasn’t exactly happy with it. They all mad their way out of the classroom and into the hall. The rest of the period was spent in the office, being lectured by some idiot. It wasn’t pleasant. Derek got detention and they all was sucked into helping with the stupid dance. So now, Derek and Casey were being forced to go.

By the time they left the office, it was already time to leave. Well, at least for Casey. Sam was heading to practice, and Derek apparently had to go to detention. They stood there after Sam left. Casey gazing at Derek with a bowl of emotions mixing within her. So was angry, thankful, guilty, confused, and lusting after him.

“Thanks Dare. But you didn’t need to do that. Now you have detention. It’s my fault. I shouldn’t have screamed at him.”

“You defending me. Which by the way, Hot.” He said, whispering close to her.

She felt his hot breath caress her mouth. The warm sensation bubbling in her lower stomach. “I just got mad.”

“Your hot when your mad.” He admitted, but personally he thought it was clear as day. When she got pissed off, it just drove him wild with lust.

“Your hot. Period.” She giggled, leaning in and kissing him softly. Her body pressing against his as her fingers brushed along his jaw line. She could feel his fingers against her skin. Her skin hot and burning where he merely grazed. She loved his touch. She realized that Emily was right. Once again. She was trying to find something wrong with the perfect situation.

She stopped when she saw a change in the light. Pulling away and looking around. No use, it was a empty hallway. Just like it had been when they had entered it. Derek groaned, nuzzling his nose into her neck. "Why must you tease me?"

"Sorry." She said, refocusing on Derek's hands that were now running carelessly up the back of her shirt. "How about I go to the library and wait. After you finish up we can head somewhere private. I'll ravish you with my... goodies."

He laughed and nodded in delight. "Yes. Sounds good. No, it sounds perfect." He pulled back, kissing her on the forehead. "But, you have to promise to let me ravish you."

"Well, of course." She said seductively. Casey had tried to keep a straight face but soon laughed as soon as she said that. "Get, before your late." She pecked his lips and pushed him along. He chuckled, and walked backwards away from her. Smiling at her the whole time.

When Derek and Casey got finished... catching up, they headed home. They came in just as Dinner got done. So they did the whole dinner thing. Casey showered, and started on her homework as Derek listened to music in his bedroom.

He was relaxing back in his chair when someone logged on. Gazing up he spotting Sam's screen name. Neither of them had deleted each other from their friends list. It was one of those stupid things only jr High kids did. After a moment he scooted up and sent him a instant message. Might as well *try* to talk to him.

**DerekV: Hey... Look — we are gonna get over this. Right?**

For awhile Derek wasn't sure Sam would even reply. But finally he replied, Causing Derek to sigh in relief.

**WildSAM: Get over it? D u stole my gf. Ur stepSISTER.**

**DerekV: She's NOT my sister. And I didn't plan it.**

**DerekV: It just happened.**

**WildSAM: Well, it did happen.**

**WildSAM: And it shouldn't have.**

**DerekV: We have been friends 4eva dude. Ur not gonna let Case screw it up. R u?**

**WildSAM: I LOVE her. It's different.**

**WildSAM: u would do the same thing if u were me.**

**DerekV: I'm not just fucking her dude! I...**

**DerekV: I love her 2.**

**DerekV: n I didn't do this. U went out wit her twice.**

**DerekV: What was I gonna do? Say NO! I kind of like my step sister.....**

**DerekV: I tried to stop it, but u 2 ended up 2gather anyhow.**

**WildSam: U liked her back then?**

**DerekV: Kind of. I didn't really realize it then... but looking back.**

**DerekV: Yea, I did.**

**WildSAM: Dude, I'm not promising anything. I'm pissed off at u. Ur wit her and no one even knows. It's just hard.**

**WildSAM: Maybe sometime. In the WAY future.**

**WildSAM: I'll come to accept it.**

**WildSAM: But I can't deal with u now.**

Derek sighed, rubbing his forehead as he reread Sam's messages. Well, that was a start. Right? Sam admitted that maybe, just maybe he would accept it. Maybe their friendship wasn't destroyed forever. It made him feel a bit better.

**DerekV: Well, I just want u 2 kno. That I'm srly. It must suck.**

**DerekV: Case feels the same way.**

**DerekV: I'm just... I have 2 do it.**

**DerekV: I love her. And I can't let that go.**

**WildSAM: Yea.**

**WildSAM: I g2g. I'm grounded since what happened in school.**

**WildSAM: Bye.**

Derek watched as Sam logged off and leaned back once again. Things weren't back to normal, and probably would never be the same. At least not between Sam and him. That kind of thing just doesn't disappear. He gets it. It's just nice to know Sam might forgive him one day.

## Ch 24 what goes around comes around

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### *This Love Sick Melody*

**Arthur's note:** Wow... its been a really long time since I've last updated. Sorry.

I actually totally couldn't remember which email I used — and what password I

Used. I actually had to do that password email thingy. Lol. Such an idiot.

Anyhow. Here's the

Chapter Twenty-Four □ what goes around comes around

### ***Thursday Afternoon.***

Casey and Emily set in lunch, talking about their previous day spent at the mall. Since Casey and Derek — and of course Sam — was being forced to attend the dance and help out, Casey and Emily went dress shopping. They had found the perfect dresses as well. Emily's was this light green color. It was perfect for her skin and it made her look stunning. Not that she was already stunning, but in the dress she was beyond that. Casey loved it. However, she liked her dress even more. Emily was the one who made her try it on, and when she did — Casey fell in love. The light blue dress was gorgeous and elegant, but it also a tiny bit sexy as well. Derek would love it. That's for sure.

Emily chuckled softly and gazed across the hall. She nudged Casey and motioned across the hall. "Umm... Why is Derek, Ralph, and Sam talking? Together? Civilly?"

Casey looked at them and narrowed her eyes slightly. They were indeed talking to one another. Not entirely Civilly though. You could see there was still tension between the two. Sam was playing with a water bottle and he kept looking away from Derek a bit annoyed. It was a good step though, they were talking. Without screaming. That was amazing on its own. The two were good friends, always have been. But it was looking as if the two would never make up and become friends again. She was glade they were talking though.

"I think so." Casey smiled softly, tapping her finger against the cap of her water bottle.

"Do you think they are making up and getting over it?" Emily asked.

"I don't know. I don't think it will be that easy, but hopefully they will get over it soon."

"Yeah..." Emily tailed off as something else caught her eyes. "Oh no. Brooklyn the monster is on her way over here." She said as she ran her fingers through her hair and pulled her hair up into a pony tail.

Casey looked up and saw Brooklyn approach them, with a playboy bunny t-shirt and a short skirt on. Man, that girl really was annoying the heck out of Casey. Why couldn't she just get over it?

Brooklyn approached them and threw a vanilla envelope onto the table before them. Crossing her arms over her chest, she smirked. "Take a look inside. I have a surprise for you."

“What, that your finally going to leave me alone?” Casey said, ignoring the envelope. “Because right about now, that would be very surprising.”

Emily however, grabbed the envelope and took a peak inside. Her eyes went wide and she slammed her hand against the envelope. “Um, Casey. Maybe you should look inside.” She said handing it to her and glaring at Brooklyn.

“What?” Casey asked, grabbing it and gazing into it. It was a photograph of her kissing Derek. In the middle of an empty hallway. Casey swallowed deeply and gazed up at Brooklyn. She must have been sneaking around and took a picture when they weren’t looking. Both of their eyes were closed in the picture, but you can visibly see that they were them. “Your... What are you going to do?”

Brooklyn shrugged her shoulders and sighed. “You know, I’m not quite sure yet.”

What a lie. Casey knows she had a plan, why would she come over here and show them if she didn’t have a plan. Casey wasn’t a stupid idiot. “Your lying.” Casey stated looking up at her.

Brooklyn smirked and slid down into the seat across from the two of them. “Look it. I’m tired of you and your goody two shoes ways. You get every damn thing you want — and you simply don’t deserve it.”

Emily narrowed her eyes. “And you do?”

“I’m what, people like to call a queen bee. People like Kendra, People Like Amy, and People like me get people like Derek. Not you.”

Casey swallowed and licked her lips glancing at Derek and them. Derek was too busy tossing a ball at Ralph to even notice that Brooklyn was talking to them. “Look. I’m sorry.” Casey leaned across the table slightly, gazing into Brooklyn’s eyes with a almost pleading look. ‘Okay? I’m sorry. I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry. How many times do I have to say that in order for you to get over it? Here.’ Casey pushed her tray of food towards Brooklyn. “Dump it on me. Dump hot chili on me. Do whatever, but don’t do anything with this picture.”

Brooklyn chuckled, and shook her head. “No. I prefer doing something with the picture. You don’t deserve him. I do. So, I’ll see you later love.” Brooklyn stood up and pointed to the envelope. “You can keep that. I have a ton more. Tootles.” She then walked away.

Emily shook her head and growled slightly. “I hate that girl.”

Casey looked away from Emily for a moment before looking back, eyes almost watering. “Emily.... She’s going to end up showing people the picture... Then Derek will want nothing to do with me.”

“He loves you... That wont...”

“Don’t.” Casey shook her head and ripped the envelope up in as many pieces as she could. “Derek has everything. He’s the king of the school. I’m just a klutz that is on the high honor roll. He’s going to end up suffering because of me.”

“Casey, you need to stop thinking like that.”



“Why?” Casey glanced at Emily. ‘I’m thinking Logically. Time to wake up, and get back to the real world I guess.’ She stated, sighing. “I’ll see you later.” Casey stood up and grabbed her bag, before heading out of the café.

Emily looked over her shoulder and watched as Casey disappeared. Emily looked down at the ripped pieces of envelope. She sighed and shook her head, gathering everything and throwing it on the lunch tray. Picking it up, she walked over and threw it away. Then she turned back and walked over towards Derek, Ralph, and Sam. “Derek we have a problem.”

Everyone looked up at her. Ralph smiled brightly and waved. “Hey Emily!”

Emily smiled at him and turned back to Derek. “Brooklyn has a picture of....” She trailed off as she glanced at Sam and Ralph. “Umm... A kiss.”

Derek narrowed his eyes, brow winking as he looked at her. “What?”

“She snapped a picture of two people kissing and now she’s planning on destroying them.” Emily stated placing her hands on the edge of the table and leaning resting against the table. “Casey’s friend is rather upset because she thinks she is going to lose her boyfriend.”

Ralph looked confused and Sam was too busy staring at his water bottle. Ralph looked at Emily with that crooked smile of his and chuckled softly. “Who’s Casey friend? And why is she going to lose her boyfriend?”

Derek shot a glare at Ralph and shook his head. He stood up, “Where did she go?”

“Who?” Asked Ralph.

“Umm... I’m not sure. She just stood up and left.”

Out of the corner of Emily’s eyes, she saw Sam glare up at Derek before sighing and looking away. Whatever conversation they had been having, had now ended. It seems like the resentment had returned and Sam was no longer trying to be nice.

Derek bit his lower lip and gazed around. “Thanks.” He muttered before heading in the opposite direction of the exit. Emily watched as Derek walked towards Brooklyn who had now rejoined her posse. Derek approached her, “Brooke... want to come with me for a moment?”

Brooklyn smirked at her friends and slid out of her seat. “Of course.”

Derek grabbed her arm and lead her over towards the wall, where he forced her to stand against the wall. He glanced over his shoulder and decided that no one was close enough to hear them, especially since he wasn’t going to be talking very loud.

His blank emotionless face, turned into a glare. “What do you want?”

“I want you.” She smirked, glancing down as she ran her hand down his upper arm. “We would be good for one another. Casey can’t handle you. I can.”

“No. Anything else.” He ignored her hand that had went from his upper arm to his chest, he placed his own hand flat against the wall beside her and leaned in, glaring at her. “Just leave us alone. Is it really that hard to get over?”

“Yes. Revenge is a bitch.”

“Not going to argue that.” He stated with a roll of his eyes. “What are you planning on doing with that picture?”

“Hmm, Wouldn’t you like to know?”

“You do realize that your not only going to piss Casey off, right? Do you really want to piss me off? Do really want me to have to kill your reputation?”

“Lets be honest here, Derek. What I have over you — is way worse then anything you could have over me.” Brooklyn leaned up and whispered in his ear, ‘So, I really would not threaten me.’ Brooklyn tried to give him a gentle shove away from her but he didn’t budge. “Now let me go, so I can go rejoin me friends.”

“Give me a time.”

“What?”

Derek sighed and glanced over his shoulder to see a few people watching them and whispering. He looked back at Brooklyn and answered her. “When are you going to get your little revenge?”

“Oh, my pleasure. At the dance. Now move the fuck out of my way before I scream.” She hissed.

Derek pushed away from the wall and headed out of the Café. He needed to find Casey. He needed to make sure she was okay. He really had no clue where he was going, he was just walking and allowing his feet to lead him. Eventually, he found her. She was standing against the wall near Paul’s office. He sighed and walked over to her.

She heard his steps and gazed up, sighing when she saw him. “Derek, I kind of don’t wanna talk right now.”

“Because of the picture?” He asked coming to stand before her.

She looked at him and shook her head slightly, “How did you know?”

“Emily told me.” He stated glancing down the hall and back at her.

“She’s going to show people and let everyone know Derek... Everyone is going to find out.” She shook her head and swallowed. “Reputations will be destroyed... why are you so calm about this?!” She asked, raising her voice. Casey was freaking out on both the inside and outside, and he just stood there in front of her looking cool and collected.

“What do you mean reputations will be ruined?” He asked looking at her.

“Hello, yours for one. And mine! Everyone is going to look at me like I am some sort of slut! Sleeping with the player step brother of mine... My reputation would be ruined two.”

“As what a keener? You have nothing to lose, only something to gain.” He stated a bit harshly.

“Something to gain? Oh, like all of your other little sluts?” She asked narrowing her eyes. “Derek, everyone is going to think of me badly now.”

He shook his head. "Okay, I'm just going to walk away right now, because your making it sound really fucking stupid Case."

"What? Your not worried?" She asked searching his eyes for an answer.

"Clearly, not as much as you are." He stated shaking his head and walking away from her.

"DER-REK!" She called, and groaned, running to catch up with him. "Derek... Come on, I didn't mean it like that. I don't want you to get screwed over this. I'm just afraid that your going to... like. .. Hate me after."

"Like I did before?" He asked coming to a stop at his locker.

"Well.. Kind of. Only worse."

He sighed and turned to look at her. "Case... I'm good. I rather keep us between me and you but... whatever." He said shrugging his shoulders.

She watched him for a few moments, and he simply gazed down at her. She wasn't sure how to take this. It was kind of frustrating her that she couldn't read him. "I just don't want you to regret this."

"I don't." He stated with a small smile.

"Really?" She smiled lightly, "But what about after? She's going to do something and its going to get out Derek."

"Yeah... common sense. I might not be as smart as you, but I get that much." He stated turning back around and opening his locker.

She licked her lips and sighed. She brought her fingers up to her hair and shook her head. "I guess I'm just freaking out."

"Nah, I'm used to it."

"Shut up Derek." She said slapping his back lightly.

He chuckled and turned around to capture her lips with his. After a short but sweet kiss, he pulled back and smiled down at her. "I'll see you later. Maybe we can go somewhere after school?"

"No. I have to stay after to help this freshman with a English project." She stated with a sigh. "I guess I'll see you at home?"

"Guess so." He stated, grabbing a book and closing his locker. "Just relax Case. I'm sure she's just bluffing anyhow." he lied. He kissed her cheek quickly before heading off towards his next class.

She stood there staring at where he had been, and sighed. She thought he would be more freaked out about this. Brooklyn had something up her sleeve, Casey just knew it. She felt like she was a sitting duck or something. Just waiting for her to finally do something. Grr. She hated that fucking girl.

## Ch 25 Waste my time

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### **This Love Sick Melody**

**Arthur's note:** -waves— I love you all. This is the SECOND TO LAST! So the next one is going to be the final and last chapter. This is kind of a short chapter but it needs to be told. In my opinion anyhow.

Chapter Twenty-Five □ Waste my time

### **Friday early morning.**

After hours and hours of not being able to sleep. Casey sat up in her bed and glanced at the clock. Three thirty in the morning? My god, she was never going to get to sleep. She sighed and slid out of the bed, figuring maybe if she got some milk or something to snack on — it might help her sleep.

As she crept down the stairs she saw the kitchen light on, and to no surprise she saw Derek stuffing his face with chocolate cake. She smiled and walked over to join him. “Hmm. That looks good.”

“Thanks. I’ve been working out.” Derek said with a half of a mouth full of cake.

“Derek, don’t eat with your mouth full...”

Derek chuckled and shook his head. “Okay... I’ll just talk then.”

“Derek! You know what I meant...” Casey said joining in on his soft laughter. Okay, so maybe that had been a dumb blonde moment. Everyone had them. But Casey rarely had them, so when she did — they were really dumb.

“Yeah.” He stated leaving Casey’s side to dig around in the freezer, withdrawing a small thing of vanilla ice cream. He grinned and returned to her side. “And now we have ice cream.”

“Mhmm.” She smiled and grabbed her own spoon, taking a small scoop of it as well. “Mhmm. And its yummy.”

Derek watched as she slid the spoon out of her mouth slowly. “Yeah.” He grinned, leaning over and pressing a soft kiss against her lips. Running his thumb along her jaw line and caressing against her skin softly. She kissed him back, and even deepened the kiss. She dropped her spoon down onto the counter, turning so her back was against it and pulling Derek against her more. She ran her hands up his arms and around his neck, linking her fingers behind his neck.

His fingers danced along the small of her back beneath her thin T-shirt. The warmth from his body radiating off of him to her. He smirked beneath her lips, she could feel it and just the sensation made her grin. “What?” She whispered against his lips.

“Come down stairs with me.” He whispered pulling her closer to him. Their bodies were pressed against one another, molded together as if one but it still wasn’t close enough for him. He wanted more, he wanted to be inside of her and feel her move with him.

She shook her head, “Derek we shouldn’t. Our parents are upstairs...”

“Yeah, all the way up there. They won’t hear a thing.” He almost promised.

She smiled and licked her lower lip, trailing her finger along his jaw and then traced his lips. “But they are being good about us, I don’t want to disobey them.”

“But sneaking around was hot, remember? Dangerous.” He whispered leaning in and kissing her lips as he laced his fingers with hers. “We’re going downstairs.”

She smiled and shook her head some as he grabbed the ice cream and placed it back in the freezer. “Derek....” She whispered as he threw the spoons into the sink and pulled her towards the basement.

“Casey... Not giving you a choice here.” He said with a grin as he lead her towards the basement door and then down the stairs.

There was a part of Casey that thought and knew this was a bad idea. It was wrong to disobey their parents when they had given them permission to date. What if somehow they found out she had snuck down into Derek’s bedroom while they were sleeping? Derek or her would be shipped off to live with their other parent. Casey defiantly did not want that to happen. But then there was that other part of her. The part that knew everything they had together could be stolen away when school arrives. She knew that Brooklyn wanted the two broken up and usually what Brooklyn wanted — Brooklyn got. So, this could be their last true night together. Even though It was early in the morning.

She was going to just forget about rules and her mother. Forget about everything in the world but Derek. Only Derek. Derek who was smirking at her slightly. Derek who turned around when they reached his bed and kissed her again. The kiss was what really did it. Made her forget about everything else. She always got lost in his deep passionate kisses. They were so intoxicating after all.

His fingers caressing her chin, drawing tiny gently circles against her skin. God that felt so good. Her hands ran up his chest and she gripped his T-shirt. Pushing him down onto the bed she grinned and straddled his waist before leaning down to kiss him again. He ran his hands up her thighs and allowed them to travel up the inside of her shirt. His fingers threw small circles against her skin, wanting her to be closer to him. Every touch made them both fall in love all over again.

He pushed her shirt up as he turned them over so she was laying beneath him. He gazed down at her, watching as his fingers slowly pushed up her shirt, revealing more and more skin. She bit her lip as she watched him slid up her shirt. Lifting herself up she stared into his eyes, trailing her fingers along his jaw and down to his neck. A smirk appeared along his lips as he finally pulled her shirt over her head, messing up her hair. He couldn’t help but find her incredibly sexy when she looked like that. The passion and lust in her eyes, burning up for him and only him. Everything that caused her to be uptight and stressed out, completely gone. This was Casey. Pure Casey. The Casey he absolutely loved.

As Casey's shirt was thrown onto the floor, Derek's was soon followed. Her fingers raked against his bare chest, as his fingers ran down over her curves. Following every curve with precise knowledge of them. Derek flicked his tongue along her upper lip and after a short kiss, he took her lower lip between his teeth and bit lightly. Her breath caught in her throat as his hand ran up her inner thigh and pressed against the denim against her center. Why must he always tease her? Two can play at that game. She brought her knee up in between his legs just slightly enough to tease him as well. She grinned beneath his lips and it brought a chuckle to escape his lips.

Derek's body pressed against hers, she could feel his growing passion. Literally. She arched her body up against his and moaned softly. "Derek... I..."

Derek shook his head, his hair brushing against her neck and chin as he kissed her neck and shoulder. "Shh." He said, running his thumb along the underside of her breast and squeezing slightly.

"No." Casey giggled and moaned at the same time. 'Turn some music on.' She stated, running her fingers through his hair and pulling slightly. Gazing into his eyes, she grinned. "Then we can go a little wild."

He grinned and kissed her again, his tongue darting in and out quickly. Forcing himself to pull away, he grabbed his remote and turned his radio on. Turning it up so it was loud enough to cover up their moans but not loud enough to disturb anyone else. Turning back to Casey, he watched her wiggle out of her sweatpants. A chuckle escaped his lips as he watched her kick them to the floor. He captured her lips with his and laid her back on his bed. His hand cushioning her fall against the pillow. Despite him wanting her so bad, he wanted to make love to her. Make her feel the passion burning throughout him.

Her body was perfect in every way. Every single curve and inch of her was flawless. As he kissed down her neck, he ran his fingers up her thigh, letting them dance along her skin. His kisses trailed down between her breast, and straight down to her belly button. His fingers gripped her underwear and she lifted herself up in order to help him remove them. He never even pulled his attention away from her as he chuckled the piece of clothing to the floor. His lips pressed small kisses on her hip, on her inner thigh, and then very slowly, he worked his way to her core. Glancing up at her, he inserted a finger into her wetness and she arched into the sensation.

A small moan escaped Casey's lips as he slowly moved his finger in and out of her. So slow that it was torturous. He stopped his motions and parted her lips, and running his tongue along her. Flicking it along the top slightly. "Oh god, Derek..." She bit her lip as she ran her fingers through his hair and gripped tightly, Wanting him to stop the games he was playing and finally give her what she wanted. His teasing was so not fair, but it felt oh so good. It always seemed like he had the magic touch. The best magic touch ever.

Casey bit her lip as she groaned in pleasure. She was cursing his tongue tricks. They were so damn hot , or should I say; making her hot. Man, he shouldn't be that talented at this. "Oh my god!" She licked her lips as she arched into the sensation once again. His tongue moved and his fingers slipped within her and out of her as his tongue kept doing its thing. This was just going to drive her insane. She knew it. Her hands were gripping onto the sheets tightly, but they weren't doing it. She reached up and took a hold of his headboard tightly.

Derek could feel her tightening around him and tittering on the edge of going over. He wanted her to be so close, and when he felt like it was almost about time — he pulled away. “Der-rek!” She groaned breathlessly at him in annoyance to his skillful tactics.. He chuckled and kissed her up long dancer legs and to her breast. He took her nipple in between his teeth and sucked lightly as his hand massaged the other one lightly. Her fingers run themselves through his soft hair and pulled slightly, causing him to bite down gently. In response she bit her lip in order now to moan to loud. He let go of her and turned sideways to push his remaining clothing down off of him. Casey was caressing her own breast as she watched him fish for a condom in his bedside draw. Finally, he found one and rolled it onto his rock hard dick.

She wanted him so bad. So bad it almost ached. Derek turned back to her and kissed her neck as he rubbed against her entrance, causing her to moan in pleasure. He pushed in just slightly and withdrew again, rubbing his head against her entrance again. She moaned as she arched against him, and wrapped her legs around him. “You want me baby?” He whispered against her ear softly.

“Oh god yes. I want you Derek. I need you.” She moaned reaching up and gripping the headboard again. As the words escaped her lips, Derek entered her fast and hard. She moaned loudly and forced herself to bite her lip. That had been loud, and she was almost so out of it that she didn’t realize. Luckily she did and she realized that she needed to watch it.

Derek grinned against her neck as he repeated his actions and even rolled his hips against hers slightly, causing her to let go of the headboard and run her finger nails along his back. Digging them into his skin with every thrust. She felt so good to him that it was almost unbearable. With every thrust, he had to fight himself in order to last. She was returning his lust with such fervent lust that it was amazing. Mind blowing, in every meaning of the phrase.

Casey arched up against him, her legs pulling him down slightly as well. Derek ran his hand down her leg and decided to switch up the position. He ran his hand all the way down her leg to her ankle and brought her knee up to her shoulder, letting her leg rest on his shoulder. He moved her other leg to that position as well. Now as he thrust into her, it was at a different angle and he seemed to touch every part of her. She seemed to really like this because her moans became louder again. Derek didn’t even care though, he was focused on enjoying her body and feeling her every core. Loving every second of it.

He could feel her getting closer and closer to the edge of ecstasy. She was tightening around him and man did it feel good. Two thrust later and she screamed out a moan as she came. He stilled inside her as he let her orgasm settle before he thrust into her one last time to send himself over the edge. He stayed within her for a few minutes, his face buried where her neck and shoulder met. Breathing in her sent and trying to get his breathing back to normal.

Derek rolled off to the side of his bed and rubbed his forehead. Casey smiled at the ceiling and glanced over at him. “Your right. This was a good idea.”

He looked over at her and chuckled. “Told ya so.”

Casey smiled and rolled onto her side, placing her arm around him and resting her head on his chest. “I love you.”

“Love you two.” He ran his fingers through her hair, watching as the hair fell through and landed back on her head.

“Mhmm.” Casey smiled as she circled her finger around his nipple, his eyes falling closed. She was so comfortable beside him. Even when she was completely naked, with nothing covering her up, she was as comfortable as she’s ever been. That’s one of the many things she loved about being with Derek.

A few minutes passed before Derek picked his head up and gazed down at her. “Hey, Case. Don’t fall asleep. You need to go up in your bedroom, remember?”

“But I’m comfy.” She groaned softly.

“I know, but come on. We don’t want them to catch you down here.” He shook her shoulder and caused her to groan again in frustration.

“Fine.” She set up and gathered up all of her clothes, slowly pulling each item back on.

“Case don’t be mad.”

She pulled on her shirt and looked back at him, sighing slightly. “I’m not mad. I just... I want to be able to fall asleep in your arms.”

He smiled and reached up, cupping her chin and running his thumb along her jaw line. “I love you baby.”

She smiled and nodded. She leaned down and pressed a light kiss on his lips. “I love you two.” Instead of pulling right away, she gazed down at him and smiled slightly. “Your really cute.” Her finger traced his jaw as she spoke the words.

He chuckled and pulled away from her, cocking an eyebrow. “When am I not?”

She laughed and smacked his chest lightly. “I’ll see later.” She stood up and made her way up the stairs.

“Case...” Casey stopped half way up the steps and looked back down to see a completely naked Derek, just standing there at the bottom up the steps. “your cute two.”

Casey smiled, biting her lip before turning and leaving the basement. Once out, she closed the door and rested up against him. Yeah, she really couldn’t live without this. Derek and her. It really had turned into her everything, and without him — she feared that she’d feel incomplete.

So, clearly. There was only one thing she could do now.

Casey was going to fight for her man.

And win.



## Ch 26 The Town's Been Talking

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### **This Love Sick Melody**

**Arthur's note:** *This is the last one! Yay! Thank everyone who  
Keeps up and reading! I'll love you forever!*

Chapter Twenty-Six □ The town's been talking

**Friday.**

Casey was going to fight for her man.

And win.

There was nothing else to say about it. She couldn't just stand by and let it happen. That was not even a choice. She felt stupid for feeling so weak before. Maybe she just needed this morning, to really knock some sense into her. Show her what she would be missing if she just stood by and let Brooklyn ruin her entire life. That wasn't going to happen. She was couldn't to immanent the threat and safe the day. Like babe rider. Yeah, exactly.

Casey wasn't going to play the victim anymore. She controlled her own damn future and whatever happens: she was not going to go down without a fighter. That was the Casey way after all. She did everything she could do to get what she wanted. She worked hard and always pushed those invisible limits. That's all she had to do with this as well. Push that invisible limit and find a way to get what she wanted. Not as easy as it may sound, but she was going to find a way to do it. If it was the last thing she did.

She hadn't gotten allot of hours to sleep, but she was rather hyped up. So that extra energy helped her out. Hell, she decided that she was even going to dress the part. Well, nothing like the stunt she had pulled with babe rider, but edgy and more tough. If that even made sense. She searched her closet for a good ten minutes before finding the perfect outfit. A pair of black light skinny jeans, which would go awesome with a pair of black boots which had fur around the top of it. Fake fur of course. As for her shirt, she had searched and found a plain white T-shirt, and she then found a half sweater to go with it. Not your normal sweater it was more of a jacket type thing, which tied in the front and was very edgy. In the end, she liked it.

After that she applied her make up, only she put black eye liner when she usually put a light brown. Yeah, she was taking risk. Well, for Casey — she needed to act the part to actual feel the part. It's like she got into character and the rest would be history. That's just how she did things, and most people kind of knew that.

She sighed and stood up, turning around to peer at her behind through her full length mirror. Okay, everything looked good. Yeah, she was proud of her outfit choice. She walked over and grabbed her bag, before heading downstairs. She spotted Lizzie and Edwin sitting and eating what appeared to be their breakfast. "Hey guys!" She almost sang as she walked into the kitchen to get something to eat for herself. "Where's Derek?"

“Downstairs... don’t think he’s fully up yet.” Edwin stated with his mouth half full.

“Hmm. Maybe he didn’t get much sleep.” She smiled, biting into a breakfast bar. Resting her elbows on the counter top and gazing over at Lizzie and Edwin. Edwin was looking at her funny, and Lizzie looked slightly disgusted. “What?”

Edwin glanced over at Lizzie before answering Casey’s question. “we’re not five, ya know?”

“Huh?...” Casey asked confused as she took another bite.

It was Lizzie’s turn to roll her eyes and sigh, “What he means is that we’re not stupid. Ripe that amused smile off your face when you say something that has a sexual hint behind it.”

Casey nearly choked on her bar. “Lizzie!?”

“Like Edwin said, we’re not five.” She rolled her eyes and shook her head, returning to her bowl of cereal that was set out before her.

Casey was a bit shocked. The word sexual just escaped Lizzie’s lips. That’s not something she wanted to hear. No less the word revolving around Derek and Casey. Ew. So they knew they had sex? Oh my god! Casey opened his mouth and looked away and then back at the two younger siblings. “That’s.... Why... I’m going to wake up Derek.” She said as she pointed towards the basement, then she headed downstairs. Still a bit freaked out over her little sisters knowledge on sex.

She opened the door and gazed into the bedroom to see Derek pulling on a T-shirt. She lifted her hand and knocked on the wall softly. Turning around he nodded at her and scratched his head, as he walked over and sat down to pull his shoes on. “I’m almost done.”

“What? Did I keep you up?” She asked grinning.

He chuckled. “Nah. I had some blonde sneak in after you. Now she... kept me up.”

Casey narrowed her eyes at him and smacked him playfully before sitting down on the edge of his bed. “We need to talk.”

“Not now. I don’t wanna...” he made quotation marks, “Now.” He stated standing up and throwing some books into his book bag for school.

“This is serious though. I asked where you were and Edwin told me you were weren’t full of. I said something about you not getting enough sleep and Lizzie knew exactly what I meant!”

Derek shook his head and threw Casey a confused look. “So?... You said it.”

“No. They knew what I meant! Derek, they knew I was talking about me actually keeping you up with sex.” She said in a lowered voice, as if they could even hear the two of them talking downstairs.

Derek chuckled and shrugged. “They aren’t two.”

“That’s what they said... Only they said they weren’t five.”

He yawned and grabbed his jacket. “Whatever. Come on.”

“That’s it? This is serious. Our younger siblings are growing up too fast!” Casey said standing up.

Derek stopped and looked at her. “Casey. I was around their age when I started to talk about sex and some of my friends even started to have sex. It’s not a big deal.”

She stood with her mouth agape. “What? Really? But they are so young.”

He shook his head. “No... No, they aren’t. They aren’t that younger than us.”

“Well... I think they are too young to know about things like that.”

“Casey! Your not their mother. Just let them be. Now come on.” He said moving behind her and pushing her towards the door. “Just leave it alone. Have the ‘talk’ with Lizzie later or something.”

“Oh my god, that’s a good idea!” Casey said jogging up the stairs. “Lizzie! We should hang out some after I get home.” Casey said walking back over to the counter.

Derek rolled his eyes and threw his bag down, glancing at Edwin’s breakfast before shaking his head. He snapped and pointed to the fridge. “Make me some eggs and bacon.”

Casey looked over her shoulder at Derek and shook her head, “We’re not going to have enough time for that.”

He groaned, “Fine. Make me some cereal.” He ordered as Edwin pulled himself off the chair and went to work. Meanwhile, Derek took Edwin’s seat beside Lizzie.

“Anyhow... Maybe you should have a conversation with Edwin later as well.” Casey said gazing at Derek.

“No.” He chuckled. “Not having the ‘talk’ with him. Not gonna happen.”

Edwin stopped pouring cereal into the bowl and glanced between Casey and Derek. “What are you guys talking about?”

“Nothing! Derek will talk to you later about it.” Casey said with a soft nervous chuckle. “Where is mom and George?” She asked looking out into the dinning room and living room.

Lizzie shook her head, setting the bowl into the sink. “They both had to leave early. They already dropped Marti off. You have to give us a ride.”

“Oh! Awesome. That just means we’ll have to leave a bit early. So eat faster.” She warned Derek as Edwin set the bowl of cereal down in front of him.

“Stop being such a... busy bee.” Derek stated.

“Derek I’d like to arrive on time. That’s all.” She stated rolling her eyes. The truth was that she was a bit impatient with this whole beating Brooklyn thing. She still had no clue how she was going to overcome this but she was going to try. The sooner they got to the there, the better.

“Busy Bee.” He mocked making a zee sound and chuckling along with Edwin.

Lizzie shook her head. “How can everything change... yet nothing change?”

Derek rolled his eyes and stood up, walking around and setting his dish into the sink before wrapping his arms around Casey's waist and resting his chin onto her shoulder while peering over at Lizzie. "Because I'm that good." Casey tried to look down at Derek's head on her shoulder but couldn't, so instead she just brought her elbow back to meet with his stomach. "Ow. No need to have an abusive relationship."

"Your done. So lets get going." Casey said smiling as she grabbed her bag.

"Come on." Derek said addressing the two younger siblings, as he too grabbed his stuff and made his way out to the car. He threw his stuff in the trunk before he climbed in to start the car up.

Casey smiled over at him. "Your cute when your in pain."

"Your cute when your trying to explain something hopelessly." He said with a chuckle.

"Your pretty hot when you get all mad."

"Your sexy when you get mad." He said leaning over and kissing her lips, his one hand leaving the stirring wheel to caress the side of her face.

"Ew. Ya know we are back here." Lizzie stated looking at Edwin and then out the window, refusing to look at the two teenagers kissing in the front of the car.

Derek glanced back at them and suddenly remembered that they were being dropped off. Duh. He shook his head and backed out and started to drive towards the school. It didn't take them long before they approached the school, dropping the two of them off before heading towards the high school. Casey licked her dry lips and swallowed, shaking her leg up and down as they grew closer and closer.

Derek glanced over at her, "You seem like your in a hurry."

"Nope. Just wanna get there already." She stated glancing in the mirror to check her make up and hair.

"Your not freaking out about Brooklyn?" He asked as he pulled into the parking lot and parked the car in its usual spot.

"Nope. I decided that I'm not gonna take this laying down."

"Ah. There is the Casey I know."

Casey shot him a glare, "And love."

"There is the Casey I know and love." Derek corrected himself, "Must I really say that all the time?"

"Yes. It's nice hearing it." She stated with a smile creeping to her lips. "Especially today."

"Casey. I sound like a big mush ball saying it all the time. You know I do. Isn't that enough?"

She shook her head, "No. It's not."

He chuckled and shook his head, his head falling back against the seat as he gazed at the roof of the car. "Casey I love you."

She smiled, satisfied. “Love you two Derek. Which is I’m going to win this. I’ll figure out someway to stop Brooklyn.” She nodded, trying to tell herself that and believe it. “I’ll see you later.” She said slipping out of the car and heading towards the school, with a confident stride.

Derek’s eyes watched her as she slowly disappeared into the school with everyone else. His eyes following her hips as she walked, scanning her curves and one of her best features — in his opinion — her ass. He sighed and sat there for a bit more. Trying to think this over. If he really was going to do this? Was he really going to risk everyone thinking he was a total loser just for Casey? Did he really love her?

That was an easy question. A very easy question.

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Casey looked over at Emily and Sheldon, his arms around her and her face buried into his neck as he whispered into her ear. It was so sad. Casey felt like she was in Emily’s place, sort of. She could be losing Derek too. She didn’t want to be that heartbroken.

It was different, she knew that. Sheldon was moving away and his parents were set dead on it. Derek wasn’t going anywhere and she knew she still had some sort of chance to keep him hers. She just wasn’t sure how she was going to do that.

Her eyes went elsewhere as she spotted Brooklyn talking to Sam. What the hell was that about? Why were they talking and why the hell was he smiling like that? Did he have something to do with this? No. He was pissed as hell but he wasn’t the sort of person to do that... was he? No.

She closed her locker and walked right over to Brooklyn, “Can I speak to you for a moment?” She asked Brooklyn, ignoring Sam completely.

Brooklyn chuckled, grabbing Sam by the shirt and moving closer to him as she looked at Casey, “Nope. Clearly I’m in the middle of something. Now bye bye.” She grinned, looking back up at Sam — who Casey glanced at to find him looking at her instead. Which gave her all the more confidence. Sam would rather have Casey than Brooklyn.

Casey inhaled and put a smile on her face. “Brooklyn, I’m asking you very politely to have a word with me.”

Sam licked his lips and looked back down at Brooklyn, as if waiting for something to go down. Brooklyn simply narrowed her eyes as she glared at Casey. “Casey... Your interrupting my conversation with Sam. I’d much rather talk to him.” She said in a flirtatious voice as she ran her finger down his chest, grinning as she gazed up into his eyes.

“Yeah... what’s with you going after every guy I’ve had? What do you want to be me or something?” Casey said snappy.

“Excuse me?” Brooklyn pushed Sam off to the side as she crossed her arms, glaring at Casey. “Why in the world would I want to be some nerdy big nose, fat ass klutz?” She asked, snapping right back.

“Good, I have your attention. Now, about this whole picture deal. I’ll do whatever you want me to — as long as you don’t show it.”

“Forget about it. There is nothing I could possibly want from you. Oh except your downfall — that’s going to be fun to watch.”

“You sure about that? I think it would be extremely humiliating if I turned into your little slave. Become your bitch and do whatever you wanted of me.”

Brooklyn raised an eyebrow and glared at Casey. “That does sound tempting... Kiss Sam.” Brooklyn ordered, grabbing Sam’s shirt and pushing him against the locker — as if holding him there. “Kiss him and we’ll see if I wanna play that way.”

Casey opened her mouth but closed it, looking at Brooklyn as if she was crazy. Kiss Sam?! Was she serious? She couldn’t kiss him, she was with Derek. But could she kiss Sam in order to continue being with Derek? Was that even worth it? Being Her little slave and doing whatever Brooklyn wanted her to do... Brooklyn wasn’t playing games, Casey realized that.

“But...” Casey glanced at Sam and then back at Brooklyn.

Brooklyn shrugged, crossing her arms over her chest. “what’s the problem? Your saying that your willing to be my little slave if I don’t show anyone that picture... yet, you wont even do a simple thing like kissing a cute boy?”

She was right, Casey knew that. Damn it, she should have seen this coming. Brooklyn didn’t just want Casey to get humiliated — she wanted Derek and Casey to break up, and probably Derek for herself. “I...” Casey swallowed and licked her lips. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, taking a step forward towards Sam but then stopped. She couldn’t do this. She had hurt Sam once and she really loved Derek. There was no way she could just go and kiss someone else. Even if she would be trying to save their relationship, she couldn’t do it. Knowing Brooklyn — she’d have Casey kiss someone else or maybe even do other stuff with someone.

Sam sighed and shook his head. “Brooklyn just back the fuck off. You know she can’t do it. So just drop it.” He said narrowing his eyes to Brooklyn.

Brooklyn gaped at him and stabbed her finger into his chest. “Excuse me? It’s one simple kiss. She shouldn’t be coming up to me, expecting me to play games with her. This isn’t a game, it’s revenge.” She stated angrily.

“Really? This isn’t a game? Then why are you acting like you’re the queen on the god damn chest board?” Casey watched as Sam some what stepped in front of her and peered down at Brooklyn. “Date’s off. Just leave her alone.”

Casey was surprised, she wasn’t going to lie. She’s never really seen Sam get all.... defensive like that. She’s seen Derek get like that, even before the two started seeing each other but Sam... never. Brooklyn rolled her eyes. “Whatever. I didn’t want the klutz used goods anyhow.” She said as she spun around and charged off.

“Sam I... I needed that!” Casey said, disappointed with herself that she couldn’t just do it. “Now she is going to show everyone!”

“Casey...” Sam turned around to face her. “You can’t tell me you were honestly going to kiss me? That you honestly could?”

She sighed and shook her head, “I don’t know. What other choice did I have?”

“Um, I don’t know. Not doing it?” He said. “You may have wanted to in order to please her but you know you couldn’t. You love him. And if he breaks up with you just because people find out.... Then he doesn’t love you. not really.” Sam stated shaking his head before walking off towards what she could only guess was the direction of his first class.

Casey sighed and let her shoulders drop. Now what? That had been her only idea of getting Brooklyn to stop her plan. Even if it had been a stupid and ill thought one. Her eyes scanned the hallway. All of these people were going to find out that she was dating her own step brother. their parents were married, she looked at Edwin and Marti as if they were her own blood related siblings. Derek, not in the least bit. They were all going to think it was gross.

God, what was she going to do?

Her eyes settled on a door and that’s when she got the best idea ever. “Paul!” Casey shoved her way through the crowd and barged into the Counselors office. One she hasn’t seen in forever. As she flung open the door, she spotted the dark older man sitting behind his desk sipping on what was probably coffee. “Paul! Is it alright if I talk to you?” She asked, knowing this wasn’t the usual time she stopped by and visited. Even if she hasn’t in awhile.

“Casey. yes, of course. I haven’t heard from you in what seems like forever.” He stated sitting his cup down.

Casey closed the door behind her and walked in, taking a seat. “Okay. I know I haven’t been here in awhile but just so much has been going on. You know some of it, or at least the part about Sam and Brooklyn.” Casey stated not really sure how she could explain everything to him.

“Yes. You were cheating on him with a guy and then that guy kissed Brooklyn and you spilled... a drink on her?” He asked, making sure he remembered correctly.

“Yes, exactly. Only that guy was... Well...” Casey scooted her chair closer to his desk and lowered her voice. “Derek.”

“What guy?” He asked, leaning forward a bit. She could tell by his facial expressions he was a bit confused.

“Well... I’ll start at the beginning. I was with Sam and I kind of... well, moaned Derek’s name instead of Sam’s. We weren’t having sexual intercourse though, just kissing. Then I started trying to figure out why I had moaned Derek’s name and I started to realize that I actually had feelings for Derek. Derek found out and he was trying to act cocky about it and I ended up kissing him. He kissed back. But one thing lead to another and we started secretly seeing each other.”

“You and Derek? Derek, Derek?” He asked, looking extremely confused about that one.

“Yes.” She nodded. “We both agreed that we should keep up appearances by me dating Sam. But then Sam said he loved me and I started feeling really guilty about it. I don’t love Sam, I love Derek. Anyhow, we broke up and then I humiliated Brooklyn like that. Now she has a picture of Derek and I kissing and is threatening to show it to everyone.” Casey said finally taking time to breath. That was basically the sum of it. She knew it would be allot of

information to get but she had faith in him. After all, it's not even half of the stuff that happened.

Paul leaned back in his chair and focused on his desk, thinking everything through. "You and Derek?"

"Yes Paul." Casey stated as serious as could.

"And he loves you back?"

Casey smiled and nodded. "Yeah and I know its true."

"So, why do you guys care if people find out?" He asked, "Besides you two being step siblings?"

"Well, Derek's like the king of school. If people found out he was dating someone like me... He'd be the laughing stock of the school."

"Someone like you? Smart, pretty, athletic? I'm still not getting it..."

"Well, I'm not exactly popular Paul and he is."

"But you dated Max, who is popular... And Sam who is relatively popular as well."

"... And?" Casey asked, not getting where he was heading with this.

"Well, Casey." He chuckled. "It seems to me like your just being paranoid and thinking the worst. If Derek and you love each other, it shouldn't matter what other people think."

"I don't want to be the girl who ruins his reputation though."

"If you're the girl he loves, it wont be ruining his reputation Casey."

Casey sighed and sat back in her chair, giving up in her protest before it had even became intense. "Derek cares allot about his rep. Allot."

"But he cares about you two. Just relax and let whatever happens; happen. If Derek loves you then he'll prove it to you."

Casey crossed her arms and shrugged. "well, I really have nothing else to try so... I guess I'm giving up and letting it happen."

"Your not giving up. Your being patient and waiting. If he can't handle everyone knowing — then you guys are meant for one another. It's as simple as that."

"Your not totally freaked out about this? Derek and I?"

He shook his head and shrugged, "Not really. It's a bit hard to swallow at first but all you really ever talked about with me is him. He did this, he did that, he's going to do this, he made this happen..." He chuckled, "I guess you didn't have to come to me in order to complain anymore. Makes sense. You two just took longer to realize your feelings. That's all."

She stood up long enough to grab her vibrating cell phone from her pocket, "Hold on." She said as she text her reply to Derek. 'I just don't want to loose him.' Casey stated gazing at her



cell phone, the same one Derek had given her awhile ago. She smiled and sighed lightly. “I really love him.” She said, glancing back up at Paul.

He smiled and nodded. “If its meant to be, it will be. As corny as that....” He stopped as the door sprung open to reveal Derek. “Sounds. Derek?”

Derek paused and nodded towards Paul, “Casey, we have to go to the gym in order to get our assignments tonight.” He stated.

“And it can’t wait?” She asked, a bit confused of why he needed her in order to do this.

“Well... no.” He said with a lopsided grin. Derek leaned against the doorframe, crossing his arms and looking at her. “I was hoping you could just do both of ours. After all, I’m only there because I opened my mouth to defend you.”

Paul let out a chuckle. “Well, this it seems like some things never change.”

Derek’s eyes went to Paul and then back to Casey and then back at Paul. “Whoa, What?” He said standing up.

Casey rolled her eyes and stood up. “Fine... But I’m not doing your work. You choice to open your mouth. And you were the one who wanted me to keep dating Sam in the first place.” Casey said tucking her phone back into her pocket. “Thanks for listening Paul. Really.”

“I hope everything works out for you. For both of you.” He stated calmly.

Derek raised his eyebrows, as Casey pushed him out into the hallway. “Does he know?”

“Yeah... I needed someone to talk to.”

“That’s what Emily’s for!” Derek stated with a ‘duh’ face.

“I don’t want to bother Emily. This is her last night with Sheldon and I don’t want to mess it up with my stepsibling romance drama.” Casey said with a roll of her eyes.

“Psh! Like she wouldn’t be used to it.” He stated and then added, “Well, the romance part would be sort of new but the drama wont.” He chuckled and walked beside her towards the Gym.

They entered the large gym and went over to the dance committee. Casey was going to be handling the ticket collecting that would allow people to enter the dance. While, Derek, would be doing the same thing, only at the other entrance to the gym.

As for the rest of the school day, Casey spent it trying to figure out some way to beat Brooklyn. Failing, of course. Worse then that — she had to sit there and watch as Emily and Sheldon was all cuddly and cute. Sure, Emily was going to loose Sheldon that night, but Casey was just thinking negatively about it. At least they were able to cling to one another and enjoy their last moments together. Wow — that sounded as if it was straight out of Romeo and Juliet. Such a depressing damn love story. Casey slumped her chin into her palm watching Sheldon kiss Emily’s cheek, his arm softly around her shoulders.

Casey rolled her eyes and looked over in Derek’s direction. He was laughing and having a good time. As if nothing was about to interrupt his perfect little world. Ah, was she the only

one worried? She looked over at Brooklyn and narrowed her eyes. Brooklyn was just acting all high and mighty. As if nothing was going to touch her and dis-thrown her. Which was probably true. Nothing Casey did could effect her.

Wait a second... Casey got a smile on her face and sat straighter. That was so wrong. Casey had effected Brooklyn — which is exactly why Brooklyn currently hated her. Casey had humiliated Brooklyn. She should do it again! Why not? She has nothing left to loose and it would be amazing watching the bitch get humiliated again! Only this time it would be in front of the entire lunch room!

“Uh.... Casey, why do you look like you just had a little light bulb go off above your head?” Emily asked, for the first time during lunch turning her attention away from her boyfriend.

“Because I think it had. I’ll be right back. Well, maybe not. I might be in in school. Tottles!” She said sliding out of her seat and walking over towards Brooklyn. Leaving both Emily and Sheldon watching every move she made — with curious and confused stares.

Casey approached the table of girls and smiled sweetly at Brooklyn. Brooklyn glanced up at her and rolled her eyes, “Go away.” She said and then motioned for Casey to leave. As if she was dismissing her or something.

Casey smirked and shook her head, leaning down and placing her hand on the table before Brooklyn. “Listen up. Your all high and mighty routine, needs to end. Your not even that pretty. Hate to break that to you.” Casey stated tilting her head to the side and nodding, as if she had been the barrier of bad news.

Brooklyn narrowed her eyes and raised. Standing before Casey and glaring at her. The two of them had gotten everyone else’s attention, causing the cafeteria to quiet down some. Brooklyn of course, wasn’t taking any of Casey’s shit. “Excuse me, ms Big nose?”

“Did I stutter? No. I don’t believe I did.” Casey stated smirking down at Brooklyn. She flicked at Brooklyn’s hair. “Your so damn fake. Do you know that Brooklyn?” She asked raising her voice and placing her hands on her hips.

Brooklyn glared at her, “Who the fuck do you think you are? Back the fuck off. You’ll get what is coming to you later on.”

“How about this,” Casey said taking a step closer to her, their chests practically touching. ‘You shut the fuck up and listen. Your always walking around here like you own the school. Get over yourself. Your nothing special. Besides the fact that you’re the only girl in the entire school who’s probably slept with all the guys.’ She chuckled and rolled her eyes. “Your probably so loose, you bout to fall apart. What guy wouldn’t want some of that.”

She shook her head and shoved Casey’s shoulder. “I’m nothing special? Take a look in the mirror. Your just jealous because your some big nose freak!” Brooklyn said. “And just because guys want me... doesn’t mean you need to go and call me loose. You know nothing.”

Casey threw her arms up and took a few steps away from Brooklyn. Addressing the rest of the cafeteria, who were all paying close attention. Even the teachers were watching and waiting for something big to happen. “I’m surprise we can all fit in here! I thought Derek’s ego was huge, but at least he can back it up. Look at her! She’s such a fake. Fake dyed hair

and her boobs are probably fake as well.” Casey said looked back at Brooklyn who was fuming. “Your pathetic. Really. Get over yourself. I should feel sorry for you. Going around and fucking anything that moves just so you can feel wanted. Yeah, defiantly pathetic.”

“Your walking into dangerous grounds McDonald.” Brooklyn warned.

“Really? I had no clue.” Casey said grabbing a plate of chili and dumping it over Brooklyn’s head. The red mush slowly slid down her blonde hair and soon created a red hat. “Now, that’s dangerous grounds.” She said with a chuckle.

“You bitch!” Brooklyn lunged herself onto Casey, causing Casey to fall backwards against the hard floor. Casey let out a scream as her back hit the floor. Brooklyn grabbed her hair and yanked, while slamming it against the floor. Casey grabbed the other girls arms, digging her nails into her skin and pushing her away. Stumbling backwards, Brooklyn went to grab Casey again but someone grabbed her. Which just allowed Casey to stand up before Brooklyn and bring her elbow back, her fist colliding with Brooklyn’s face. Casey’s punch had such force that it had sent Brooklyn flying back against the person who was with-holding her.

Derek slipped his arms around Casey and pulled her away from Brooklyn, before she got another idea of hitting her. He struggled with her for a few minutes but she finally subsided and relaxed in his arms. Brooklyn however, was still fighting like the devil to get out of Sam’s arms. Who — she had just noticed — was the person holding Brooklyn away from her.

“Okay. That’s enough.” Echoed a loud strong voice. Casey turned her head to see the Principle standing there and scanning the scene. “You two, come with me now. And no more fighting, or else you expelled.” He warned.

Casey looked up at Derek before pulling away from him. Pushing him away as well, she couldn’t help it. She was pissed and she hadn’t realized how amazing it felt to hit someone straight in the face. Such a power rush. It made up for all the hell she was about to go through.

Which is exactly what they both went through for the next half and hour. Sitting in the principles office getting lectured. Brooklyn got suspended for an entire week and Casey got two weeks worth of detentions. Which was better then getting suspended. Still though, Casey knew it had been worth it. Stupid bitch deserved allot more then what she had gotten. (Which was a nice black eye.) Casey felt proud.

They ended up being thrown into in-school. Which Casey had predicted.

Sadly though, she was still being forced to attend the dance in order to still serve her other punishment.

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Casey huffed, blowing a piece of hair out of her face. Only for it to fly up in the air and fall right back down in her eyes. She gave up and brushed it aside with her hand. She had spent the last few hours getting ready for the stupid dance she didn’t even want to go to. It was useless. Her mother had tried to tell her that she couldn’t go — until Casey told her that she was being forced to. If only, if only.

Casey let out a sigh and opened her bedroom door, walking down into the living room. Derek looked up and opened his mouth, but no words came out. Wow. She looked amazing.

The dress made her body look even more killer, and it just looked gorgeous on her. She made it look gorgeous. Derek grinned and nodded, "Bout time."

"Whatever Derek." She stated with a light smile. The two of them hadn't spoken since the car ride home. It hadn't even been much of a conversation. More like Derek about how shocking it was that Casey had actually gotten into a physical fight at school. It was as if he had been slightly impressed.

"Come on." He said grabbing his leather jacket and heading towards his car. Casey threw a smile towards her mother and George, and then followed Derek. She slid into the car and sighed. "well... At least Brooklyn won't be there." She stated, crossing her arms.

"Yeah, which will make this less fun. I mean really. No cat fights. Damn." He joked and glanced over at her. "Kidding."

"Not funny." Casey stated and relaxed against the seat. "Let's just get this stupid dance over with. and please... no dancing with other girls." She stated looking at him.

He nodded and started the car up. Derek wasn't going to dance with anyone who asked him to dance. He usually would have a date, but no. He was going solo. For like the first time ever. Okay, so he was going with Casey, but they weren't going together. Though — he had a plan for the night.

The two of them got to their stands and started collecting tickets for the dance. A ton of happy students and couples. The couples made Casey sick to her stomach. She was still worrying about Derek. Of course, that was only natural. Though she was hoping she'd have more time to figure out some way to win against Brooklyn. After all. The girl was suspended from school. That gave her some hope... not all of it though. Not all of it at all.

Almost an hour and a half past and they were still at their stands. Some people liked to be fashionably late. Stupid people. A teacher walked out and smiled at Casey, "Why Don't you go over there and tell Mr. Venturi that he can head in. You two go in and enjoy the dance. I'll close these doors and take over there."

Casey smiled and nodded. "Thank you Mrs. Warren." Casey sighed and walked over to Derek, "Come on. We can head in. Mrs. Warren is gonna take over."

Derek sighed in relief. "Thank god. This is so boring." He threw the clipboard down and walked into the dance. As Casey walked over towards some friends, he watched. This was it. He had to get this over and done with. Swallowing hard, he headed towards the stage. Nervous as hell. He hated being all sappy, especially in front of other people. But this needed to be done.

Stepping up near the DJ, "Yo..." He got the guy's attention and smirked. "Hey. You're doing awesome, but you think I can steal the mic for a sec?"

The guy nodded and tapped the Mic, "Yo! How is everyone doing tonight?!" The crowd stopped dancing and turned to look at him. Including Casey, who was busy looking at Derek in confusion. Why was he up there? What was going on? Was he going to do something stupid that would lend him in more trouble? After a few people screamed some things, he nodded and grinned. "Awesome! I'm gonna hand the Mic over to my new buddy here. He's got a sweet announcement."

Derek nodded a thanks to the guy and took the Mic. There was no turning back now. “Hey everyone! It’s Derek!” He shouted, throwing a charming smile in there as everyone shouted and cheered him on. Yeah, he loved being the center of attention. ‘Believe it or not I’m totally forced to be here. But you know what? It’s all right. It’s cool.’ He shrugged his shoulders and slipping his one hand in his jeans pocket. “I kind of want to throw a shout out. To my girlfriend and the most amazing chick here. Casey McDonald.” He spoke loud and clearly, smiling directly at a shocked Casey.

There crowd gasped and whispered. Slowly, they all turned to look directly at Casey. Casey looked around and looked back at Derek, as if trying to scream at him ‘what the hell are you doing!?’ She couldn’t believe he just told there entire class that they were together! What about his reputation!? What about hers?! Oh my god. Everyone was now looking at her. She looked back up at him as he spoke again.

“And if the DJ don’t mind, you wanna throw some Bow wow on there? You can get it all?”

The DJ nodded and music soon filled the room once again. Derek handed the Mic back to him and jumped off the stage. Ignoring everyone else as he walked towards Casey. Linking his fingers with hers as he lead her to a empty dance floor. Everyone was too busy watching them closely.

*Uh, uh, uh, got me like woo-hoo*

*When I think about you That’s the first thing that come to my mind*

*I’m like woo-hoo baby, you can get it allYou can get it all, you can get it*

*Woo-hoo, when I think about you*

*That’s the first thing that come to my mind*

*I’m like woo-hoo shawtie, you can get it allYou can get it all*

“Derek... what did you just do?” She whispered, linking her hands behind his neck.

“Let everyone know that I’m with the most amazing girl here.” He stated with a smile.

*I know you heard my reputation*

*You don’t think I would ever do right by you*

*You think that if you and I was in a relationship*

*I would never be true(Be true)*

Casey shook her head. Still shocked. “But your reputation...”

*You think that anything I say is straight gang*

*And to me you’re just another new name*

*But what I’m tryna tell you for every man*

*There’s a woman that’ll make him change*

*And I believe you the one that’ll make me*

*But any time I try to show you you shake me*  
*I know I make it real hard for you to take me serious**But baby girl I am(I am)*  
 “Casey... it doesn’t matter. I’m still me. And I still love you.”  
*And I ain’t stoppin’ right here, I’m a keep going*  
*And I’m gonna make sure everyday that you keep knowing*  
*Weather if I have to send you flowers*  
*Or talk to you on the cell phone for few hours*  
*I’m yellin’ like Woo-hoo, when I think about you*  
*That the first thing that come to my mind*  
*I’m like woo-hoo baby, you can get it all*  
*You can get it all, you can get it*  
*Woo-hoo, when I think about you*  
*That’s the first thing that come to my mind*  
*I’m like woo-hoo shawtie, you can get it all*  
*You can get it all*  
 “Derek... I... are you sure?”

He chuckled, running his hands down her back and pulling her closer to him. “Too late now but yeah, I’m positive.”

*(One, one, one, one)*  
*One minute you act like you like me*  
*And then the next you don’t*  
*You still sending me crazy emails*  
*Like I know it’s just sex you want*  
*I can’t lie the sex is truly incredible*  
*And every part of your body’s so edible*  
*I get tears from just thinking bout it*  
*But that ain’t the reason why I’m stuck and can’t let you go*  
*We got a serious, serious bond*  
*And when we kick it we have nothin’ but fun*  
*I feel a whole lot of L O V E between you and me**Even though we still young*

She smiled slightly, slowly forgetting about everyone staring at them. “So, your not ashamed.”

“There’s nothing to be ashamed of. I love you. Your beautiful. Smart. Hell, guys are gonna be jealous.”

*Just your company ain’t gotta get none  
Talk the same lingo, understand where I’m coming from  
And if anybody ask me a question about you  
I’m tell ’em you the one, you got me like  
Woo-hoo, when I think about you  
That’s the first thing that come to my mind  
I’m like woo-hoo baby, you can get it all  
You can get it all, you can get it Woo-hoo, when I think about you  
That’s the first thing that come to my mind  
I’m like woo-hoo shawtie, you can get it all  
You can get it all, you can get it  
“God, I love you.”*

“I love you two. Always have.” He whispered as she rested her forehead against his.

*As long as you know that I can have any girl I want to  
Baby, that sexual and factual  
But still I choose you to be with me and we’re gonna  
So you better not break it up, you got me like*

He smiled as he gazed into those amazing eyes. Bringing his lips to hers and kissing her lightly. Throwing his no PDA rule out the window. Hey, these people wanted a show and he was going to give them one. He had just told everyone that he was with his step sister. The kiss would just prove it to them, giving them what they wanted. He didn’t care anymore. Casey was the love of his life. Nothing was going to make that change. No matter who came between them — they were going to get through it. Love was unbreakable. Plain and simple.

*Woo-hoo, when I think about you  
That the first thing that come to my mind  
I’m like woo-hoo baby, you can get it all  
You can get it all, you can get it*

Casey was in heaven. Derek was hers. Publicly now. This was just pure joy. And he was kissing her in front of everyone. He really did love her. This was unbelievable. The perfect ending to a horrible night.

*Woo-hoo, when I think about you*

*That's the first thing that come to my mind*

*I'm like woo-hoo shawtie, you can get it all*

*You can get it all, you can get it*

Emily smiled, in Sheldon's arms. She was proud of Derek. Finally stepping up and being a man. The two of them were so perfect for one another. She should have seen it sooner. She looked up at Sheldon before she returned her gaze to the two of them dancing. She was so happy for them.

Sam looked over at them and sighed. Beside him, Ralph chuckled and started to smile and nod. Happy that the two of them were together and all cute. Stupid Ralph. But he had to admit... He had been wrong about it. He thought Derek was just lying to her, just to get in her pants. But it was clear that Derek really did have strong feelings for her. So... maybe Sam can forgive Derek fully.

Maybe everything would work itself out.

True love always pulls through. Soul mates. Destined to be together. Forever and always.